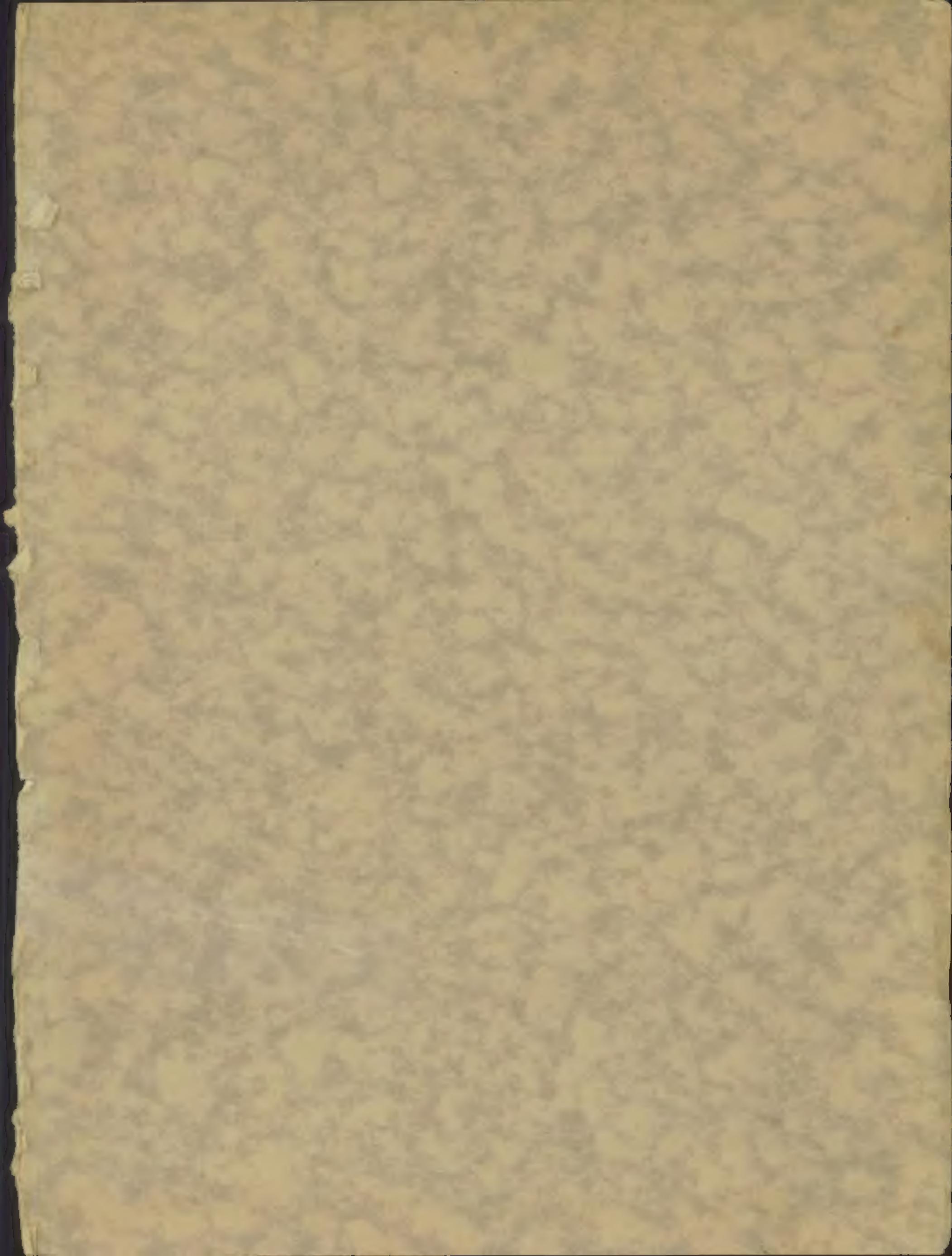
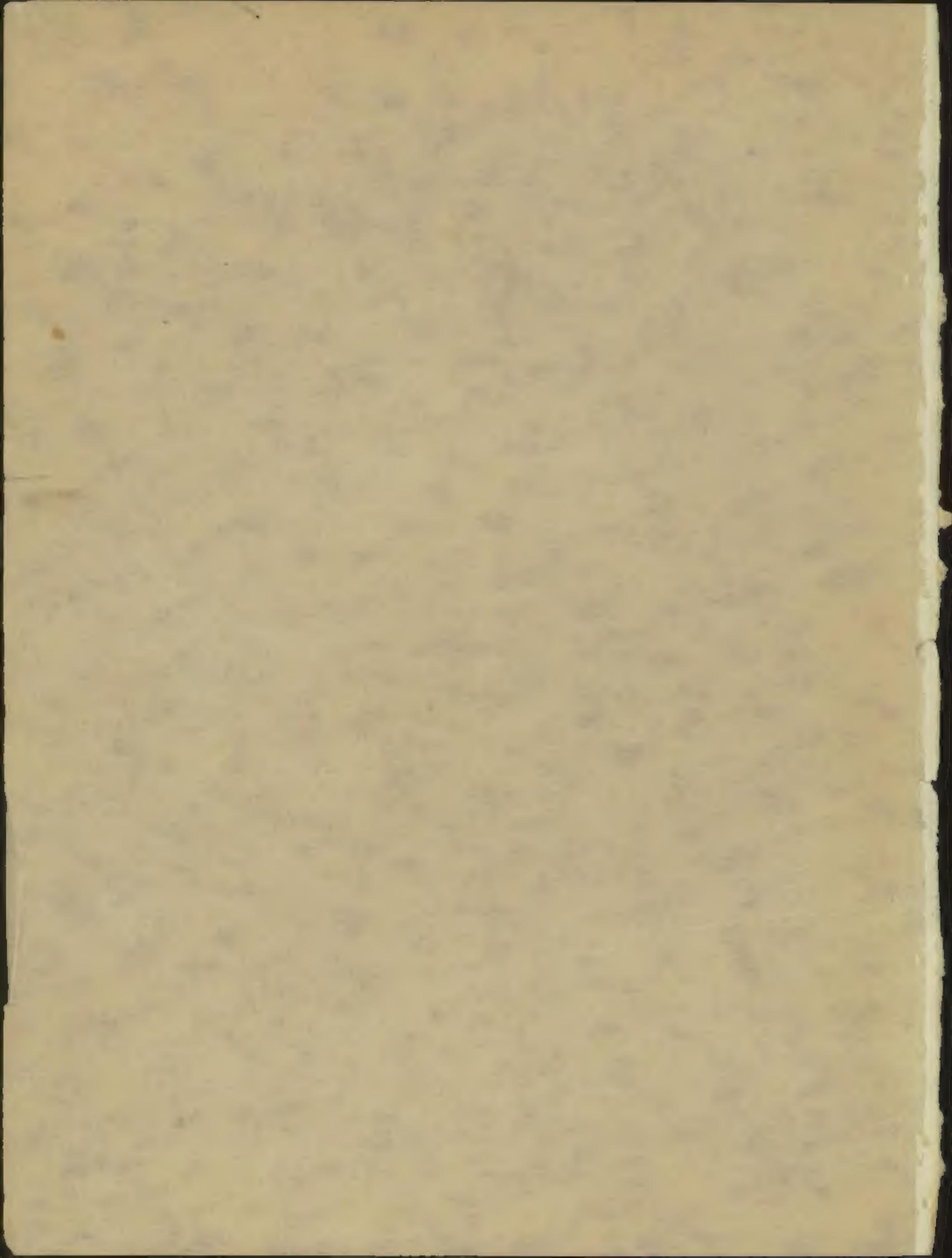


Dorothy Sedgwick, senior Danvers, Illinois





EX-LIBRIS





AEGIS

THE AEGIS of 1929

VOLUME XIX



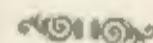
Published by
THE SENIOR CLASS
of
BLOOMINGTON HIGH SCHOOL
MAY, 1929

1929

AEGIS

CONTENTS

IN SEVEN BOOKS



1. *Board of Education,
Faculty, Parents.*
2. *Classes.*
3. *Activities.*
4. *Athletics.*
5. *Literary.*
6. *Alumni.*
7. *Humorous.*

1929

Preface

The purpose of a preface is, I suppose, to warn the would-be reader what he is to expect in the pages that follow. ♦ This compendium of scholarship and information is the result of careful research into where we are and whither we are tending. ♦ Since we are living in the age of improvement and advancement, the Modern Day has been chosen for the theme of this Aegis.

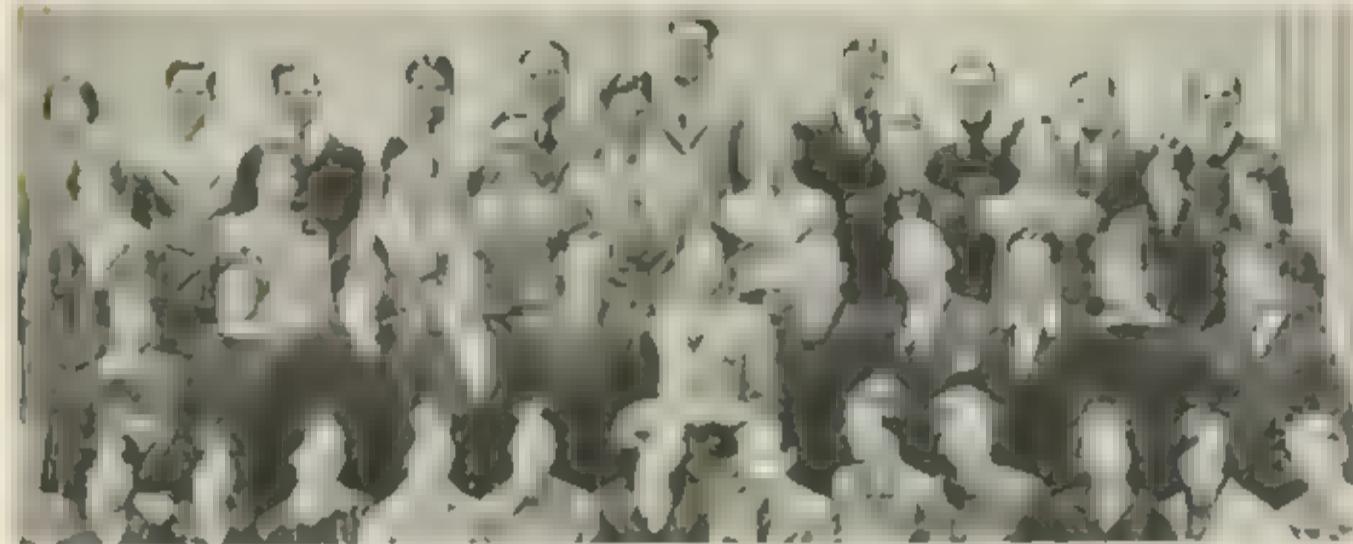
In the preparation of this exhaustive array of material the Staff wishes to acknowledge the valuable assistance of all members of the faculty, who have so kindly rendered their services.

After this little overture, I beg you to take your seat for the curtain is about to rise!

Dedication
To H. R. Hastings

Whose active interest, unremitting
labor and sympathetic
directions have been leading
factors in the
development of our school
athletics and have
raised him to a place of high
esteem in the
thoughts of the Faculty and
Students of B. H. S.





Names and Departments of the Aegis Staff

First row, left to right: Marjorie Jane Stubblefield, literary; Vivian Goodier, literary; Jane Hart, alumni; Margaret Munce, recording; Alice Kuhn, literary; Geraldine Glass, editor-in-chief; John Klopp, business-manager; Florence Fifer, alumni; Virginia Hallet, literary; Frances Mason, assembling; Doris Kimes, art; Ruth Shutes, organization

Second row: Ruth Kies, subscription and publicity agent; Dorothy Thomassen, organization; Mary Ellen Krum, organization; Marjorie Baillie, art; Loren Bozarth, business; Herbert Price, business; Edward Postlethwait, business; Vernon Lierman, business; Paul Smith, business; Wesley Owen, business; Harold Eyer, business

Third row: Mildred Mor, organization; Florence Goddard, literary; Gretchen Smoot, literary; Marshall Pixley, literary; Vernel Partlow, humorous; Carl Marquardt, humorous; Gene Davison, art; Merle Franks, assembling; Evelyn Nafziger, assembling; Mildred Zweng, assembling.

Top row: Margaret Webb, art; John Grimm, business; Dean Litt, business; Alonzo Dolan, business; Allan Browning, business; Walter Inman, literary; Wilbur Bodman, athletics; Harold Prothero, athletics; Shelton Leach, business; Edward Zalucha, recording



Board of Education and Faculty

In four long years our efforts have been guided, our ambitions strengthened, and our characters broadened by daily contacts with very patient and helpful counsellors. Throughout these years they have labored with unstinted care and devotion in order that we might profit by their years of study.

Especially proficient in their departments, they have endeavored to impart to us the rudiments of Science, Literature and Art, and to set a standard which we shall ever strive to reach.

Beyond this competent group of instructors stands a well chosen Board of sage directors, endorsing heartily all moves to create greater efficiency, and as heartily condemning those which they can not sanction. Under their careful surveillance we have finished four years of training for the problems of life and now we are departing, but may we ever hold their standard high, and in later years when we are busy applying that knowledge so generously given, may we remember their constant diligence and render them the tribute which is so deservedly theirs.

— Marshall Dixey
—



S. K. McDowell, Mrs. Clara Munce, Ned Dolan, Charles Stephenson, Judge Jesse Hoffman (President), Horatio G. Bent (Business Manager), Mrs. Jessie Ausmus, Dr. Brown, Mattie Bishop (Secretary)

Board of Education

The members of the Board of Education give unselfishly of their time and energy in the interest of the boys and girls of the community. They assume the responsibility cheerfully, and have at heart the educational welfare of every person of school age in the district. To this end they have provided comfortable school buildings, promptly furnished, and a corps of adequately trained teachers.

Two of the members who have rendered the longest service on the Board, are voluntarily retiring this year.

Mr. Jesse E. Hoffman, the President, has served as a Board member for twenty-seven years, and as President since 1917. His total service dates from 1902 to 1929.

Mr. Horatio G. Bent has served the district as a Board member for thirty-four years within a period of thirty-six years, commencing first in 1893 and extending to 1896, then again from 1898 to 1929. From 1893 to 1895 he acted as Secretary. From September 29, 1899, to April 27, 1917, he was President. Since 1917 he has been Treasurer and Business Manager.

It is unusual to find two gentlemen who have rendered such high class service to a school district for so long a time. Their genial manner and faithful service have won for them the love and respect of all pupils, teachers, and superintendents, and the unbounded confidence of the people in this community.



History and Language Teachers

GRACE PARKER—*Lata;* Illinois Wesleyan University, A.B.; Columbus University, A.M.

Mathematics and Science Teachers

V. H. CONDON—*Biology*; Illinois State Normal University; University of Illinois, B.S.
MARIE PHILLIPS—*Physiology*; Illinois Wesleyan University, B.S.
H. W. GARNETT—*Chemistry*; Illinois State Normal University, B.Ed.
H. F. BAAR—*Assistant Coach*; *Mathematics*; Illinois State Normal University, B.Ed.
E. B. KIRBY—*Physical Education*; Illinois State Normal University, B.S.
RILDA HERRS—*Mathematics*; Illinois State Normal University, B.I.
JESSIE CLINE—*Mathematics*; Illinois State Normal University—*Music*; Millikin University;
—*Music*; Illinois State Normal University; Illinois Wesleyan University;
—*Music*; Illinois State Normal University; Illinois Wesleyan University, B.S.
—*Music*; Illinois State Normal University; Illinois Wesleyan University, B.S.
—*Music*; Illinois State Normal University; Illinois Wesleyan University, B.S.
—*Music*; Illinois State Normal University; Illinois Wesleyan University, B.S.





English Teachers

MARY E. ENGLISH—*English*; Illinois State Normal University, B.Ed.
 MARY KATHLEEN FLEMING—*English*; University of Illinois; Wesleyan University,
 A.B.; M.A.
 MAY OF FONSECA—*English*; University of Illinois, A.B.
 MAY ENGLISH—*English*; Illinois Wesleyan University, A.B.
 BLANCHE STUBBLEFIELD—*English*; Oxford College, A.B.
 LUCY WILLIAMS—*Library*
 GRACE INMAN—*English*; Denn of Girls; Cornell University, A.B.
 FANNIE CAMPBELL—*English*; Northwestern University, B.A.; Middlebury College, Vt.,
 M.A.
 MARGARET JONES—*English*; Illinois Wesleyan University, A.B.
 MABELLE RYBURN—*English*; Commercial Institutions; Illinois Wesleyan University

Allied Arts Teachers

M	M	S	S	D	V	E	C	C	I	Illinois Women's Colle
N	A	N	A	K	L	T	N	M	L	
L. S. Wood — <i>Manual T</i>										
H. R. HASTINGS — <i>Manual T</i>										
HAROLD VANDERKAM — <i>Manual T</i>										
S. F. BROWN — <i>Manual T</i>										
J. A. COOPER — <i>Manual T</i>										
M	M	L	B	R	S	N	C	C	P	
P	M	S	O	A	R	L	S	N	C	
C	A	N	A	N	N	C	N	C	C	
C	A	N	A	N	N	C	N	C	C	
I	S	E	M	C	I	S	E	N	C	University BS
I	S	E	M	C	I	S	E	N	C	Institute of Normal
N	A	N	A	N	N	C	N	C	C	





Commercial

MARGARET KENDALL

Secretary to Principal

ELIZABETH NEVELTON

Shorthand; Typewriting; University of Illinois, B.A.

ALICE MYERS

Typewriting; Shorthand; Illinois Wesleyan University, B.S.

DORIA HOTCHKIS

Bookkeeping; Illinois State Normal University; Illinois Wesleyan University, A.B.; Smith College, A.B.

EMILIE OLDSKEL

Commercial Arithmetic; Bookkeeping; Illinois State Normal University, B.Ed.

AMELIA R. VIOLET

Secretary to Superintendent and Principal

WAVINETTE BRAUNSTEIN

Typewriting; Illinois State Normal University, B.Ed.

PORTRA ALEXANDER

Commercial; Illinois State Normal University, B.Ed.

FRANCES DONAHUE

Commercial; Mathematics; University of Illinois, A.B.

MARGARET MEANS

Physical and Commercial Geography; Illinois State Normal University, B.Ed.

S. A. COTT

Physics; Blurtlett College, University of Chicago

BERTHA WYKE

Mathematics; University of Illinois, A.B.

VINA KELLY

Home Nursing; John C. Proctor Hospital, R.N.

Mrs. MATCOWSON

Substitute

Mrs. BICKEL

Substitute



Parent Teachers

The purpose of the High School Parent Teachers Association is to promote a "better understanding between parent and teacher, to bring them in closer sympathy and cooperation."

This organization was started in November, 1915, with a membership of seventeen, and now we have a membership of about one hundred and sixty with an average attendance of nearly one hundred fifty. The regular meetings are held on the third Monday of each month in the Girls' Gymnasium at 3:45 P.M.

The programs, arranged by Mrs. W. A. Berquist, are made up of musical numbers furnished largely by our high school students and of speakers interested in school and social problems. At the September meeting the freshman mothers were given special honor, and Mr. Goodier gave a talk on "Problems of Girls and Boys in High School Age." At the Oct. 1 meeting Miss Howard and Miss Strelow told us about the activities of the Y.W.C.A. and the Girl Reserves. At the December meeting Mr. Goodier talked on "New Plans for the Second Semester." The High School Glee Club, under the direction of Mr. J. E. Block, gave a musical program and gifts from this organization were sent to the Baby Fold at Normal. At the January meeting the teachers were given special honor and Miss Munson of the Foods Department, Miss Watkins and Miss Moule of the Clothing Department each gave talks pertaining to the work in their respective departments. On Feb. 18 at 7:30 P.M. in the Girls' Gymnasium, we observed "Fathers' Night." A musical program was given by Miss Margaret Canode, Mr. Quinton Ulrey, and Mr. George Anson of the Wesleyan School of Music. Rev. Chester Grubb of the First Christian Church spoke on "Americans Patriots," contrasting the lives of Washington and Lincoln. A social hour, supervised by Mrs. Perry LaBounty, hospitality chairman, follows each meeting and refreshments are served by members from the different school districts. Each month we have sent programs and songs to the homes by the students. Mrs. Elmer E. kindly mimeographed these programs.

Mrs. C. C. Hassler is our able membership chairman. The funds for carrying on our work this year were made by serving the Bloomington High School Alumni Banquet in November. The officers are: President, Mrs. W. H. Gronemeyer; First Vice President and Finance Chairman, Mrs. Thomas Lewis; Second Vice-President and Program Chairman, Mrs. W. A. Berquist; Secretary, Mrs. E. F. Klemm; Treasurer, Miss Ann Niedermeyer.



In Memoriam.

Robert E. Williams

Deceased September 11, 1908

It is with deep regret that the members and officers of the Board of Education of Bloomington Illinois

take note of the death of Robert E. Williams who for more than twenty-five years was one of its most faithful members

His thoughtfulness of others and his eager desire to render assistance to those most in need of it led him, in a spirit of self-sacrifice to be for many years a

a strange land strove to improve their qualif

American citizenship. This greatly contributed to the value of his services as a member of the Board of Education and furnished the explanation of his being so long a period to give so little

interests of the public school

He was always considerate of the opinions of others while maintaining his own without offense. In our future meetings we shall be deprived of h

we shall sorely miss the urbanity of engaging social qualities which ever made his pr

welcome, and will make his absence a treasured i

— — — — —

In the City of
October 16, 1908



IN MEMORIAM

Emma Onstott

Decedased Oct. 28, 1928

To members of the faculty and to the student body the death of Miss Emma Onstott Librarian of Bloomington High School brought not only deep regret, but a poignant sense of personal sorrow.

For twenty six years Miss Onstott devoted her self completely to those whom it was her delight to serve. No task was too arduous for her to undertake, her own preferences were never considered, her own plans frequently changed in order that she might accommodate those who sought her assistance.

Her desire for greater usefulness prompted her to hold for many years an office in the Sunday School connected with the church of which she was a faithful adherent. Interested always in those who, because of inadequate means, struggled to secure an education she maintained a scholarship at Blackburn College.

Her capacity for friendship was remarkable. Former teachers and students who were engaged in activities elsewhere communicated frequently with Miss Onstott. She was the first sought by returning alumnae and the last to whom they bade farewell.

By those who knew her slightly she will long be remembered for the divine patience which rose above the petty irritations incident to the duties of the day. Ever modest and unassuming, faithful and loyal, possessed of rare sympathy and understanding, she is forever enshrined in the hearts of those who were privileged to be her friends.



John C. Smith

In Memoriam



EDWARD JANICK

Within a short life of seventeen years, Edward Janick set an example of true manhood. In both scholastic and athletic endeavors his ideals were of the highest. Honesty, perseverance, fair play, ambition and modesty were standards which he successfully upheld. On the athletic field his whole-hearted endeavor was a stimulation to his teammates. His work and his personality made him a great favorite among the students and an asset to B. H. S.

Edward Janick's life will always be a fond memory in the hearts of his friends and co-workers at B. H. S.



MAURINE COLE

Maurine Cole came to Bloomington High School at the beginning of the term last September and remained until the eighth of December. Although she was with us but a few months, she left many friends to mourn her absence. Her high scholarship, her winsome manners, her active interest in life about her, gave promise of a splendid womanhood. It is with deep regret that we remember her passing.

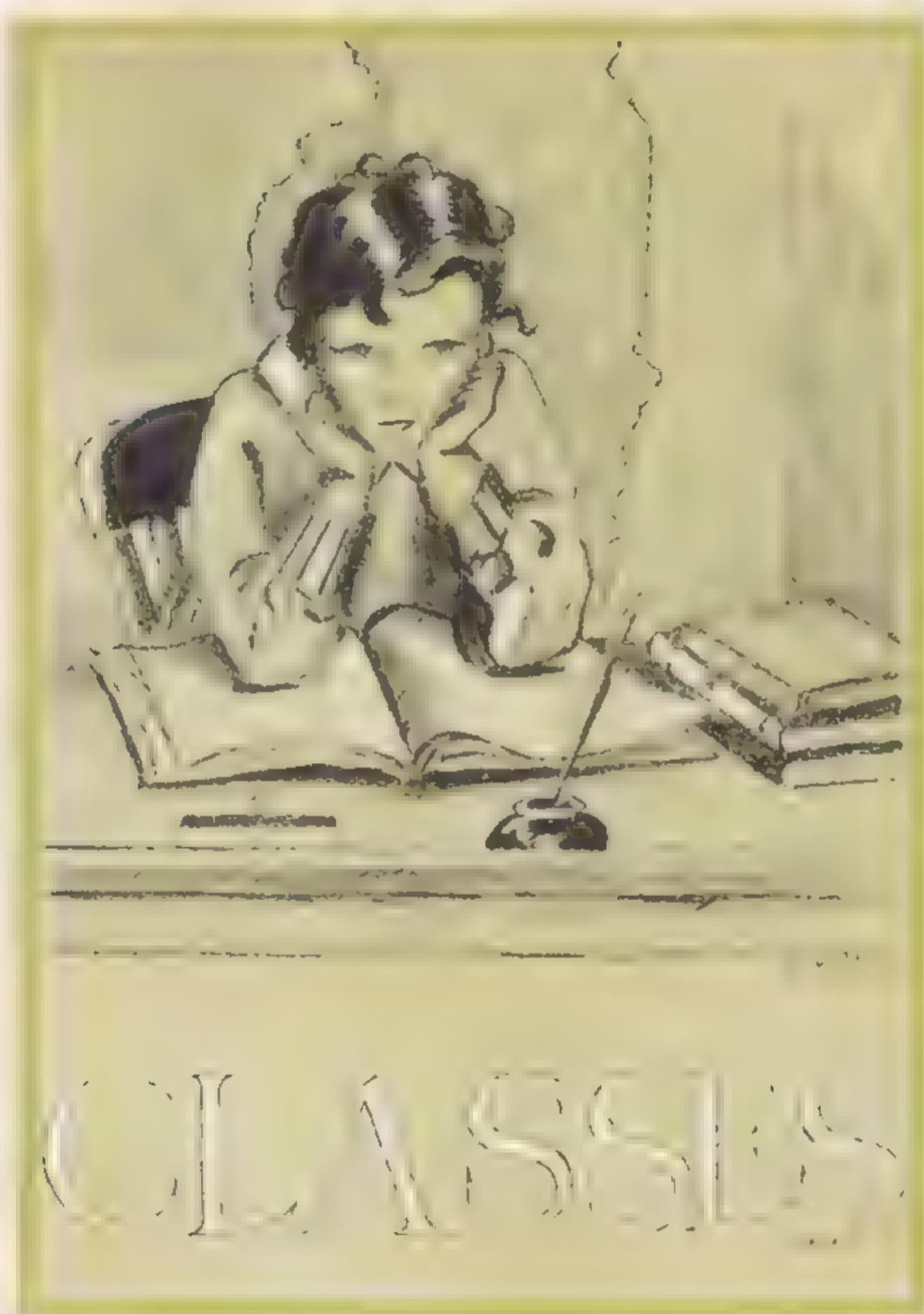




Principal's Message

Fifteen years from now the position held by each high school student will depend largely upon the use made of the opportunities now afforded by the public school system. The Bloomington High School like other modern high schools offers wonderful opportunities not only for mental and physical development but for social contacts which will enter largely into the activities of the future years.

It is the desire of the principal of Bloomington High School that each student may discover his own characteristic talents and make every effort possible to develop a strong personality above the line of his special interests to the end that each may become a useful servant in the community in which he is to find his work in life.



Classes

Every year a group of students travel
on, come to the flying field at ~~Lake~~
~~the~~ ~~S~~ to be on the team yet short
of interested mothers & others and I again
watch the students take off. At former
times were the best people on the team, the girls and
boys very young & all. Next they begin
to run, lets the girls to take these at all
a becoming air we get to the air and the girls
are very old. What they are of themselves ~~and~~
When I look on the course I see this although
not an increasing a year they begin ~~and~~ even
the new will to practice with the higher
attitude and in a learning. If they
try it & see what you they are getting back
gradually when they are senior. They
have a certain time to make up, then
will prepare either to settle down and stay
in the land or to move on or to transfer
to another airship which will take them
still higher ~~and~~

Class 4

Seniors

BLACKWELL, MARYAN

"In manner gentle, of affections

from Lincoln High
Lincoln, Ill., "



LIDMAN, ELIZABETH

"Exceeding wise, fair spoken and
persuading."

M.A.C. — Home Economics
Club — — — — —; Fresh
G. R. — — — — French Club '2



FENN, FELSWORTHS

"Worth, courage, honor, those traits
— — — — yours

Music Arts Club '28, — — —
Boys Glee Club — — —



MCLEAN, ROSETT

"It isn't any use for I have a
girl."

McMACKIN, DALE

Say what you like,
I think like me."

Football — — — — —; Basketball
— — — — —; Culture Club



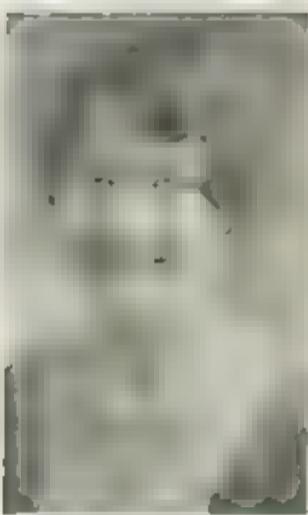
MEADERKS, FLORENCE

"The world can never hear the steel
small voice."

MATIS, GRADY

"We gain but little and gain that
little well."

Transferred from Empire — ownshop
of La Roy — — — — —; G. R.
— — — — —; R — — — — — Silver
— — — — —



NELSON, EVELYN

"As merry as the day is long."

Commerce '28; Commercial Club '29

Reining '28; Eighty Word Transcription Team

OLIVER, DOROTHY

"Let me do my work from day to day."

PARKER, JAMES

"Full, big he was of brain and eck of bones."

Football '25; Track '26; '27

Y. Club '25; '26; '27

Club '25; '26; '27; '28; M. A.

Club '26; '27; '28; '29

Club '28

DOORMAN, ROBERT

*"He thinks too much
Such men are dangerous."*

L. '26, '27; Boy's Glee Club '26,

Commercial Club '28

ROSSMAN, EDNA

"I am very well content when I am alone."

Latin Club '26; Minervian Club

SCATTER, LILLIAN

"Her eyes, her manners, all who saw admired."

Freshman G. R. '26; Commercial Club '28

SMITH, DEAN

"We are six grove, noe doubt ye're fine."

Manual Arts Club '26, '27

SMOCK, LOUISE

*"She was good as she was fair;
I might to dream of, not to tell."*

Drama Club '25; Girls Glee Club



WHITE, ROMALD

"*The more I know, I know I know,*
The more I know I know the less."

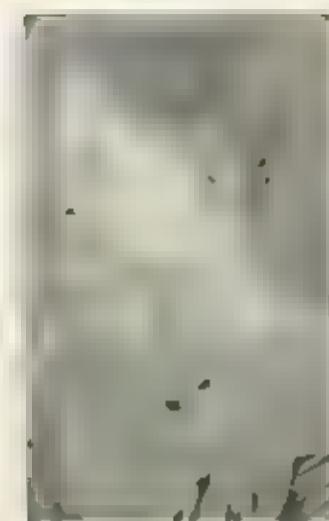


WINTER, CHESTER

"*The man who puts pep in things.*"

Track '28; Short Story Club '27,
'28; Art League '26, '27.

June Class



ESTHER

"She looks on the world with brightness."

Carmen

BURKE, MARION

"To see her is to love her
And love but her forever."

Freshman G. R. '28; Short Story

Latin Club

Argos

Sophomore

Latin Club

R. '27;

Sophomore

Latin Club

Argos

Latin Club

R. '27;

BOWLES, MARY

"I love them that love me."

BRANNAN, FANNIE

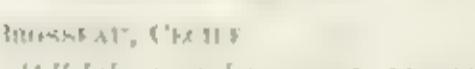
"There is that in my heart that will
not let me sleep."



Page 10 of 10

"But I return with luxury
To books and thoughts and
rhymes."

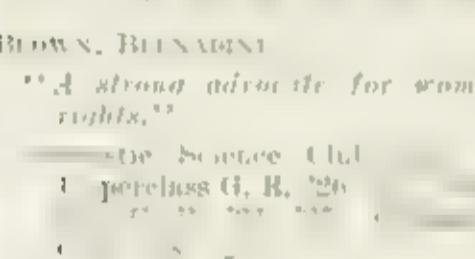
卷之三



EDWARD ALBAN

"He has no time for girls or family;
A mere diploma is his aim."

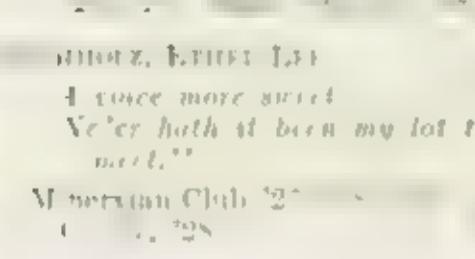
Chen Junqian



BROWNING, ARKANSAS

"His words were wise and his heart was true."

Vegas Staff '29; Latin Club '29
Senior Class Play "The Rose"
Slang Lapham
First Club
D. S. C.



DEAT, HANNAH

"Tall and stately but full of fun."

Entered from Danvers High School
Home Economics Club



DICK, HELEN

"A truer, nobler trustier heart
More loving or more loyal ne'er beat."

Latin Club '26, '27, '28; Upperclass
Art Club '27, '28; Hi-Y Club
'28



DIXOX, ELIZABETH

"Those who know her best, praise her
most."

Art League '26; Home Economics Club
'26; Commercial Club '28,
G. G. A. '28; Remington Silver
'28; Remington Cert
Commercial Club '28
Hi-Y Club '28



DOLAN, ALONZO

"Absolutely in my heart
She reigns without control."

Vegis Staff '29; Football '29; Latin
Club '27; Junior Class Play "The Meal
Ticket" '28; Senior Class Play "The
Rose of Shreve" '27; Hi-Y Club
'27, '28; Boys Glee Club '28



DORNATZ, GEORGE

"The sweetest hours that ere I spend
Are spent among the lasses."

Baseball '28; Dramatic Club, "The Intri-
mate Strangers" '28; Junior Class Play
"A Princess Drops In" '28; Musical
Arts Club '26, '27, '28; Hi-Y Club
'27, '28; Boys Glee Club '28, '29



DREXLER, DWIGHT

"Three stories high, a gentleman and

M. A. C. '28; Hi-Y Club '28, '29; Boys
Glee Club '26, '27, '28; A. B. C.
'28; Commercial Club '28; Remi-
ngton Silver '28; Home Economics Club

EVANS, ELIZABETH

"Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more tem-
perate."

Don S. I. Club '28; Freshman Class
Club '28; Hi-Y Club '28

EVAN, HANOTAU

"A ready tongue had he."

Vegis Staff '28; Modern Alchemy
'28; Roosevelt Debating Club
'28; Hi-Y '28, '29; Hi-Y '27, '28;
Commercial Club '28; Home Economics
Baseball '27, '28



EVERETT, HERMAN

"*They all that bid and trouble,*"
Basketball '28, '29; Baseball '28; Cot-
tage Club '28

PALMER, MARY

"*Her many locks hang on her temples like
a golden fleece.*"
Home Economics Club '26, '27; Cotter-
age Club '27, '28, '29; O. G. A.; O. A.
— Remington Silver Pin.



FOX, ELEANOR

"*He who joy would win
Must share it—happiness was born a
 twin.*"

Home Economics Club '25, '26; Orchestra
— Band —

PENN, MAYBELLE

"*Datto*"
Home Economics Club '28; — Band

FIRE, FRANCES

"*A prodigy of learning,*"
Short Story Club '28; — Latin Club
— Junior Class Play '28.

FIKE, WESTLY

"*Men of few words are the best men.*"
Transferred from Morrison High '28
— Football '24; Art League '28
— Vice President —



FISHER, LEWIS

"*All great men are doing, I don't feel
well myself,*"
Art League '28

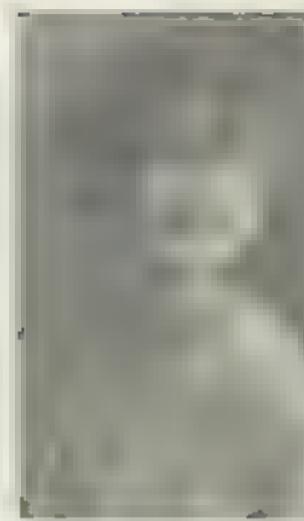
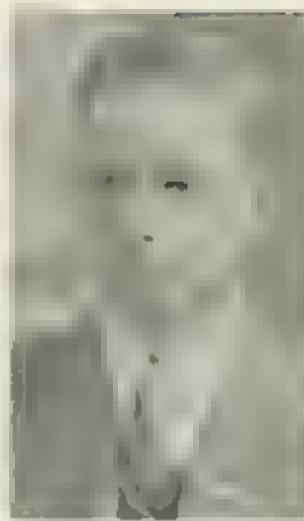
FOOD, LUCILLE

"*We know what we are,
We know not what we may be*"
Orchestra '25, '27, '28



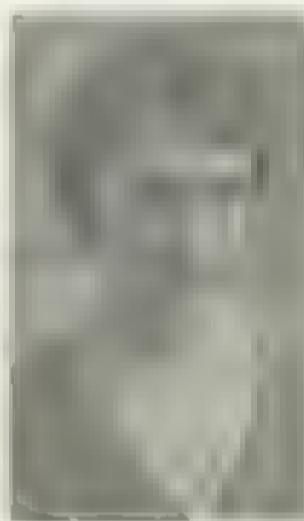
FRANKS, MELIA

"He was a man, take him all in all
He shall not look upon his like again."
Aegis Staff '29; Commercial Club '28;
Remington Silver Pin; O. A. T. Transcription Test, 80 word.



GASS, GERALDINE

"They'd have set your beauty within a
howe'r
But we cannot spare you
Editor in Chief of Aegis Staff '29; Junior
Class Play "The Meal Ticket" '28;
Girls Glee Club '25, '26; Operetta "The
Fire Prince"; Maenalian Club '28, '29;
Upperclass G. R. '26, '27, '28;
Commercial Club '27, '28, '29; Reming-
ton Silver Pin, Royal Silver Pin, O. G.
A. Certificate, O. A. T. Certificate - Gregg
Transcription Certificate, 80 words.



GODDARD, FIONNE

"Fair as the day and sweet as May
Fair as the day and always gay."
Aegis Staff '29; Senior Class Play
"The Rise of Silas Lapham" '29; Home Eco-
nomics Club '28, '29; Maenalian Club
'27, '28, '29; Girls Glee Club '25,
Operetta "The Fire Prince"; Upperclass
G. R. '26, '27, '28; Commercial Club
'28; Remington Silver Pin.



GOODRICH, VIVIAN

"Those that know thee not; no words
can paint!
And those who know thee, know all words
are faint."
Aegis Staff '29; Short Story Club
'28; French Club '28.



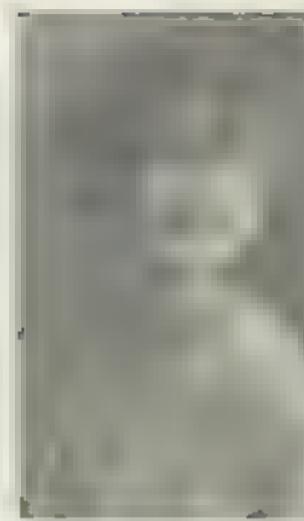
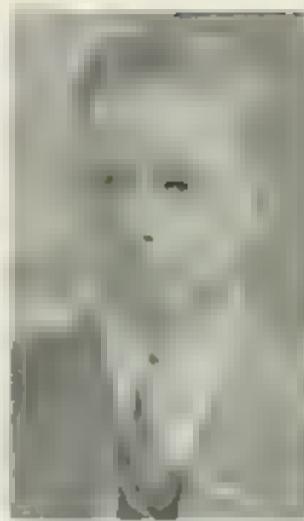
GRAVETT, HOWARD HOWARD

"You must know how to appreciate his
presence
Transferred from Danver's High School
'28; Latin Club '28, '29.



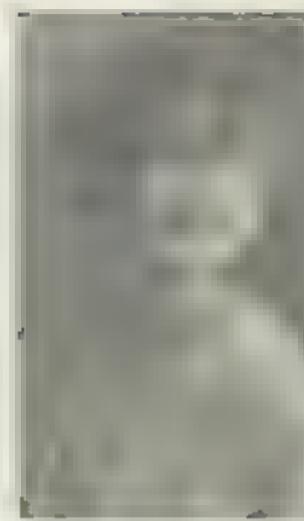
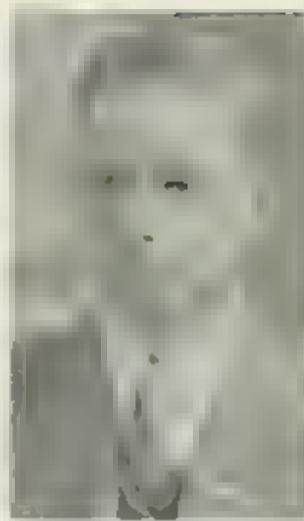
GREGORY, ELIZABETH

"She is the glass of fashion."
Transferred from Westport High
City, Mo. '27, '28
"The Blimp"
Meal Ticket '28; Senior Class Play
"The Rise of Silas Lapham" '29; Art
Club '28; Home Economics Club '27;
Upperclass G. R. '28; French Club '28.



GRIFFIN, JOHN

"He's bonnie an' brawl, well favored
And his hair has natural buckle an a
Aegis Staff '29; Remington Silver Pin
Royal Silver Pin; O. G. A.
Transcription Certificate, 80 words.



GROSFINGER, FRANKLIN

"While 'tis true he had some wit he was
very shy of using it."
M. A. C. '28, '27, '28





HALLETT, VIRGINIA

"Her smiling eye within,

"Had mak' a wretch forget his way."

Argo Staff '28; Latin Club '26, '27;
Short Story Club '27; M.A.C. '28; French Club
'28.

HANNAH

"She has two eyes so soft and brown,
take care,

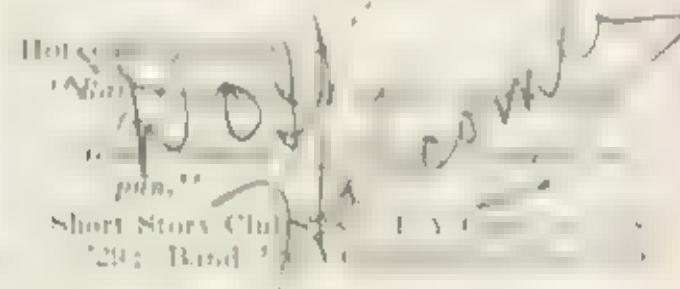
"She gives a side glance and looks down,
be wary, beware,"

Argo Staff Latin Club '28;
Short Story Club '27; M.A.C. '28;
Close Play "The Merchant of Venice" '27;
Home Economics Club '27, '28; '29;
Orchestra '27, '28; Upperclass G. R.
'28; Freshman G. R. '25;
French Club '28.

HASTING, DONIS

"Thy modesty'sn a candle to thy merit."

Transferred from Ben Franklin '27



HODGSON, ANITA

"I have no other than a woman's reason."

Latin Club '26, '27; Home Economics Club '26, '27; Freshman G. R. '25, '26; Commercial Club '28, '29; Clothing Club '28.

HOLLOWAY, GRADY

"The joy of youth and health her eyes display."

Transferred from Marquette Township High School

INMAN, WALTER

"For e'en though vanquished, he could arap still."

Transferred from Town City, Inc. Argos Staff '29; Short Story Club '28; Latin Club '28, '29; Dramatic Club '28; "The Thirteenth Chair"; Senior Class Play "The Rose of Silesia" Lampman '28; Hi-Y Club '28, '29; Roosevelt Debating Society '28, '29; Orchestra '28.

JACKSON, BOYD

"Why so dull and mute, young master?
Prithee who so mute,

M. A. C. '28, '29

DOSTS, EDMUND

"*Blue were her eyes as fairy blue,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day.*"
Commercial Club '28, '29; O. A. T. Certificate, Remington Silver 1



KATZ, DALE

"*There was a soft and penitive grace
I cast of thought upon her face.*"
Latin Club '27, '28, '29; Home Economics Club '29



KELLEY, ROBERT

"*He was a scholar and a ripe and good*

M. A. C. — H. Y. Club '27, '28
Drama Society '27, '28, '29
French Club '29

lucky



KIES, BETTY

"*She was his care, his hope and his
delight,
Most in his thoughts and ever in his
sight.*"

Aegis Staff '29; Latin Club '27; Girls' Class '28; Operetta "The Fireman's Ball"; Home Economics Club '28; Junior Class Play "The Meal Ticket"; French Club '29



KIMES, DONALD

"*A woman who wants not for words*"
Aegis Staff '29; Art League '27, '28
Minervian Club '28, '29; Uppercrust Club '29



KLOPP, JOHN

"*I see through all familiar things.*"
Business Manager of Aegis '29; Short Story Club '28, '29; Dramatic Club '28; "Blimp" Senior Class Play, "The Rise of Silas Lapham" Junior Class Play, "The Meal Ticket" Senior Visual Arts Club '27, '28
H. Y. Club '26, '27, '28, '29
Band '25, '26, '27, '28, '29; French Club '28



KNAPP, ROBERT

"*I am a stranger in a strange land.*"
Transferred from Larimore High, N. D., Wyo., '28; Short Story Club '28, '29
Senior Class Play, "The Rise of Silas Lapham"; H. Y. Club '29; Roosevelt Debating Society '28, '29



KRUEGER, EMMETT

"*Quick to learn and wise to know,*"
Commercial Club '28; Silver Typewriter Club '29





K. M. M.

*"Only a sweet and virtuous soul
Like a seasoned timber, never gives."*
Aegis Staff '29; Latin Club '28, '29;
Clothing Club '27; Home Economics
Club '28, '29; Upperclass G. R. '27,
'28, '29; Freshman G. R. '29

KURN, ALICE

"The eyes have it."
Transferred from _____
Story Club '28, '29; M. A. C. '28;
Aegis Staff '29; Fret _____

— DANDY

"He studies the lesson and knows it."
Manual Arts Club '29; Baseball Manager
'29

LEACH, SHERMAN

*"And if we would speak true
Much to the man is due."*
Vice-President '28; Senior Class Play, "The
____ Solus Lapham" '29; M. A. C.
'28; Hi-Y Club '28; Roosevelt De-
bating Society '28; Commercial Club
'28

LIEBERMAN, VERNON

*"Two single gentlemen, rolled into
one."*
Aegis Staff '29; Dramatic Club '28,
"Keys to Baldpate"; Junior Class Play,
"____" '28; Hi-Y Club '28;
Roosevelt Debating Society
'29; Boys Glee Club '28, '29;
Commercial Club '28, '29

LITT, DEAN

*"I understand that chattering is to break up
the game."*
Vice-President '28; Senior Class Play
Leader '28; M. A. C. '28;
Dramatic Club '28; Hi-Y Club '28;
Roosevelt Debating Society '28;
"Solus Lapham" '29; Hi-Y
Club '28; Roosevelt Debating Society
'28

LIVINGSTON, EDWARD

*"How good he is, how just,
And fit for highest trust."*

Treasurer of _____

_____, _____, _____, _____, _____,
_____, _____, _____, _____, _____,
_____, _____, _____, _____, _____

LORENZ, DOROTHY

*"To meet thee, to be a pleasant thought
Such are wanted."*
Vice-President '28; The Three Graces;
Senior Class Play "The Rise of Silas
Lapham" '29; Girls Glee Club Open
Night, "The Fire Prince" '28; M. A. C.
'28; Commercial Club '28; G. R. '28;
Fret _____; Girls Glee Club '29; O. P. '29;

LUDWIG, ELIZABETH

"The sweetest thing that e'er grew
Beside a human door."

Transferred from Nicholas Senn High School, Chicago, Ill., '27; Upperclass G. R. '27, '28, '29; French Club '28.



MCMINN, LOGAN

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."

Dramatic Club '27, '28; "The Blimp"
M. A. C. '27, '28; A. B. C. '26, '27
Drama Club '27, '28.



MANDERN, VIRGINIA

"Charming strike the sight, but merit wins
the soul."

Sorority Staff '28; Latin Club
'27, '28; Sororities P. P. "The Rise
of Silas Lapham"; House Economics
Club '27, '28; Minervian Club
'27, '28; Delta Upsilon Greek Club '27.



MARKAS, GERTRUDE

"And still we gazed and still the wonder
grew
That one small head could carry all she
knew."

Commercial Club '28



MASON, FRANCES

"A student, good without pretense,
Blessed with Plain Reason and Common
Sense."

V. S. C. '28; Art League '26, '27, '28
Commercial Club '27, '28, '29; Remington Silver Pin, Remington Gold Pin,
O. G. A., Transcription Test, 80 word.

MATHER, HAROLD

"He was a man whose happiness was in
serving others."



MATHER, MARION

"They conquer who believe they can."
Latin Club '27, '28; Hi-Y Club '28.

M

"My words shall not pass away."



MOORE, DELMAR

"Trained for either camp or court,
Skilled in every manly sport."
Football '27, '28; Basketball '28,
Baseball '27, '28.

MOR, MILDRED

"There's magic in her fingertips."
Aegis Staff '29; Short Story Club '29;
Orchestra Concertmaster.



MORAN, RALPH

"He takes a living, loving interest in

MOSER, MARY

"Her eye, ev'n turned on empty space,
Beamed keen with humor."
Aegis Staff '29; Short Story Club '29;
Upperclass G. K. '28; French Club '28.



MUNSON, WILLIAM

"It is not wise to be wiser than
one's self."
Manual Arts Club '26; Orchestra '28;
Band '26, '27; Commercial Club '28.

MURKIN, LUCILLE

"The virtue that doth make her most
admired."
A. S. W. '28; Economics Club
'28; G. R. '28; Commercial
Club '28, '29; Remington Gold Pin,
Remington Silver Pin, Underwood
Bronze Pin, Royal Silver Pin, Royal
Gold Pin, O. G. A., O. A. T., Transcrip-
tion Test, 80 words.

"Never speaks unless spoken to—an excellent trait in a woman."

Transferred from Butler High, Slater, Mo.

NORBEN, LILLIAN

"Here silence golden I'd be a pauper."

Cardstown High

Commercial Club

Remington Silver Pin, Royal Silver Pin, O. A. T., Transcription

80 won



NOWLING, MABEL

"Stadiums of ease and food of humble thyme."

Transferred from Danvers High School



OSGOOD, VIOLET

"A friend to uphold."

Transferred from Danvers High School



PALMER, MATILDA

"Suffer herself to be desired
And not blush so to be admired."

Cardstown High '28; Freshman G.
K. 2nd '29



PEARSON, LEMOISE

"Or light or dark, or short or tall,
She sets a spring to move them all."

Cardstown Economics Club '27; Orchestra
Commercial Club '28; O. G. A.;
Remington Silver Pin.



PESS, VERNEIL

"Sweet are the thoughts that savor of contemplation."

Senior Class Play, "The Rose," S.
Commercial Club '27; Minervian Club '27; S.
C. C. '28; O. G. A.; O. A.
U. Less. G. R. '28; S. S.



POSTLETHWAIT, EDWARD

*"His words, like so many nimble and airy
sorcerors, trip about at command."*

Varsity Staff '29; Short Story Club '28,
Latin Club '28; Fourteenth
Hi-Y Club '27-'28; "O"; Or-
chestra '27-'28; Picnic '28; Drama
Club.

Powers, Maude

*"Bright as the sun her eyes the gazers
strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all
alike."*

Girls' Glee Club '27; "Bells of Beau-
tiful" '26; "Fire Prince" '26;
Home Economics Club '26, '27; Chorus

Puck, Everett

"Let us be seen by our deeds."

Freshman Hi-Y Club '28; Boys' Glee Club
'27; Commercial Club '27-'28.

Price, Herbert



Prothro, Harold

*"With brain and brawn, a mighty man
is he."*

Varsity Staff '29; Football '27, '28; Latin
Club '28.

Rappaport, Harry

"Honor add girth thy pedigree, youth."
Transferred from Danvers High School

Rector, Dixie

*"I am a roving cowboy just off the Texas
plain."*

Commercial Club.

Read, Velma

*"Just to be gentle, kind and sweet,
Always to everyone I meet."*

Home Economics Club '28-'29; Com-
mercial Club '27; "O"; "A".

LITERATURE

"No really great man ever thought himself so."

Enclosed is a \$1 Commercial Club
check.



ROMMEL, FRANZ

*To make frat her wud banish eare
Sae charming is my Jeane."*

Transferred from New York
1900 G. R. '29; French (



Patients Demographics

"It is the friendly heart that has plenty of friends."

Home Economics Club '26, '27; Upper
class G. R. '26, '27, '28, '29; Fresh-
man G. R. '25, '26; French Club '27



ZIMMER, JANE

"You wait for me, like a summer's
noon."

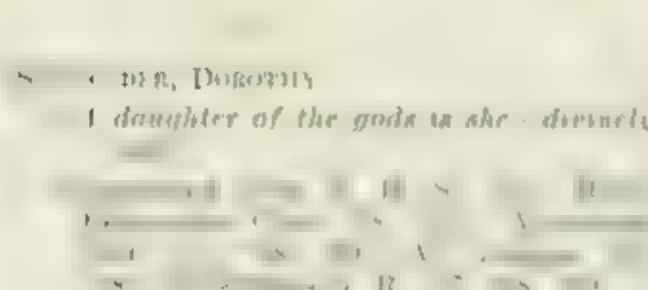
Home Feonion Club '28, '29; Cloth
ing Club Upperclass G. R.
Freshman G. R. French Club



SCHAFERSTADT Dorothy

"A friend in need is a friend indeed."

1. *Distressed from Danvers High School*



万圣谷软件公司 STB 项目 基于 CAN

"Seek to be good but aim not to be great."



STAUFFER, DORCAS

"For she is just the quiet kind whose nature never can..."

O. G. A.; Commercial Club '28

SHAW, HOMER

"O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

Transferred from Bement Township H. S.
'28; Short Story Club '28; H. Y. Club,
'28

SIMON, BERT

"Never taxed for speed."

A. S.	S.	C.	O. A.	R.	W.
—	—	—	—	—	—
S.	P.	M.	A.	C.	S.
—	—	—	—	—	—
G.	R.	—	—	—	—
—	G.	R.	—	—	—

SIMON, LESTER

"As consistent as a man can be."

Latin Club '27; M. A. C. '27; Boy's
Glee Club '25; A. B. C. '25

STRATTON, JOHN

"Small in stature but great in mind."

Roosevelt Debating Society '28, '29;
Commercial Club '28, '29; Remington
Silver Pin; O. G. A.

SNOOT, GRETCHEN

"Home exalts each joy, allays each
grief."

A. S.	S.	C.	S.	S.	S.
—	—	—	—	—	—
S.	P.	M.	A.	C.	S.
—	—	—	—	—	—
G.	R.	—	—	—	—
—	G.	R.	—	—	—

BREWSTER, BERTHA

"Her words and thoughts are full of
music."

Student G. R. '22

HALES, HATTIE *Dear Spring*

"A deep and worthy character."

Transferred from Danvers High School
'28; H. Y. Club '28; Typing Cer-

STABBS, VIRGINIA

"One from the very heart of wisdom,"
Transferred from Danvers High School



STEPHENS, RUTH

"To the industrious all things are easy,"
Minervian Club '27-'28



STILLFIELD, MARJORIE JANE

"The fairest garden in her looks
And in her mind the newest books."
G. S. S. Latin Club '27-'28
Sister Pin '27-'28
Drama Club '27-'28
Commercial Club '27-'28; Up-
perclass G. R. '28; M. S. Dramatic
Club '28

STEBBINS, HAROLD

Commercial Club '27, '28, '29; Typing
Certificate and Remington Silver Pin.



TALLEY, GLADYS

"All things are yours,"
Transferred from Monroe, Ill. '28; Com-
mercial Club '28.

THOMASSEN, DOROTHY

"She's bonnie straight and tall
And long has had my heart in thrall."
A. S. S. Latin Club '27-'28
G. S. S. Theater Club '27-'28
Drama Club '27-'28
S. S. C. W. '28

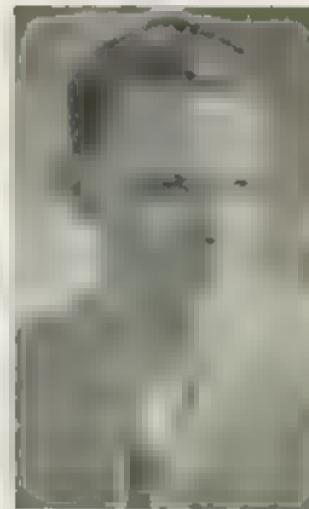


TRIMBLE, RUTH

"He has done the work of a true man,"
Thirteenth Chair'; Remington Silver
Pin, Remington Gold Pin; Royal Silver
Pin, Royal Gold Pin, O.G.A., O. A. T.
Commercial Club '28, '29; Dramatic
Club '28.

TROTTER, CARL

"There is lack in leisure,"
Transferred from Carlock '25; Modern
Art Club '25



VAN ANWERP, CHARLES

"He talks with the same speed that lightning flashes."

Boy's Glee Club '26, '27, '28; Commencement Club '28; Remington Senior Pin

VAN SCHOICK, ROBBIE

"I must pass nothing by without loving it first."

Football '28; Latin Club '26, '27, '28; Hi-Y Club '27, '28; Roosevelt Debate Team '27, '28; French Club '27, '28



VOLLRATH, RAY

"How fit he is to sway, that can so well obey."

Boy's Glee Club '27, '28; Junior Class Play '28, "The Meal Ticket."

WAGNER, JEAN

"Full many a flower is born to blush for its sweet smell on the desert"

From Steelville, Mo., '28; Latin Club "The Intimate Stranger" '27; Senior Class Play '28; Homecoming Queen '28



WALLER, ESTHER

"A quiet mind is richer than a crown."

Editor Extra-Curricular News '27, '28; Senior Class Play '27, '28; Senior Class Play '28; Home Economics Club '28; Senior Class G. R. '27, '28

WEBER, MARGARET

"Only her dreams came forth—shy and beautiful."

Yearbook Staff '27—Latin Club '27, '28; Senior Class Play '27, '28; Senior Class Play '28; Home Economics Club '28; Senior Class G. R. '27, '28



WEBBER, CLARENCE

"All nature wears a universal grin."

WHEAT, RAYMOND

"My only books were woman's looks!" Football '26; Yearbook '28; Commercial Club '29

WILLIAMS, KATHARINE

"So pure and innocent, as that same lamb
She was in life and every vicious lore."



ZWENG, EMILY

"I would rather be out of the world than
out of fashion."

Home Economics Club '27, '28, '29; Com-
mercial Club '27, '28, '29



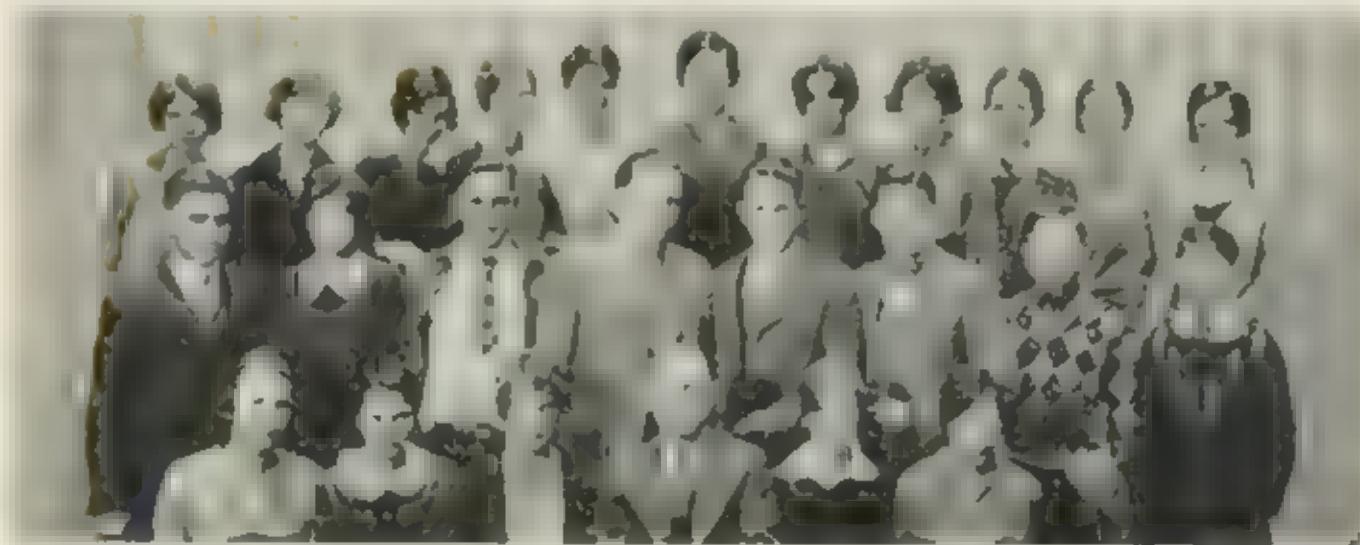
/ —— Minnie

She's all my fancy painted her."

Aegis Staff '29; Clothing Club '26, '27,
Home Economics Club '28, '29; U.
—lost G. R. '28; Freshman C. L.
Commercial Club
Office A. G. S. P. R.
Gold Pin, Transcription Test, '28
Royal Silver Pin.



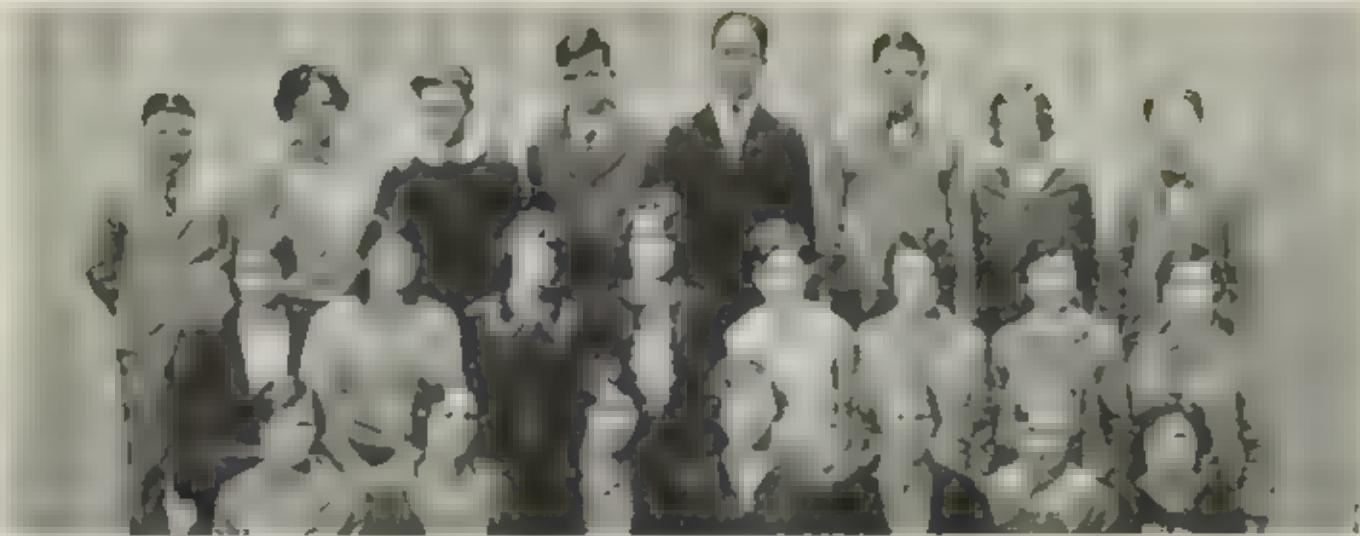
Honor Students



Top row, left to right: VIOLA LOFSKE, MADEON DOONAN, HELEN LOFSKE, VIRGINIA HARRIS,
VIRGINIA CLEW, HELEN KLINE, SYBILLA HARGRAVE, MILDRED GLASS, JANE HART, BETTY
GREGORY, CECELIE BROSSARD
Middle row: LLOYD CURTIS, ELINOR HOWELL, HAROLD GARTH, GUY CARLTON, HARLEY BREU
HOTZ, DON HILDEBRAND, ROY BAILEY, EUGENE PITTS
Front row: BARBARA BONNEY, RUTH HART, MARJORIE BANISTER, MR. KURTZ, TRENT ARNOLD,
VIRGINIA JOHNSTON, MARJORIE KILKPATRICK

Top row, left to right: IDRIA ORRICK, SUSAN HAVENS, EVELYN CARLSON, HENRY TAYLOR,
ELIANDRE BETZ, JOHN MORRISON, ETHEL JANICK, MARIAN BUGGET
Middle row: ROBERT CUMMING, FLORENCE DIPPENBARGER, MADALYN HEINK, RUTH HODGSON,
MURRAY BROWN, DONALD GUERET, DONIS EUTERICK, WARREN BENDER, GEORGE POCHELL
Bottom row: MARY CATHERINE ELLIS, KATHERINE COVINS, FRANCES ELEFSTRAND, MRS. BEXBOAT,
MARIE PAULIER, ILA KARK, JEAN WILDER, MARY BAIN





Top row: left to right: ALICE KELLER, WAVA HOTTIS, MARY LEE, CECILIA COOPER, CHARLES LANE, ALICE PISCH, ELIZABETH BECKLES, MARVIN CARL
Middle row: FLORENCE MAY, JESSIE SHIRK, GORDIE DOWDLAR, RUTH HOLDING, BELLA KEEN, HELEN PISELL, HAZEL FITZGERALD, HELEN GRIMM
Bottom row: ALBERTA WILLIAMSON, VERA HOWE, MARG. MACDONALD, ESTHER HARRIS, MARY BAILEY, DOROTHY HENRITH, MARGARET HILLIARDS

Top row, left to right: HELEN TURE, WILLIAM MORTON, MIRIAM BROWN, JOHN GRIMM, MILTON BRITZER, ROBERT KNAPP, JOHN KLOPP, DEAN LITT, GENE REED
Second row: EUGENE HILLMAN, SYLVIA GROD, MARGOURET CONARD, MARGARET EGAN, ALMA EDWARD, LETA BELLE GREEN, LOUISE HORRITS, HAZEL HYND
Bottom row: CLORA HOPP, RUTH ALEXANDER, MARIE TERRY, MISS SMITH, JANE DONALDSON, DOROTHY EGAN, OLIVE FREDERICK, MARY



THE AEGIS



<i>L</i>	<i>M</i>	<i>A</i>	<i>C</i>	<i>R</i>	<i>Z</i>	<i>N</i>	<i>K</i>	<i>V</i>	<i>E</i>	<i>S</i>
W	C	R	P	P	N	O	I	M	C	T
N	C	I	A							
S	G	T	V	L	K	V	R	S	R	E
L	E	R	S	M	S	M	V	W	R	D
T	I	S	L	C	V	R	M	M	M	S
M	G	E	H	A	T	I	V	W	V	K

<i>C</i>	<i>A</i>	<i>C</i>	<i>C</i>	<i>Z</i>	<i>C</i>	<i>S</i>	<i>L</i>	<i>W</i>	<i>V</i>	<i>C</i>
M	I	I	M	M	M	I	S	V	M	A
d	A	C	D	C	D	K	C	A		
t	e	b	M	S	M	C	M			
c	M	S	A	M	D	N	S	M	K	C
M	w	I	X	X	I	I	I			





Top row, left to right: RAYMOND BENNER, HAROLD CHAPMAN, WILLIAM ROSS, RALPH GUSCHKE, KENT THIEF, FRANK TRAEGER, CHARLES MANN, LAWRENCE ADAMS, CHARLES HARDWAY, ALBERT SAYERS, ADOLPH ZALUCILA

Second row: CHESTER STARR, JEAN SOPER, ELEANOR WHADCOCK, EVA MILLER, FRIEDA TRIMMEL, PAUL ODELL, HILLEN DELANEY, DOROTHY LARISON, STANLEY FALGIER, GORDON SCHAFER, MARY LOUISE WRIGHT.

Bottom row: PAULINE MILLER, DOROTHY STORY, HILLIE MCCOY, GRETCHEN SHOOT, MR. W. A. COOPER, STELLA REINER, EVA MEREDITH, RONA NICHOLS, LAVONNE WILLIAMS

Top row, left to right: RUTH SPANGLER, ANNETHIA SILVERS, Verna McKEON, MERWYN JOHNSTON, DELMAR MOORE, ROY CARR, MERLE FRANKS, ALBERT KNOX, ROY LANCASTER, WILLIAM CALHOUN, EUGENE COOPER

Second row: FLORENCE GARDNER, HOMER SHAW, FRANKLIN G. MEYER, GEORGE NIEDERMEIER, ERINNE WEBBER, DWIGHT DREXLER, MERLE HEMPSTEAD, LLOYD POK, RUTH JOHNSON, EDNA MILLER

Bottom row: MARGARET WEBB, ALICE KUHN, VIRGINIA MANDLER, Verna PILS, MISS NIEDERMEIER, ROBERTA SCHLOEPTEL, DOROTHY THOMASSEN, MARJORIE JANE STUBBS, IRENE BLEDERMAN



AEGIS

Juniors



Top row: ELAINE CONKLIN, REBECCA NOBLE, DOROTHY PANEZ, GLADYS HYND, VIVIAN JAMES,
LOIS GOOD, ALICE COOPER

Second row: ESTELLE GROENMEIER, EVA MARTIN, LOUISA BURN, EUGENE DAVIDSON, RUSSELL
CARTER, MAXINE ALDRICH

First row: MARGARET ROSENTHAL, JAMES BARRY, JAMES BLAND, EVERETT LAWYER, FRANK
MINTON

The Junior Class

Some wise adage has been expounded to the effect that "the third time is the charm." Perhaps it doesn't work out that way for everybody but we Juniors believe it, for it was the third time after two vain attempts that we finally organized our class. The officers for the year were elected with these results: President, Ronald Lemme; Vice President, Roberta Schloeffel; Secretary-Treasurer, Alice McCarty.

The Junior Play, "The Princess Drops In," was a decided success. The Junior Class sponsored it "Goodwill Game" after the B-H-S-Albany game. This event helped to make for friendlier feeling toward our ancient rivals. Already Junior members have distinguished themselves in many fields, but just wait until we're Seniors.

ALICE J. McCARTY, *Secretary-Treasurer.*

Top row: RUTH LEMME, HEPPE SWEATMAN, CHARLES MOWBRAY, HELEN SHANNON, EVERETT
MUNSON, RITA MURKIN

Second row: JAMES TIGGIE, ROSA CLARK, ALICE McCARTY, LYNN CHILDS, KENNETH McLEAN,
WENDELL LATOURTY

First row: MARGARET ROSENTHAL, JEAN ALLEN, MARION WARTON, IRVING FREDERICK, MARY
ELIZABETH BRENNAN.





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M P P P D D P A
P C C C C C
R C C M C W C V M
C A C C P

L C C C C C C
C M R S
M A M M C M W M
A C M C C M W M
R A A A C C M I





Top row, left to right: VIOLA CHILDERS, VIVIAN SLATER, EVELYN STOLY, KATHRYN BRAMWELL,
LUCILLE WHITEMAN, BEN BLACKFORD, HAROLD BENDER, EDITH WHITEHOUSE, NORMA
GARDNER

Middle row: MARY FARNHAM, WESLEY NEPP, RICHARD LOAR, PAUL BOLLINGER, HEINZ
KLEIN, DELMAR JEFFREY, VASUJA BHANJAMAN

Front row: MYRTLE SAYERS, DOROTHY BRADBISHAW, LORETTA HARTZOLD, MISS CLINE, HAZEL
JOHNSON, OLGA RATHMANN, EVA BAILEY

Top row, left to right: RAYMOND BAUGH, J. J. HALLETT, WILSON BATES, JACK DONER, CHARLES
CHADDOCK, WILBUR MARC, ARTHUR RETTKE, HOWARD WITTMUS

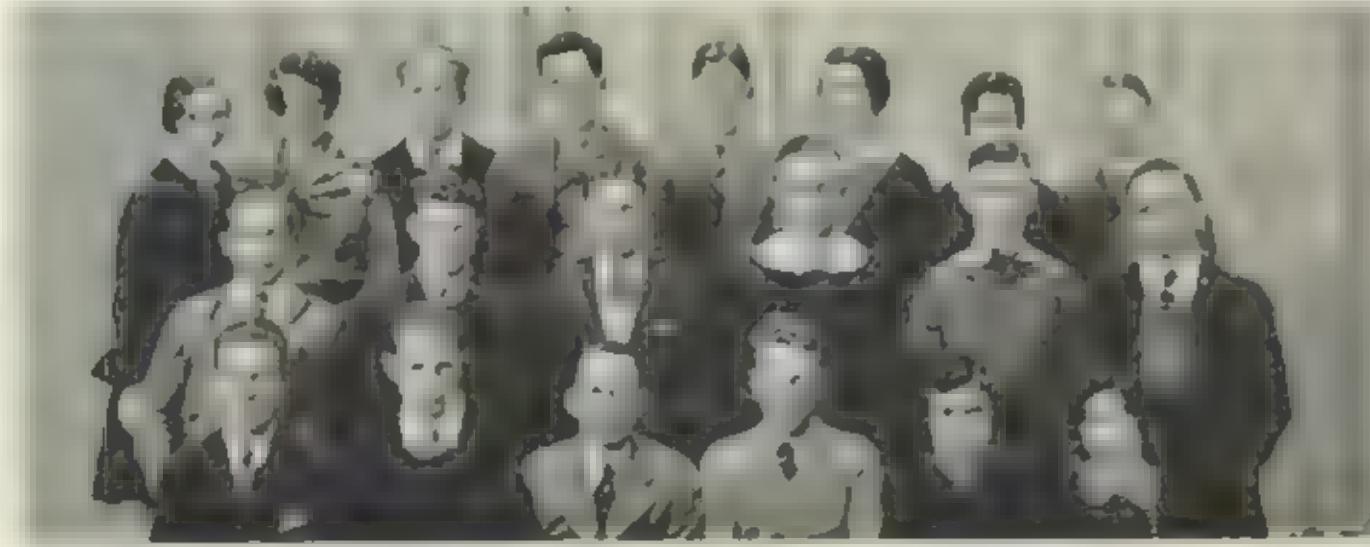
Middle row: FLORENCE MANSKE, MARSHALL PIXLEY, CLAUDE RINGO, DELMAR STAUTZ,
CAMERON WAGNER, DONALD IMIG, MILDRED WARNER, FRANCES VAN HUSS

Bottom row: RUSSELL LATHROP, CLIFFORD SHANKS, RALPH ERNST, MISS MONROE, DORIS
SLEETER, CARITA ZOMBIA, EGLOISE LA FERTE





Pro *to* *the* *U* *S* *the* *M* *the* *U* *the* *C*
-*to* *the* *U* *the* *M* *the* *A* *the* *M* *the* *M* *the* *N*
the *U* *the* *L* *the* *U* *the* *M* *the* *M* *the* *L* *the* *C*
-*the* *U* *the* *S* *the* *L*
the *U* *the* *C* *the* *H* *the* *S* *the* *M* *the* *N* *the* *M* *the* *C* *the* *W*
-*the* *U* *the* *M* *the* *C* *the* *N*





Top row, left to right: PAUL THOMPSON, KENNETH BAYNE, HAROLD DeLONG, HAROLD ELLISON,
MILTON Root, RUSSELL SMITH, FORREST JONES, WILLIAM SEAGER
Second row: LEAH TATMAN, HAROLD LEE, DEAN LANIGAN, LYLE BROWN, HAROLD JOHNSON,
CLAIR LYON, PAUL HAMBURG, FERRELL SMITH, CHARLOTTE UNDERWOOD
Third row: DOROTHY BARDWELL, MILDRED WAITE, CAROLINE WEINZIERL, DOROTHY SMITH,
MISS BRUMMETT, EDITH SCHAUFLER, MAURINE N.D., MARIAN MESSICK

Top row, left to right: MARGARET FRICKS, MARJORIE SAIN, HARRY ROBINSON, HAROLD MAY,
FRANCES HALL, VICTORIA CONNORS, HELEN COALE
Second row: ELEANOR DICK, RAYMOND SHAFER, FRED GERMANN, GORDON WHITE, LOREN BOZARTH, ISABEL STALTER
Bottom row: CHARLES HEIM, WILBUR AUGSPURGER, MISS MYERS, RONALD LEMMER, DARWIN RUST





Top row, left to right: RALPH PROCHSOW, LELAH WHITE, JEAN DALRYMPLE, EVELYN CARLSON,
MILDRED POLITE.

Bottom row: ROBERT MEAD, MISS OLDAKER, ARCHIE EDLAND, LUCIEN CARUSO.

Top row, left to right: DOROTHY THOMPSON, ELAINE SYCLE, ANGELS FRISON, LOIS MEYERS,
MARY MARGARET MOYER, DOROTHY STONE, ALDEA WHITEMAN, CAROLYN SELDERS

Second row: RUTH OLS, ANNABELLE ZINK, IRENE NODINE, MAC JONES, LOGAN McMENN,
EUGENE GODFORTH, BLASIRE STANGER

Bottom row: JEANETTE WILCOXSON, INEZ BOND, FRANKLIN WILSON, MISS MUNSON, MARY
CARRINGTON NORTON, DOROTHY ROST, WILMA CHASEY.



Sophomores



Top row, left to right: CARRIE BELLE WEBSTER, FRANCIS GRIMM, JOHN MCKAY, DELMA KLAWITTER, CLAUDE FOSTER, RONALD PEASE, AUDREY LAMBEAU, ROBERT PARKER

Second row: PRUDENCE HOOG, HAROLD JEWETT, CARLTON SALCH, MAXON NELSON, ROSE WITTMUS, CARL SCHWARZ, DOROTHY MEYERS.

Bottom row: KENNETH LEE, ANDREW KAMMERLE, MISS JONES, HELEN NELSON, LEON MARTENS, ELVA DAVIDSON

General Description. Wide-awake, energetic, enthusiastic, intelligent, cheerful, busy human beings.

Age: From twelve to twenty years

Where Found: B. H. S

Quantity: Innumerable

Use: The same as putty, they fit in everywhere.

Years of Experience: Two down and two to go

Source: Last year's crop of freshies.

Synonym: Most useful and important instrument in any school

Name: Can you guess it? Of course, The Sophomores!

By VIRGINIA CHEW





Top row, left to right: EVELYN SCHMIDT, IDELLA OESCH, MAJORIE REIKER, DOROTHY WADE,
NELLIS HANES, CHARLOTTE JACKSON, LILLIAN WHERRY, EVELYN DAFFL, YVONNE PUFALL
Second row: DARNALL HOUGHAM, RAY HUPFMAN, JOHN GEPAET, SAMUEL BENJAMIN, HAROLD
STEINKRAUS, KLEMITH JEWETT, BIRGER HANSEN
Bottom row: LILLIE KNECHT, VIRGINIA KISSINGER, TONA CLARK, MISS MORRIS, EDITH ERNST,
HAZEL DELONG, ROBERTA ILIFF.

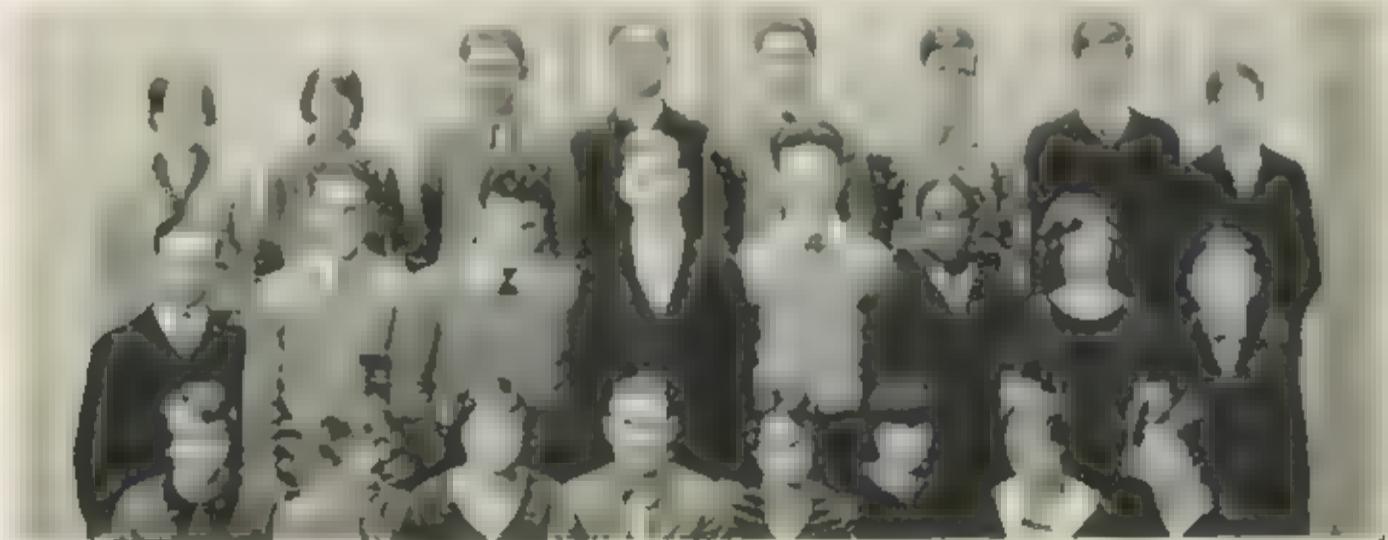


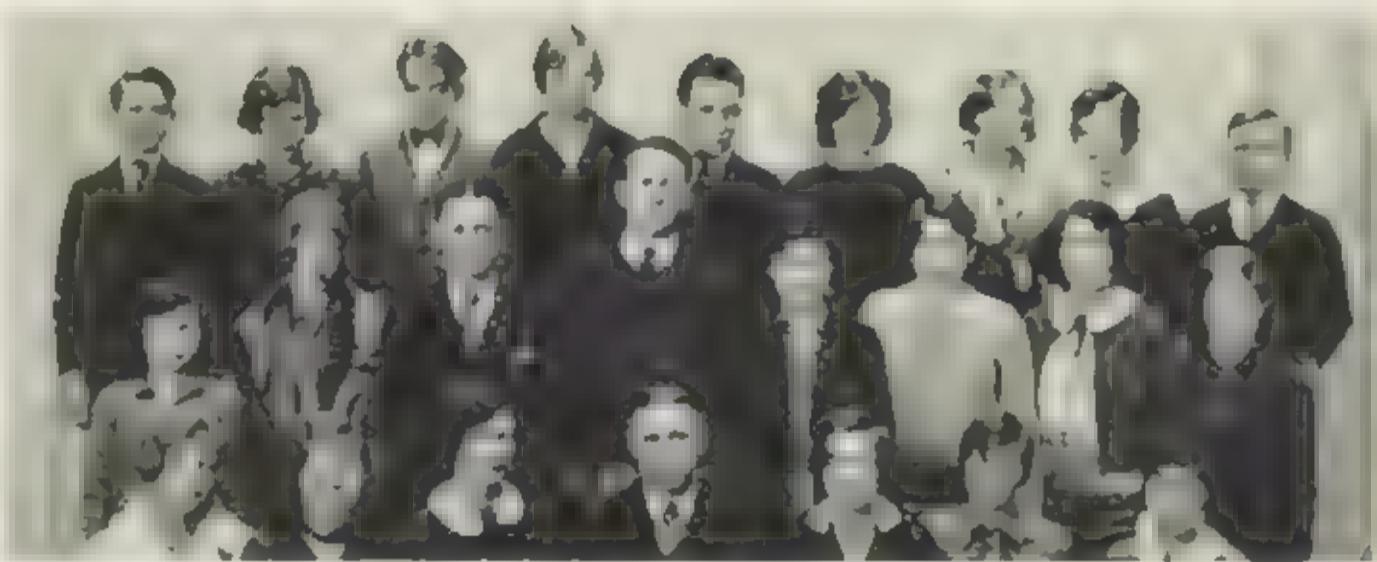
AEG



*Top row: L. to R. Alice S. [unclear] K. V. [unclear] E. [unclear] M. [unclear] S. [unclear] A. [unclear]
H. [unclear] V. [unclear] C. [unclear] T. [unclear] W. [unclear] G. [unclear] C. [unclear] D. [unclear] J. [unclear]*
*Second row: L. to R. S. [unclear] S. [unclear] S. [unclear] S. [unclear] H. [unclear] JOHNSTONE, HERBERT
C. [unclear] JASPER, GERALDINE CR. [unclear]*
*Bottom row: L. to R. SCHULTZ, ALICE JOHNSTON, PEARL BROOKS, MR. DRENDL, JANEICE
SCHNEIDER, BLANCHE JACOBS, DONENE GES.*

*Top row: L. to R. Mrs. BOYCE, ERIC BOYCE, ODESSA BOYCE, MR. B. D. GLENN
ALEXANDER, LUCILLE, S. O. CONNIVES, WALLACE COOPER*
*Second row: L. to R. DANIEL NORTON, ROBERT SCHICK, FRANKLIN HANSON, HOWARD
F. [unclear], AMY SYLVIA, R. JAMES, VELMA BRADFORD, JOHN LEININGER*
*Bottom row: L. to R. K. K. [unclear], HILSBEECK, MARIETTA MAPES, MR. V. H. CONDON, MAR
C. [unclear], INGERSOLL, ALICE W. ZURGER, JAMES F. [unclear]*





Front, left to right: JACK TRUNKLE, HELEN PEARCE, LUCILLE COOPER,
LAUREN MATHER, SISTER SELDERS, HISTORIAN, LUCILLE MURRAY, WIFE
VANISSENE.

Second row: PRISCILLA COOPER, VIVIAN COOPER, LORETTA COOPER,
MALONEY, HARRIETTE SPENCER, LAUREN MURRAY, LUCILLE COOPER.

Back row: ANN TURNER, ELIAS MURRAY, LUCILLE MURRAY, PHILIP COOPER,
BUTTER, FERN SPENCER, PRISCILLA COOPER.

Front, left to right: HEDY PEARCE, LUCILLE COOPER, IRMA STEPHENS, MILDRED REESOR,
LAUREN MURRAY, LUCILLE COOPER, VIVIAN COOPER, LUCILLE COOPER, SISTER ANNA GRETLEY.

Second row: MARY COOPER, WALTER COOPER, GENE MURRAY, WILLIAM MOORE, WILLIAM
REESOR, HAROLD REESOR, KATHLEEN COOPER, PHILIP COOPER.

Back row: ETHEEN HAMMER, DOROTHY COOPER, LUCILLE MURRAY, ANDERSON, MARGIE
COOPER, MARY COOPER, NELLIE COOPER.





Top — **Left** — L. V. PEL, EVERETT QUANSTROM, GERARD PERRY, AMBROSE FRISCH,
H. G. GRIK, C. W. HODGE, D. J. M. MCCLAN
Second row — JAMES DOWNS, RICHARD ASHWORTH, LOGAN WEBB, RUSSELL McMILLAN, WALTER
J. D. COOPER, PETER KENNEDY, M. M. SMITH
Bottom — F. S. MORRIS, M. M. MORRIS, MARY H. TURNER, MR. SCHEDL, OLIVE SCHRAMM,
ANN LEONARD

Top — **Left** — L. V. PEL, EVERETT QUANSTROM, GERARD PERRY, AMBROSE FRISCH,
H. G. GRIK, C. W. HODGE, D. J. M. MCCLAN
Second row — JAMES DOWNS, RICHARD ASHWORTH, LOGAN WEBB, RUSSELL McMILLAN, WALTER
J. D. COOPER, PETER KENNEDY, M. M. SMITH
Bottom — F. S. MORRIS, M. M. MORRIS, MARY H. TURNER, MR. SCHEDL, OLIVE SCHRAMM,
ANN LEONARD





Top row, left to right: FIELDER MYERS, RALPH HALE, DELBERT MCGLODGE, MAURICE AULT,
ELMO VICK, LAWRENCE NORTON, HERBERT HANNER

Bottom row: RALF CALLOWAY, JOHN JUDGE, HERBERT BROWN, MR. BLOOMQUIST, ARTHUR
HOLECOMB, FREDERIC BAUM, HOWARD SMITH

Top row, left to right: LEMAR HOPKINS, RUTH ROBB, RUSSELL NIELSON, ANDREW MARK
STEINER, DONALD WOLFF, EDWARD FOLEY, ALBERT ARENDT.

Second row: DOROTHY PROCTOR, CHARLES SWANSON, LILLIAN ALLEN, WALTER KEERAN, SAM
DOOLLY, MARGARET OLSON.

Third row: EMMA LOUISE, NELLIE KIRKWOOD, MISS ROSK, THELMA OLIVER, MARIE SCHUTTE
LUCILLE FANKS



Freshman



Top row, left to right: VELDA WHITEHEAD, ETHEL ENLOW, THELMA SMITH, GERTRUDI BUKOLSKI, RUTH KJENGBERG, GEORGIA PRYOR, BEDEA LAMBORN

Bottom row: MARGARET TROEGLE, LOIS BROWN, MISS VORNDRAN, CLARAMAK STEIN, MARGARET KIMMEL, FLORENCE COLPI

F is for Freshmen so happy and gay
R means our rules, which we always obey
E shows our energy for we never shirk
S stands for studies, a great deal of work
H is for hours seven plus one
M stands for malice which we bear to none
A means amusements which never grow stale
N points out no one for none of us fail

A stands for Aegis in which we delight
L shows our loyalty, to do what is right
P names class members, popular? yes
H is for hobbies, all kinds you can guess
A for assemblies of various sorts
B means our ball games, very good sports
E begins English, which we must learn to speak
T is for teachers, we think hard to beat!

RUTH JOHNSON
EDNA MILLE





Top row: L. to R. — R. — K. — A. — H. — T. — M.
Bottom row: G. — O. — D. — S. — J.

Bottom row: Thomas LEONARD, ALICE MARIE, LOUISE WILHELMINA, MARY ANN DAVIS, JOHN
TIPPLE, RICHARD BENJAMIN,

Top row: L. to R. — M. — J. HOWARD, M. — W. — C. — T. — F. — G. — N.
Bottom row: G. — O. — D. — S. — J. — M. — C. — R. — E. — V. — N. — S. — D.





Top row, left to right: HOWARD HURST, RALPH DEETZ, DARRELL DICKERSON, KENNETH FEYER,
MARLON PUTTS, EDWARD SCHULZ, EDGAR HAYNES.

Second row: HOWARD FRANK, CHARLES DURDEN, HAROLD JONES, SAM ABRAMS, DONALD
STAHLER, VIRGINIA STEELI

Bottom row: IRENE MOZINGO, BOSELLA STADSHOLT, MISS KINNEY, MAXINE DAVIS, BETTY
CLARK, MARILYN HARPER

Top row, left to right: LEWIS GRAVETT, WILLIAM KANE, IVAN GREEN, CLARENCE SHUMAKER,
BURDETTE SHANNON, JOSEPH MOZINGO, DONALD BRICKEY, DEAN HODGES

Second row: ROBERT COOPER, LESTER SMITH, ALICE SCHAFFNER, ROSE REEDER, LAUREN
ROBERTS, ROBERT RAYMOND KEEN, MELVIN WALTER, WAYNE SWAN

Third row: ROY WHITTINGHILL, RUSSELL BERGLUND, EUGENE PLOENSE, MISS PHILLIPS, LAWRENCE CORBIN, GEORGE ARNOLD, GENE SCOTT





Top row, left to right: Joe Kober, Edwin Farlow, Woodrow Benjamin, Ross Cole, Billy Zier, Roy Miller, Kenneth Hunt, Melvin Smith, Howard Anderson

Second row: Berneda Foreman, Gertrude Klemm, Evelyn Neubauer, Doris Hamlow, Esther Robb, Charlotte Noldin, Mae Shaefer, Violet Smith

Bottom row: Kathryn Price, Esther Sieg, Ruth Kiowell, Miss Betts, Marjorie Loeffler, Maxine Sergeant, Irene Meeks.

Top row, left to right: Howard Covington, Genevieve Bagwell, Charles Blount, Walter Graybeal, Willie Mae Brown, Edna Mae Young, Fannie Kirksey

Middle row: Charles Allen, Harold Mandler, Ben Arnold, Everett Carlton, Bernard Hemmle, Catharine Bell, Lawrence Grun

Bottom row: Eloise Smalley, Dorothy Schairer, Miss Sutton, Dorothy Leach, Frances Gaines, Helen Moore, Raymond Caldwell





Top row, left to right: CECILIA HAGOSY, LEROY WALLACE, RUTH LIVINGSTON, LAVERNE STEINKE,
VIVIAN HAWKINS, LILLIE RYLANDER, MARJORIE MORTON, LEO DIVINE

Second row: GLADYS HOLST, ELEANOR ALSINE, MILTON KRAUSE, GLENN WOOD, FLOYD FINCH,
FRANKLIN SUPPES, CLAUDE STOVER

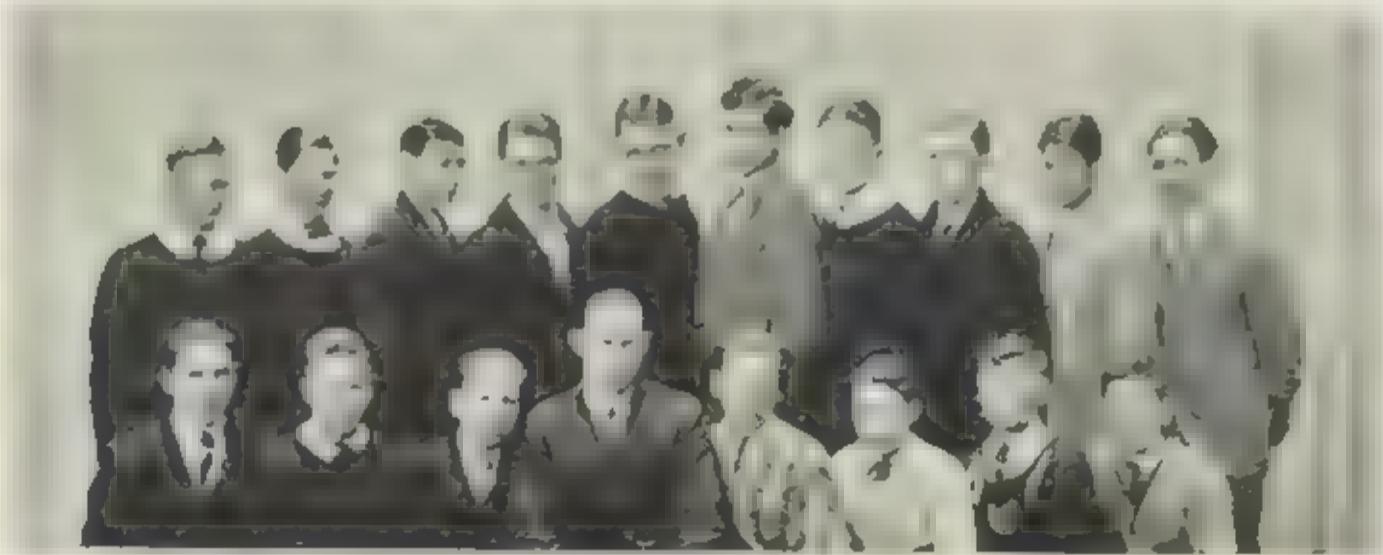
Bottom row: IRMA SMOKO, FRANCES McCREARY, MARY ELEANOR BUNNELL, MISS STUBBLEFIELD,
EVELYN LINK, FRANCES O'FARRELL, FRANCES ETHINGTON

Top row, left to right: THELMA SARVER, RAYMOND McLAUGHLIN, LUCILLE KOCH, HELEN ALEXANDER,
WILLIAM BREWER, MELVIN McCREARY, LELA COLLIER, MILDRED GRAVES

Middle row: THOMAS GUY, WILLIAM RADLEY, KENNETH COX, KENNETH BENNECKE, CARL KNUTTEN,
JOHN FREDERICKSON, JO HANNAH MODINE, JULIA BRANDT

Bottom row: Muriel Campbell, Paul Bagosy, Lucille Barclay, Miss Leonard, Elnora Cecil, Evelyn Durham, Clarence Rees







Top row, left to right: VIRGINIA OSBORNE, JANE DAVIS, DOROTHY LARSON, LIZABETH HOGREFE,
MONA ARCHER, BERNADINE PANCAKE, ANNE GROSSMAN, VELMA MCNAUL GHY

Middle row: LOIS LIVINGSTON, VIRGINIA LEE BRIAN, DOROTHY BOWEN, MILDRED SCHOLER,
MARIAN SCHNEIDER, MARY KATHERINE DAVIDSON, GEORGABELLE ROTHWELL.

Bottom row: WYNONA LABOUNTY, ETHEL THOMAS, MISS WATKINS, MAXINE KIENNE,
LOUITA HOGBLER, ALFREDA COOPER

Top row, left to right: BRUCE BABCOCK, MARGARET MILLER, RICHARD DAWSON, KATHERINE
STERNS, MARVIN ROSTETTER, EFFIE MILLER, VIOLA JOHNSON, BISSELL BROWN

Second row: LOIS DRYBREAD, ELMER HILTON, CHARLES CARR, WALTER ERNST, KENNETH
DUNSMORE, WEDDON HILL, GILBERT HARIS.

Bottom row: RICHARD DOTY, RUSSELL OSTERTAG, ARTHUR DIERKES, MR. SAM EARL GOIN,
RICHARD McLAUGHLIN





Top row, left to right: RAMONA KANE, MARGUERITE FLOOD, VIRGINIA SHANNON, Ida Mae RIDER, MARIE KEERAN, JOHN DIAWINTER, ROBERT CHAMBERS

Second row: LEONORA WILKINS, AUDREY MARSHALL, EVERETT MEIJER, RUTH NELSON, HAZEL HOUSER, HELEN HOUSE, PAULINE LTAILEN.

Bottom row: KENNETH EDWARDS, MARGARET JOHNSON, MISS RYBURN, FLOYD BEHNKE, JIM EATIS, GLEN KLINE

Top row, left to right: GERALD TREASH, ELLIOTT BROCK JR., ERIE PFTTERHOFF, ROBERT FENTON, WALTER PERSCHALL, STANLEY LUCAS, DALE BAKER, ARCHIE WALTON,

Second row: HAROLD HESMAN, WILLIAM MARECHAL, EULA MAE THOMAS, JACK SYFERT, HELEN ALLEN, ROSA KOPP, KATHERINE HERTER

Bottom row: EDWIN STOLL, EDWIN ZOMBRO, JUNE DUFFNAGH, MISS NIESS, JULIA REINER, HELEN WELLS, DICK GATESHIM.





Top row, left to right — MAXINE REIKER, VIRGINIA HANBACK, RAYMOND OLSON, IRENE COTNER,
JANE LARSON, GERTRUDA WOLFF, MARIBELLE BOWMAN, GENEVA NAGYAN

Second row: DOROTHY HOLCHIN, MARJORIE HOPKINS, KATHERINE ORTMAN, JAMES WILKINSON,
DOROTHY SIEGMAN, RUSSELL CAIN, FRANK HOWARD

Bottom row: RUSSELL CARSON, VIRGINIA BAPTOS, RALPH WELLS, MARGARET MEANS, ELIZABETH
PLUMMER, ISMA KLOPP, HAZEL SPAED

Top row, left to right: GEORGIA BAILEY, WILLIAM GEO. BROWN, FRANCES RUTLEDGE, LEON
STEELE, RUTH MILLER, WILLIAM COWART, PAUL TOTTI — SARAH SALMON

Second row: THERON WILEY, MARGUERITE AULT, ROLVYN RUST, CHARLES MARQUARDT, LOIS
DAUER, KENITH FORBES, GLENNA BURNSMITH, DWIGHT HERRICK

Bottom row: GEORGE DUNCEY, RICHARD HEE, GENEVA WAGNER, FRANCES DONAHUE, STANLEY
ROCK, WILLIAM BRANDT, ROBERT OCHS, MARY ELIZABETH DAY





Activities

ANY year would be a drab parade without the inspiration maintained by youth for novelty.

The boys kept the purple and gold entertained through the chiller the football season. With some in rags, some in tags, and some in velvet gowns we danced a jubilant "Home coming" Christmas cast a few glow over our world which lingered to be trimmed with old lace for Valentine's Day. Then Easter brought its sprig of green twined with never changing "spirit flower", to freshen our outlook for the grand finale.

The elders who know best, look accusingly, sigh despairingly and join in the fun. For in the hearts of the present the past and the future, our Alma-Mater thrives on general camaraderie.

Hercule Guillard



Top row: JAMES TIGGLE, EDWIN FISHER, LAWRENCE ALLEN, ORVILLE SAYER, JESSE GOODHEART, RALPH ERNST, ALVIN LAFBERS, MAXON NELSON, HARLEY BUCHHOLZ, HAROLD JEWETT, EVERETT QUANSTROM

Second row: MABEL WURZBURGER, LE MAR HOPKINS, ELEANOR BOCH, BIRGER HANSEN, HENRY BENDER, MELVIN BERQUIST, CARL MARQUARDT, RAYMOND BARTH, DONALD WOLFE, ERNEST GRUND

Third row: GERALDINE BRADSHAW, LA MELADITH, VERA MCKEEON, ALICE McCARTY, DOROTHY ROSE, MARJORIE BAILEE, ANNA COOK, BETTY HANSON, ISABEL STALTER, EDITH ERNST, MARGARET WEBB

Bottom row: ERNEST WHITENHORN, NORMA GRONEMAYER, WAVA HOLLIS, HELEN NEILLARD, WESLEY FIRE, MARY SMITH, EVERETT SAUNDERS, DORIS KIMES, MARY LOIS KLEISAU

Art League

This club, organized for a deeper appreciation of the beautiful, has from year to year, steadily increased in its membership. Under the supervision of Miss M. Maude Smith we have had a most enjoyable season. In the fall the League motored to Camp Lantz for a Friday afternoon picnic. In December, a Christmas party was held, with a program, and a real live Santa Claus with his pack of gifts. We conducted two candy sales which were loyally patronized by the students. The League purchased curtains for the art room; these were used as a background for the group pictures for the Aegis.

The Art League sponsored a lecture by Dr. Henry Turner Bailey, in the assembly on February 1. We are proud of this accomplishment and consider it the mountain peak of attainment for this year. We have visited the Public Library and Miss Smith has talked to us about the pictures on exhibition in the Russell Art room. On March 3 the League had charge of a Studio Tea for the Bloomington Art Association, during the exhibit of Francis Knoff at which time Miss Smith gave a gallery talk. The annual Studio Tea and art exhibit held in May closed the activities of the year.

President EVERETT SAUNDERS
Vice President WESLEY FIRE
Secretary and Treasurer DORIS DONNA KIMES





Top row, left to right: HELEN BATH, LEAH NORTHRUP, GOLDFE DOWLLAR, SYLVIA GROSS, MARGUERIE REHNER, MILDRED GLASS, DOROTHY SCHROEDER, DOLLS MARTIN, MARGARET WEBB, VIRGINIA CHEW, JANE HART, JANE SADDLER, DOROTHY KIES.

Second row: PARTHENIA PARKER, ESTELLE GRONEMEIER, RUTH KIES, STELLA REINER, VIRGEL JAMES, VIRGINIA HALLETT, ELEANOR HOWELL, IRENE ARNOLD, GLADYS HYND, MARY WHALEN, BERNADINE HOOG, MADALYN HEINZ, NORMA GRONEMEIER, OLGA BATHMAN, HELEN LOESKE.

Third row: ELIZABETH LUDWIG, ELEANOR DICK, VIRGINIA HASSELTINE, MARGARET KIRKPATRICK, JANE HILDEBRAND, VIRGINIA JOHNSTON, BETTY HANS, MARY LEN KRUM, DOROTHY LOTT, EVA MARTIN, WILMA CRANEY, LOIS KLEISAU, HELEN LIPKIN.

Bottom row: VIVIAN GOODIER, RUTH SHUTES, MARGARET MUNCE, MARGARET MCCARTY, MARY FEECH, MARJORIE BAILLIE, ROBERTA SCHLOEFFEL, DOROTHY THOMASSEN, GENEVIEVE GLASS, ELOISE LABOUNTY.

OFFICERS

President	Alice McCarty	Ring Chairman.....	DOROTHY THOMASSEN
Vice-President.....	ROBERTA SCHLOEFFEL	Service Chairman.....	ELOISE LABOUNTY
Secretary.....	MARGARET MUNCE	Publicity Chairman.....	MARGARET WEBB
Treasurer.....	RUTH SHUTES	Social Chairman.....	MARJORIE KIRKPATRICK
Program Chairman.....	MARJORIE BAILLIE	Music Chairman.....	MIRIAM HAVINGHYST
Recording Secretary.....	ROBERTA SCHLOEFFEL	Verba Pils	

ADVISERS

MISS MAY ENGLISH	MISS MARJORIE ATKIN	MISS ALICE BONAR
MISS LORRAINE KRAFT	MISS VIRGINIA FAIRFIELD	MISS MARGARET JONES
	Miss Grace Inman, Honorary Advisor	
	Miss Dorothy Lott, G.I. Reserve Section	

Special recognition should be given to the girls who earned their rings last year. These rings are a symbol of faithful service to the club and an earnest effort to realize the ideals of the club. The following girls received them:

MARJORIE BAILLIE	ALICE McCARTY	DOROTHY THOMASSEN
ESTELLE GRONEMEIER	MARGARET MUNCE	VERBA PILS
RUTH KIES	ROBERTA SCHLOEFFEL	



CABINET OFFICERS



<i>Recognition Service</i>	<i>Ritual</i>	<i>Meeting</i>	<i>Service</i>	<i>Hazel Del</i>
PALMER, MARY N.	MURRAY, MARY L.	MCLELLAN, MARY	STRAND, VERA	PIERSON, VIOLET
SARAH ANN SCHAFFNER	EDNA SCHAFFNER	MAXINE ALDRIDGE	JANE FIRE	EDNA SUETI
SCOTT, ETHEL PIERSON	DORIS KIMES	HELEN COALE	JEANNE ROMMEISS	FRIEDA
SCHMIDT, OLIVE FRANCIS	LAVONNE WILLIAMS	JAN DALRYMPLE	ANNA LUSHER	JEAN
WILDER, LILLIAN SIGLER	IRMA STEPHENS	MYRTLE SAYERS		
<i>Service</i>	<i>Prayer</i>	<i>Music</i>	<i>Meeting</i>	<i>BAIN</i> , MARYLOUISE WRIGHT, EVELYN
SCOTT, H. MCCARTHY	FRANCES COALE	EDNA KIMES	EDNA	LELAH WHITE, PAMILLA TUDEN,
WILDER, LILLIAN SIGLER	DEBORAH COALE	LAURENCE A.	LUCY ANGER, MISS JONES, MISS	CHARLOTTE JACKSON, MARGARET
WILDER, RUTH MAE	MARY FRANCIS	FRANCIS	CHARLOTTE JACKSON, MARGARET	

The Upperclass Girl Reserves

SPIRIT

Recognition Service

Church Service

Easter Service

To Face

SLOGAN

CONE

Priest

Life

Squarely

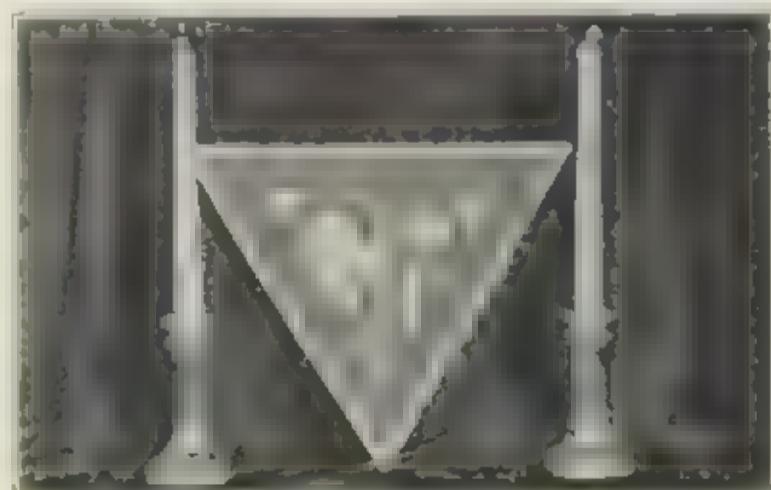
Graceous in manner
Imperial in deportment
Ready for service

To find

and Give

the Best

Y. W. Annual Banquet
Hi-Y Party



THE AEGIS



Top row, left to right: MARGARET BOWMAN, VIRGINIA HANBACK, MAXINE REEDER, VIRGINIA SHANNON, ANNE GROSSMAN, AUDREY MARSHALL, VIVIAN HAWKINS, JO HANNA MODINE, LULU GREEN, HAZEN HAND, ETIENNE ENLOW, HYLEN DUNGEY, LOUISE JOHNSON, RUTH ELLIOTT.

Middle row: MAXINE FOSSETT, AILEEN ROPP, MILDRED DEWESSE, MARY MAE COX, SUSIE HAVENS, MARJORIE HILLRICH, MARY BAILEE, BEATRICE RUECKLUS, MARY ELEANOR HERZ, VIRGINIA DEETZ, MURIEL CAMPBELL, IRMA SMOCK.

Bottom row: MARY McDORMAN, NINA STUBBLEFIELD, WYNONA LABOUNTY, GERARDA LEVY, MISS MEANS, MISS ELLIS, EVA VAN WINKLE, NANCY RAISBECK, VIRGINIA MAMMEN, LILAH VAN WINKLE.

Freshmen Girl Reserves

First Semester

	OFFICERS
MARY BAILEE	President
FRANCIS EESTRAND	Vice President
JO HANNA MODINE	Secretary
VIRGINIA DEETZ	Reporter

Second Semester

G. L. T.
E. A. W. K.
NANCY RAISBECK
VIRGINIA MAMMEN
WYNONA LABOUNTY

The ship "Friendship" carried the Freshmen Girls on a very pleasant voyage this semester. At our first Recognition Service, the birthholes were opened by the crewmen who steered us through our weeks of fun. When we reached the North Pole on a bobsled party we were in new forces, when crewmen Leyte and took up the challenge. Leyte and her crew believing that the groups accomplish more if each one reaches out and helps us, with the help of Wesleyan and Normal, in our efforts to learn every improvement, travel blitz.

There is a unit, on Wednesdays at the Y.W.C.A., once a month, and in divisions. There are also the other meetings. The first, second, and fourth Mondays



Top row, left to right: JANE HAIR, ANN BRITTON, MARSHALL PIXLEY, HOMER SHAW, ROBERT KNAPP, DEWITT HOLCOMB, WALTER INMAN, MARJORIE BAILEE, EDWARD POSTLETHWAIT, JOHN KLOPP, GENE DAIVISON, MARGARET M.
Bottom row, left to right: VERNELL PARTLOW, ALICE KUHN, MAXINE ALDRIDGE, VIRGINIA MANDREN, FLORENCE

Short Story Club

The accomplishments of the Short Story Club for the year of 1928-29 have been many and varied. Among the most outstanding achievements were the writing of several poems, a patriotic play, by Walter Inman, and Pantagraph contest stories won by Vernell Partlow, Edward Postlethwait, Maxine Aldridge, and Robert Knapp.

On the evening of October 5 the club was most graciously entertained at the home of Mrs. L. B. Merwin, the patroness of the club since its founding in 1917. The initiation for the second semester took place at the Y. W. C. A., when twelve new members were taken in, making our enrollment twenty-four. After the regular ritual, a comedy, "The Wedding Present," with a cast of three characters, was presented by Alice Kuhn, Edward Postlethwait, and Homer Shaw.

We enjoyed an informal talk on writing for publication from Miss Gladys Ehlers, Assistant Editor of the H. S. Pantagraph.

Mr. Louis Untermeyer, writer and critic, gave a very interesting program on February 19 at Normal University. Mr. Linkins, Dean of Men, of I. S. N. U., generously invited our club as guests for the evening.

The meetings which were held twice a month, have been spent studying the technique of S. S. writing, in criticizing informally the work of the members, in reading stories of contemporary authors and in sponsoring the literary department of the Aegis. We have used Appleton's "Recent Short Stories" as a guide.

And so the club has once more gone thru a successful year and we owe much of this success to the patience and ever present help of our advisor.





Top row, left to right: HAROLD BENDER, FRANK HENDERSON, RAYMOND BARTH, VERNON LIEBERMAN, JOHN MELBY, ROBERT VAN SCHOICK, WALTER INMAN, DEWITT HOLCOMB, ROBERT KNAPP, THOMAS LEWIS, ROGER KELLY.

Middle row: WILBUR FRINK, MARION MACRE, HOMER SHAW, LOREN BOZARTH, GLENN DORNAUS, RALPH ERNST, DWIGHT DUNN, NORMAN MARSHALL, CHARLES HEIM, EDWARD POSTLETHWAIT, JOHN KLOPP, H. E. F.

Front row: ARTHUR HOLCOMB, MAC JONES, ALONZO DOLAN, EUGENE GOFORTH, HERBERT PRICE, MR. FLETCHER, DEAN LITT, ROBERT READ, DONALD WILLMAN, SHELTON LEACH, DAWN RUST

Hi-Y Club

The purpose of the Hi-Y Club is to create, maintain and extend throughout school and community, high standards of Christian character. It is not a club in name only, but an organization that does things. Its platform is composed of four planks—Clean Speech, Clean Athletics, Clean Scholarship, and Clean Living.

The Club meets every Thursday evening at the Y. M. C. A. The meetings consist of either a talk by an outside speaker, or a discussion led by a member. The Hi-Y took a prominent part in the State Olde Boy's Conference last November, and also gave the annual Freshman Stag Party.

First Semester

HERBERT PRICE	President.....	DEAN LITT
DEAN LITT.....	Vice-President.....	ROBERT READ
EUGENE GOFORTH.....	Secretary.....	DONALD WILLMAN
ALONZO DOLAN	Treasurer.....	SHELTON LEACH

OFFICERS

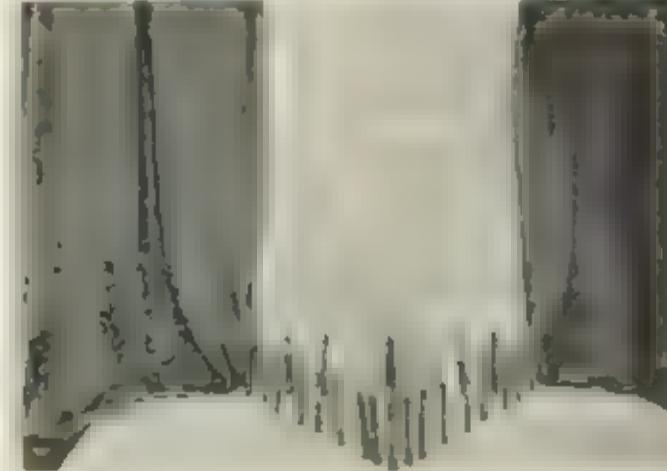
Second Semester

ADVISORY COMMITTEE

W. A. GOODIER

R. N. FLETCHER

S. A. CHESTER





Top row, left to right: MARJORIE BAIN, MELVIN BERQUIST, NORMAN MARSHALL, WARREN ALMSTRÖM, RUTH SPANGLE, NOEL CASH, JESSEN MCNUTT, RALPH ERNST, MARSHALL PIXLEY. *Second row:* ELEANOR DICK, CASH, JANE HILTABRAND, MARJORIE COOK, ELEANOR DICK. *Bottom row:* JESSEN MCNUTT, RALPH ERNST, MARSHALL PIXLEY, MR. CONDON, EUGENE GOFORTH, RUTH KIES, PAUL SMITH, KATHERYN BERQUIST.

Amateur Burroughs Club

OFFICERS

First Semester

EUGENE GOFORTH.....President
PAUL SMITH.....Vice-President
JESSEN MCNUTT.....Secretary
RALPH ERNST.....Treasurer

Second Semester

EUGENE GOFORTH.....President
DALE SUTTLE.....Vice-President
RUTH KIES.....Secretary
MARSHALL PIXLEY.....Treasurer

Too late to be published in the 1928 Yearbook was the trip to Deer Park taken by the Club in June. The tree hunt and all day picnic there was so successful that another is planned for this year.

The first semester of this school year started out with a "big bang" made by a rushing party given in the form of a treasure hunt and wiener roast at Mapewood. Later the seven neophytes entertained the club with a breakfast hike at Funks Grove in the "wee sma' hours of the morning."

Near the holidays we gave a Christmas Party with Mr. and Mrs. Condon and Mr. and Mrs. Black as chaperones and so with all our interest meetings and spring outings we've had quite the peppiest club in school.

To our very able adviser, Mr. Condon, the officers, and members we can attribute all our success as the most interesting and most active club in all B. H. S. RUTH KIES





Top row, left to right: EUGENE COVINGTON, EUGENE GORDON, JAMES MARSHALL, FRANKLIN HANSON, DON HILL, SHELTON LEACH, HUGH IRWIN.
Middle row: MAC JOSE, GLENN DORNATZ, RUSSELL McMILLAN, RALPH ERNST, VERNON LIEBLICH, ROBERT KNAPP, RAYMOND BAUGH
Bottom row: CARTER DUNCAN, JOHN SMITH, MR. KURTZ, DEAN LITT, JOHN MELBY, WALTER INMAN, DONALD WILLMAN.

The Roosevelt Debating Society

OFFICERS

First Semester

DEAN LITT.....	President.....	DEAN LITT
ROBERT VAN SCHOICK....	Vice-President.....	JOHN MELBY
JOHN SMITH.....	Secretary-Treasurer.....	WALTER INMAN
MR. KURTZ.....	Critic.....	MR. KURTZ

Second Semester

During the twenty-two years of its existence the Roosevelt Debating Society has constantly endeavored to accustom its members to speak in public. At its bi-weekly meetings subjects of national and local interest are discussed and debated. Its greatest achievement has been its considerable contribution to the professions wherein knowledge of public speaking is a large asset.





Top row: [REDACTED] G. GODDARD, ESTELLE GROENEMIER, DO
SCHIOPPE, RUTH STEPHENS, VERA [REDACTED], VIRGINIA MANDER, ALICE McCARTY, MAE
WEBB, MARY E. BRENNAN
Bottom row: HELEN KLINE, MIRIAM HAWTHORPE, HELEN LOESKE, MISS CAMPBELL, DORIS
KIMES, GERALDINE GLASS, LOIS ALLEN, MILDRED GLASS, ETHEL LEE BUCHOLZ

Minervian Club

OFFICERS

First Semester

Second Semester

MARGARET WEBB.....President.....HELEN LOESEKE

VIRGINIA MANDLER Vice-President DORIS KIMES

MARY E. BRENNAN. Secretary-Treasurer. MIRIAM HAVIGHURST

Adviser—FANNIE CAMPBELL

The Minervian Club, although one of the youngest organizations in Bloomington High School is nevertheless one of the most successful. This year the program has been especially varied. Several interesting debates on questions of the day have been held while individual talks have been given at each meeting. In November a large number of the members participated in a pageant enacting the story of thanksgivings all over the world. The two outstanding social functions of the year were the initiation and the treasure hunt in October and the banquet in March.



STAECH



Top row, left to right: YVONNE PURCELL, ALBERTA WILLIAMSON, MARGARET PROCTOR, DON HILLRICHIS, ALVIN LUTHERFES, NORMAN MARSHALL, DARWIN RUST, DONALD WILLMAN, SAM DOOLEY, H. C. GUY, C. E. CHENNAU

Second row: PHYLLIS COOPER, ROSE STALTER, EDITH WHITEHOUSE, EDGAR RAKOW, EDWIN RAKOW, HERBERT PRICE, EDWARD POSTLETHWAIT, ELEANOR PALMER, WAVA HOLLES, NORMA GRONEMEIER

Third row: ELEANOR DICK, HELEN DICK, HABRIET SHAW, EVA MERADITH, FRANCES GODDARD, MARY ANN LEWIS, NORTON, MARY ELLEN KRAM, RUTH HART, BARBARA HOBLIT, FLORENCE EPPEN VERNON, ILA KARR, LOIS MEYERS

Bottom row: PARTHENIA PARKER, MARY LOIS KLEINAU, JOHN MELBY, MARJORIE KIRKPATRICK, MARY ANN LEWIS, WALTER INMAN, GLADYS HULL, MARGARET ENGLISH, JEAN WILDER, PHYLLIS DAVILLE, MIRIAM HAWTHURST

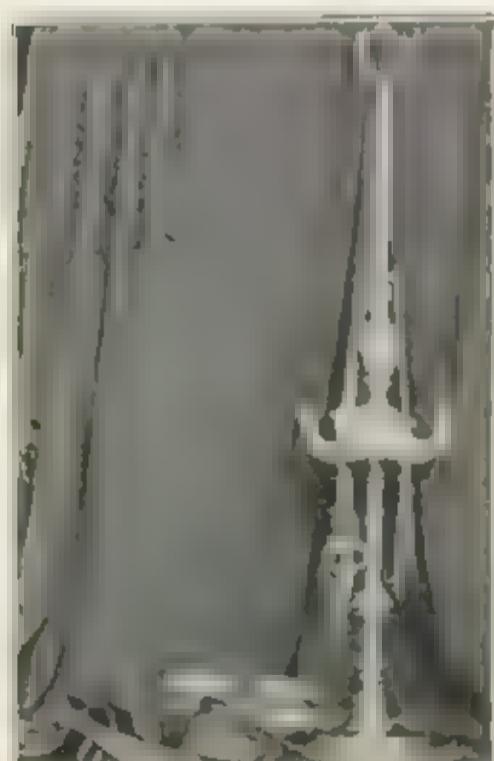
The Latin Club

The last twelve years have been eventful ones in the history of Bloomington High School. In these years some of the leading men and women of Bloomington have been graduated from our high school and many future citizens of prominence are now enrolled.

Every year has seen the Latin Club playing its, perhaps small, yet important part in school affairs.

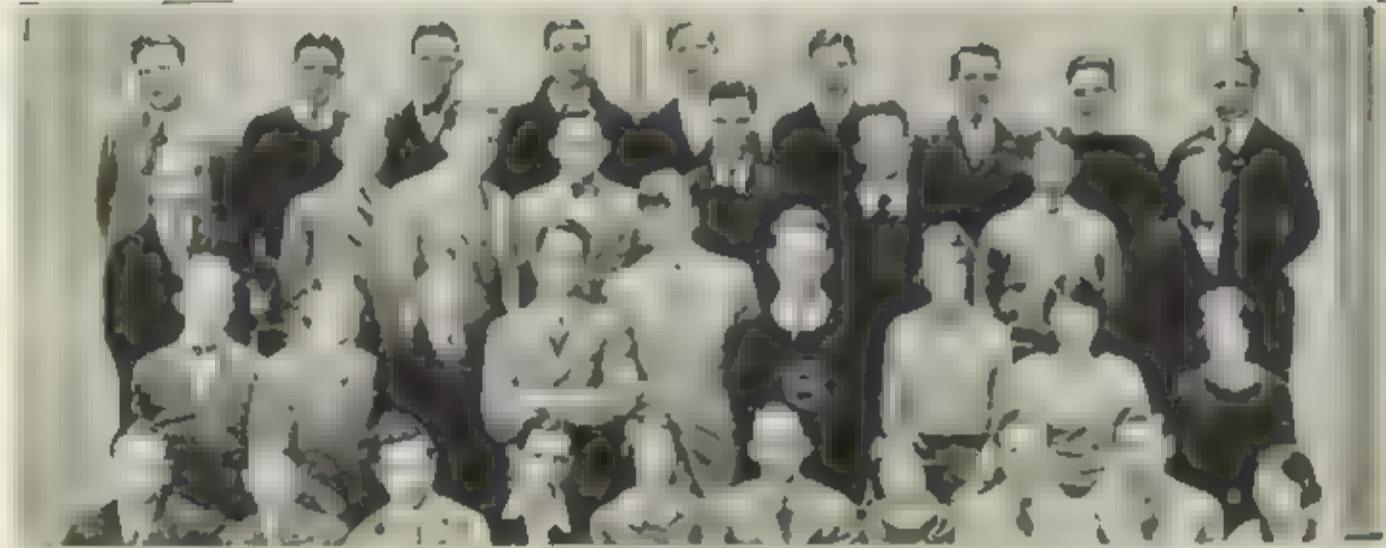
Latin is one of the most valuable subjects offered not only because of the mental training that it offers but also because it shows how impossible our present day civilization would be were it not for that earlier civilization of our Roman ancestors.

Those things concerning the Romans which it is not possible to obtain in the classroom, the Latin Club is ever endeavoring to present in a manner that may more greatly benefit its members.



OFFICERS

President WALTER INMAN
Vice-President MARJORIE KIRKPATRICK
Secretary-Treasurer JOHN ME BY



Top row, left to right: ALLAN BROWNING, WARD ALLEN, PAUL LEACH, ROBERT MCNAUL,
FRANKLIN HANSON, LOYD CRESIUS, MELVIN SCHAFFNER, ERIC
Third row: TOM KELLY, JAMES MCNAUL, ROBERT LEACH, MELVIN WOODS,
ED SAILS, ALICE DEAN, MARIE LEACH
Second row: ROBERT WATKINS, JULIA MANN, FRED COOK, HENRY PRICE, ROBERT LEACH,
ROBERT VON SCHICK, ANNA COOK, JESSIE SCHAFFNER, ROBERT LEACH
Bottom row: SISTER TERESA BROWN, ROBERT KELLY, PAUL SMITH, MARJORIE COOK,
MARGARET KELLY, FRANK LEACH, FRED COOK, LUCILLE MCNAUL, DRENK BIEDERMAN.

Modern Alchemist's Club

First Semester

President SHELTON LEACH
Vice-President ROGER KELLY
Secretary-Treasurer ELIZABETH FIDMAN

Second Semester

President PAUL SMITH
Vice-President ROGER KELLY
Secretary MARJORIE COOK
Treasurer HUGH IRWIN

A splendid nucleus from last year enhanced by an enthusiastic group of new members have made it possible for the Modern Alchemists to make this year the best so far. Among their achievements they list: A Science Week in May sponsored by them, field trips to various manufacturing plants whose processes involve chemistry, commercial products and exhibits prepared by members from raw materials. The treasurer of the newly formed Illinois Junior Academy of Science which met, organized at Macomb May 3-4 was elected from M.A.C. then proving that we are athletic as well as scientific, we walked off with the Intra-Metal basketball trophy this year. As is customary, a big picnic is planned in May to bring the year's activities to a suitable close.





Front row, left to right: MELVIN SMITH, HOWARD HARLOW, LLOYD CURTIS, DANIEL LAFSCH
HARRIS HETHERTON, CAMERON WAGNER, EUGENE GOFORTH, ROB WATKINS, FREDERICK
CAUL, HENRY TAYLOR
Middle row: MARK BOEHNKE, RICHARD RUMBLE, HEINZ KOZING, PHILIP
BOTTINGER, BENNETT LEE, RICHARD VANCE, JOHN WHITEMAN, KENNETH
MCINTOSH
Front row: EVERETT MCINTOSH, LEWIS DEETZ, ARTHUR HODGSON, HADLEY BUCHHOLZ, RALPH
ERNST, MR. BLOOMQUIST, CLAUDE RINGO, RICHARD LOAR, GUY CARLTON

Manual Arts Club

The Manual Arts Club is an organization of boys who are interested in Manual Arts subjects.

The activities of the club are of an industrial nature. During the time the club has been organized, many field trips have been taken through local and out-of-town industries some as far away as Ottawa, LaSalle, and Rockford.

The meetings are held every second and fourth Wednesdays of the month. The club sponsor is Mr. Bloomquist.

First Semester

HADLEY BUCHHOLZ.....President.....
GUY CARLTONVice-President.....
RALPH ERNSTSecretary-Treasurer.....

OFFICERS

	<i>Second Semester</i>
President.....	CLAUDE RINGO
Vice-President.....	RALPH ERNST
Secretary-Treasurer.....	RICHARD LOAR





Top row, left to right: GLIDA B., EVELYN DALE, VIRGINIA DEETZ, LEON N., DANA BALLARD, DOROTHY SCHLOEFFEL, MARGARET RUSSETT, ELIA DAVIDSON, IDELIA OESCH, LORENCE MANSEY, ALICE COPPE.

Second row: ERNIE CONERTIN, PARTHENIA PARKER, MADALYN DEWEENE, NELLIE KIRKWOOD, DOROTHY HOMUTH, ILA KARR, CLARA LOUISE ANDERSON, LEOYA MARTENS, LAVONNE WILLIAMS, FLORENCE GODDARD, LOREN PINDELL, MARY ELIZABETH BRENNAN

Third row: MADALYN HEINZ, BERNICE REEDER, VIRGINIA ZORTMAN, MARY CATHERINE NEALE, ELEANOR HOWELL, ESTHER WALLER, MARY EILEEN KROM, IRENE ARNOED, VIRGINIA JOHNSTON, MARGARET WEBB, VELMA READ, MAJORIE KIRKPATRICK, JANE SADDLER

Front row: VIRGINIA HASSLER, MAXINE ALDRIDGE, CIGARLOTTE JACKSON, MILDRED ZWENG, BERNICE MOULIC, LUCY WATKINS, DORA MUNSON, ROBERTA SCHLOEFFEL, DOROTHY STONE, DOROTHY THOMASSEN, RUTH KIES.

Home Economics Club

President	ROBERTA SCHLOEFFEL
Vice-President	MILDRED ZWENG
Secretary	DOROTHY STONE
Treasurer	DOROTHY THOMASSEN

The B.H.S. Home Economics Club has become affiliated with the State Home Economics Association. Therefore it has automatically been connected with the American Home Economics Association. The object of these groups is "to improve the conditions of living in the home, the institutional household and the community."

The outstanding undertaking on the Home Economics Calendar this year was "Fashion Revue." All girls taking courses in this club participate in this modeling dress which they have designed and made.

We feel that the Home Economics Club has "gone over big," and we wish to thank our capable advisors, Misses Munson, Moulie, and Watkins for their kind cooperation.





Top row, left to right: HAROLD BENDER, RILEY TRIMBLE, CARL MARQUARDT, RAYMOND BAUGH,
GENE DAVISON, MARY LEA SAWYER, JOHN KELLY, FRED GREGORY, DOROTHY LORENZ

Middle row: JEAN WAGNER, HELEN KLINE, ALICE McCARTY, MARJORIE BAILLIE, FRANKLIN
WILSON, VERNELL PARTLOW, WALTER INMAN, VERNON LIFEMAN, BERTIE BUNN, LOIS LEE
ALLAN.

Bottom row: EDWARD POSTLETHWAIT, BETTY GREGORY, CECILE BROSSEAU, MISS NIEDERMAYER,
GENE DAVISON, DEAN LITT, LOGAN McMENN, VIRGINIA JOHNSTON, MARJORIE JANE
STURBUFFIELD

Dramatic Club

OFFICERS

First Semester

NANCY HASENWINKLE	President	NANCY HASENWINKLE
CECILE BROSSEAU	Vice-President	GENE DAVISON
MARJORIE BAILLIE	Recording Secretary	BETTY GREGORY
DEAN LITT	Corresponding Secretary . . .	CECILE BROSSEAU

Second Semester





"THE INTIMATE STRANGERS"

The Station Master	Raymond Baugh
William Ames	Franklin Wilson
Isabel Stuart	Lois Allen
Florence	Nancy Hasenwinkle
Johnnie White	Eugene Goforth
Henry	Glenn Dornaus
Aunt Ellen	Alice McCarty
Mathie	Jean Wagner

"WAPPIN' WHARE"

Patch	John Smith
Captain	Vernon Laerman
Duke	Lloyd Curtis
Red Joe	John Klopp
Betsy	Dorothy Homuth
Old Meg	Irene Nordine
Da-hai	Virginia Chew
Sailor Captain	Carl Marquardt
Sailors	Loren Bozarth, Harold Bender, Raymond Baugh





Senior Class Play

"THE RISE OF SILAS LAPHAM"

Miss Lee.....	Robert Knapp	Ethel Kingsbury Mayo	Jane St. John
Master Italiano.....	Vance Pease	Mrs. Henry Tracy	Dorothy Tracy
Press Leader.....	Vance Pease	Charles Bell	Adeline Bell
Wife.....	Irving Johnson	Mrs. James Ferguson	Esther Winter
Milton Rogers.....	Edward Livingston	James Peacock	Alma Peacock
Principal Friedman.....	Cecil Brewster	Mr. Newell	Gene Diamond
Boss Uncle.....	David Thomas	Mrs. Newell	Virginia Mayne
Tom Cole.....	Don Latt	Mr. Sycamore	Roy Carter
Amelia Houghtaling.....	Mrs. Peacock	Robert Oates	Tom Kapp
Brother Cole.....	Florence Grafton	Clara Merton	Maryet Weid
Sally Corey.....	Walter Dill	Wesley	Edmund
Danny Corey.....	Elizabeth Gregory	Mr. Dallin	S. G. T. Lee
Lily Corey.....	Jean Wagner		

Junior Class Play

"A PRINCESS DROPS IN"

Princess Dellatorre.....	Ma	Catherine Norton	Regis Best	Lois Lee Allen
Sister Motor.....		Gene Davis	Alice McCarty	Allen McCarty
Servant.....		Grace Powers	Jean Fox	Donald Beneke
The Old Princess.....		Virginia Weston	Pete Lovell	John Stanton
Hazel Lee.....	M	Edna Becker	Albert D. Day	Karen
Mrs. Peacock.....		Helen Lasker	Lorraine	Virginia Lee
Mrs. Peacock.....		Edna Vail	Jean	Nancy Gossman
Mrs. Peacock.....		Virginia Hester	Al	Carol Lee





Top row, left to right: ROBERT GLASSHAMER, RUSSELL TRAUTMAN, GEORGE SEDGWICK,
NORMAN MARSHALL, DELBERT McGLODE, CHARLES HELM, MERLE HEMPSALL, ODELL
SAVERS, TOM KELLY.

Bottom row: RAYMOND BAUGH, VERNON LIERMAN, MARSHALL PIXLEY, RALPH IRVIN, MR.
BLACK, JAMES TUGGLE, GLEN DORNAUS, DONALD WILLMAN, ALVIN KELLER.

The Boys' Glee Club

OFFICERS

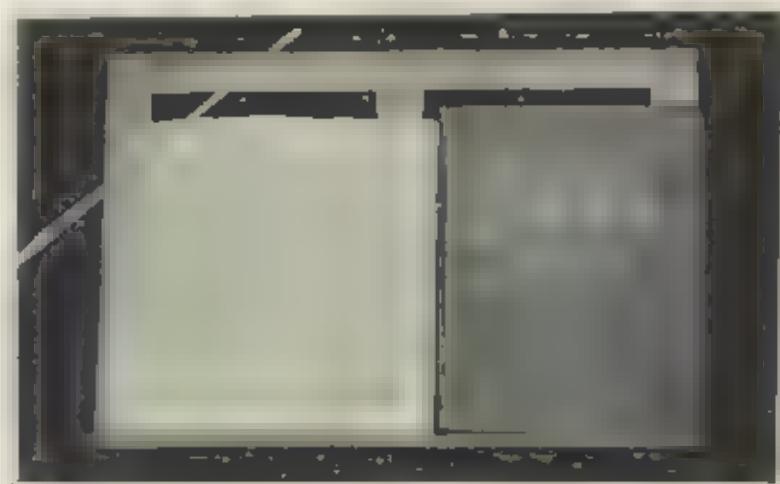
First Semester

JAMES TUGGLE.....	President.....	JAMES TUGGLE
RALPH IRVIN	Vice-President.....	RALPH IRVIN
ELLSWORTH FENN ...	Secretary-Treasurer.....	GLENN DORNAUS

Second Semester

Mr. Jean Black, who is a brother of Mr. Ian C. Black, former adviser of the Boys' Glee Club, now has charge of the organization. Rehearsals are held twice a week. Four public appearances have been made, so far, one before the Parent-Teachers meeting, one at the Orchestra concert and two in assembly. The Glee Club was very well received at all of these appearances. More programs are being planned.

A number of social events have been held. The Glee Club is planning to have a banquet in the near future.





Top row, left to right: HARRY L. [redacted] M. [redacted] M. [redacted]
 RAYMOND WHEAT, DIETS RAYOR, FLOYD ROBINSON, D. [redacted] HOLCOMB, VERNON LIFEMAN,
 FOREST JONES, CHARLES VANANTWERP, WALTER FRINK, SHELDON LEACH.
Second row: KENNETH BAYNE, V. [redacted] C. [redacted] CARA LOUISE ANDERSON, MARY BOWLER,
 L. [redacted] HELEN S. [redacted] M. [redacted] RUSSET, ROGER KELLY, MILTON ROTH
 MARGARET FREDERICK, EMILIE ZWENG, A. [redacted] TAYLO, ESTHER ARNOLD
Third row: EDWARD ZALUCHA, FREIDA TRIMMER, LORNA BRIEL, MARGARET S. LINCOLN, L. ROSA
 LARK, LOIS E. MYERS, JAMES BARRY, MARIE FAULGE, GERALDINE GLASS, KATHRYN BRAM-
 DA, DOROTHY SHAFER, BETTY BUNNELL, RUTH BILLIET
Bottom row: MILDRED ENLOW, DORIS SLEETER, CARITA ZOWBIO, MISS OLDAKER, MISS ALEX-
 ANDER, MISS NETTLETON, STELLA REINER, IRENE FREDERICK, ALBERTA MORRIS, WILLIAM
 SEEGEL

Commercial Club

The Commercial Club celebrated its first anniversary in 1921. The members took a great interest in the Commercial Department and the business world and have come better acquainted with the business world.

The outstanding events of the year were the election of President "Not To the Swift," Vice-President "The Devil's Advocate," and Mr. P. J. O'Conor's talk on "Investigating Your Business."

The social events of the year were a Christmas party and a party given in honor of the Alumni of the Club.

We wish to express our thanks to all who helped in the organization of the Club and especially to those who gave their time and energy in organizing our Club.

OFFICERS

First Semester

ALVIN BYE
 ROBERT P. DURMAN
 MILDRED ZWENG
 WILLIAM SEEGEL

President

[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

Second Semester

KENNETH BAYNE
 ROBERT P. DURMAN
 MILDRED ZWENG
 WILLIAM SEEGEL



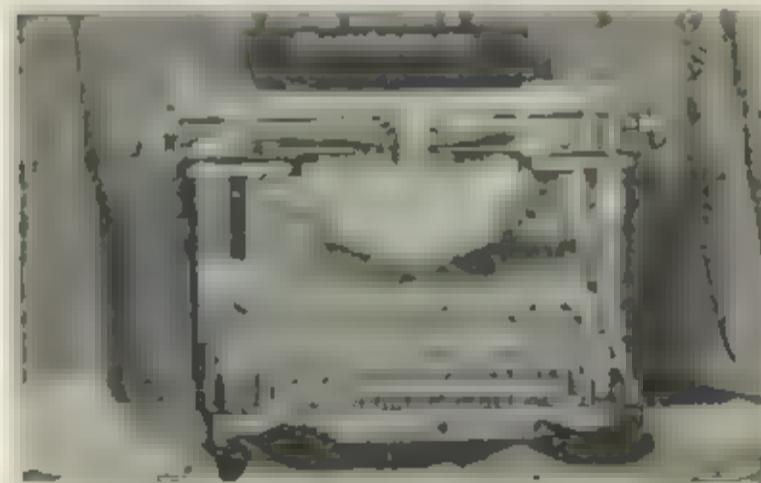


Top row, left to right: ETHELIE HOFFELS, JANE DORNBERG, MARJORIE REIFER, VIRGINIA
GLADYS HYND, VERA PILS, MARY NAZIGER, DORIS MARTIN, MILDRED BURWITZ, EVA
MARTIN, FRANCES MASO

Second row: RAE TOWN, DOROTHY LOOMIS, WILMA CHANLY, EDITH McCLELLAN, VIVIAN BRYE,
ADELYN HOUBLER, ROSE STAETER, MERTLE SAYERS, ODELE FRANCES, HELEN COALE

Third row: BERNICE SHANNON, GLADYS TALLY, ALICE COOTIE, EVELYN NAZIGER, BELLAH NOBLE,
LOUINE HALEMAN, LOUISE MILLER, MILDRED WAITE, VIVIAN GOODIER, LILLIAN NOLDEN,
MILDRED ZWENG

Bottom row: RUTH SHUTES, MARIAN MESSICK, EDITH SCHAUERER, ELOISE LABOUNTY, MISS
MYERS, MISS BRUMMETT, RILEY TRIMBLE, JOHN SMITH, ERMA VANTREUDE JONES, VEDORE
BRANNAMAN





Top row, left to right: Otto Geise, Marian Bugby, Russell Myers, Geraldine Merchant, Perry Allan, Howard Hulva, Lillian Allen, Robert Tippie, Idella Knotz, Cu-
swa
Second row: Charlotte Ne- M Prink, Thomas Lewis, Fielder Myers, Robert
Shannon, Frederick R. E. Maxine Davis, Elmer Paul, Allan Brown,
Kershaw McLaughlin.
Third row: Georgia Pryor, Raymond Olson, Esther Whitmire, Fay Enlow, Richard
Postlewait, Carl Marquardt, Justin McNutt, Cona Ross, Eleanor Fens, Viola
Johnson, Leroy Cox
Bottom row: Lanier Sherron, Eugene Pitts, Louis Divinead, Richard Gruenbaum, Lor-
M C M M M M M M M M
Gretchen Snoot, Lucy Anger

Orchestra

401. MUSIC ROOM, EVERY AFTERNOON

"GOUNDRAY PLEASE!"

Oh! of course like most organizations we have our ups and downs; but on the whole we are one large family of forty-four members. . . .

"Everybody ready! Feet flat on the floor! Contest's on! George Dasch and Frederick Stock Symphony Series. Chairs changed! Why not . . . ? Our annual concert is on March 15, 1915.

Yours ever, That's letter

Now, turn to Sinfonietta by Franz Schubert. It is a very pretty piece which has never been played in

Try it alone! Fine! Keep it like that!

him by all means we must be in step
"If the 'yes'! Another announcement

We are to play for the Young Mens' Club at the Illinois Hotel Tuesday, March 12. We are to sell tickets afterward and the President of the Club is very enthusiastic.

— of course, we are to be invited to take part
— arrangement. All in all we have had a wonderful
— d, don't you think so?

President,
Secretary and Treasurer.

MARSHALL PIXLEY
MIRE MACONAG
JEAN ALLEN



Top row, left to right: MARGARET MUNCE, DOROTHY RYBURN, VIVIAN GODDIER, ALONZO DOLAN,
KUS. HELEN DICK.

Middle row: CECILE BROSSEAU, JANE HART, MARJORIE COOK, RUTH HOGBERG, ROBERT VAN
SCHICK, MARJORIE BAILEY, ELINOR HOWELL, DOROTHY LORENZ, JEANNE ROMMELIS,
ELIZABETH LEIDWICH

Front row: ELIZABETH GREGORY, ELAINE SYCLE, ALICE KUHN, GRETCHEN SNOOT, JANE
SADDLER, MARJORIE ATKIN, VIRGINIA HALLET, KATHRYN BERGSTROM, EUGENE GODFORTH,
LOGAN MC MINN

Le Cercle Français

Indeed the purpose of our meeting
is always to promote the study of French
and America through the study of
France. In France we have
had a good time and have
gathered together we have
had a good time and luxuriated
in the gorgeous scenery.
And now that the year is
over we have had a good time
and harmony and peace between

La Presidente, Mlle. VIRGINIA HALLET
La Vice-Presidente-Tresoriere, Mlle. JANE SADDLER
Le Secrétaire, Mlle. GRETCHEN SNOOT





HOME COMING SONG WORDS BY ANNA COOK

WAVE HIGH THE PURPLE GOLD

WAVE HIGH THE PURPLE GOLD

STU - dents of PRESENT TIME STU - dents of OLD

WE'LL ALL UP HOLD YOU AND OUR COLOR'S SAVE

HAIL TO OUR LEADERS WARRIORS BRAVE

B H S MARCH
Dedicated to Miss M. Maude Smith

WORDS & MUSIC BY
ANNA L. COOK
ARR. BY GLENN H. DAVIDSON

Lively.

Fling Purple ban - ners on high
See he - roes brave march ing by
nev er let our col - ors down, keep them high they will rive
with the rain bow col - ors of the sky RAH! RAH! RAH!
If we should lose or de -feat,

SPoken

The musical score consists of five staves of music. The first staff starts with a treble clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp. It features eighth-note patterns. The second staff begins with a bass clef and continues the eighth-note patterns. The third staff starts with a treble clef and includes lyrics: "Fling Purple ban - ners on high". The fourth staff begins with a bass clef and includes lyrics: "See he - roes brave march ing by". The fifth staff starts with a treble clef and includes lyrics: "nev er let our col - ors down, keep them high they will rive". The sixth staff begins with a bass clef and includes lyrics: "with the rain bow col - ors of the sky RAH! RAH! RAH!". The seventh staff starts with a treble clef and includes lyrics: "If we should lose or de -feat,". The score is framed by decorative borders on the left and right sides.

A handwritten musical score for four voices and drums. The score consists of six staves. The top three staves are for voices, with lyrics written below them. The bottom three staves are for drums. The vocal parts are in common time, while the drum parts are in 2/4 time.

Our spirit must ne'er be beat,
so let's
fight fight fight for vict - on - ry when our
ri - uals we shall meet fine (Bugle)

(drums)

(roll off)

BHS IS ALWAYS LOYAL

The image shows a handwritten musical score for a four-part choir. The score consists of four staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is in common time.

Staff 1: B H S is always loyal to the colors brave We will

Staff 2: Wave our colors royal to the purple we be true We will

Staff 3: Raise our banners high boys over charge fast or green We will

Staff 4: Show to all the worlders that the purple is the Queen We will



Athletics

Only a few years ago the coaching of all athletics at Bloomington High School was done by a member of the faculty who devoted a few hours each week to this work. Athletics then were merely incidental. Within recent years interest in all branches of sport has so increased that a regular coaching staff is maintained. Mr. Harrison is head coach, and is assisted by Mr. Gair. Mr. Hastings is the athletic director. The football team has made a creditable record, winning the city championship. While we are proud of this showing, the interest in intra murals is equally gratifying. We are pleased to show our appreciation of the distinction these athletes have brought to themselves and to Bloomington High School.

— Alice Kuhn

Foot Ball

B. R. T.

Director of Athletics
and Football Coach

C. C. O.

Football and Basketball Coach

H. F. S.

Assistant Football Coach, Assistant Basketball
Coach





B. H. S. Athletics

Bloomington High's new athletic field which was purchased in November, 1925, is nearing completion. Over six thousand dollars is being expended this year for the betterment of this field, which will some day be one of the finest in Central Illinois.

When the first call was issued for football the outlook was not so bright, the backbone of the team was lost by graduation the previous year, the candidates were smaller than usual, and they were handicapped by not having a suitable place to practice. However, the 1928 football season was the most successful in two decades. Too much credit for this success cannot be given to Coaches Harrison and Saar.

From the standpoint of games won and lost our basketball season was a success, and the men who came out, profited by the experience and sportsmanship shown during the season. Although graduation took two men in the middle of the year and will take several more this June, much is expected of those who remain to carry Bloomington's colors next year.

Track candidates for the season 1928 were numerous, although among them were very few veterans. Though our team was not outstanding, opponents always realized that we were "in the running."

Although the bulk of last year's baseball team was lost, Coach Saar developed a team that was respected by all its opponents. They finished third in the inter city.





Foot Ball

MCLEAN—Our first game was with McLean and it proved little more than a practice scrimmage for us. We won 45 to 0.

LEROY—Bloomington High really opened its season against Empire Township at Leroy. We had to display better football to overcome our traditional rivals. They presented a rugged defense, but our offense was equally determined. We scored two touchdowns to defeat them 13 to 0.

CLINTON—Bloomington's brilliant offense swept the heavier Clinton team off its feet, and with hard driving football, administered to them a 26 to 0 defeat. The team functioned perfectly and after this game high hopes for a successful season were entertained.

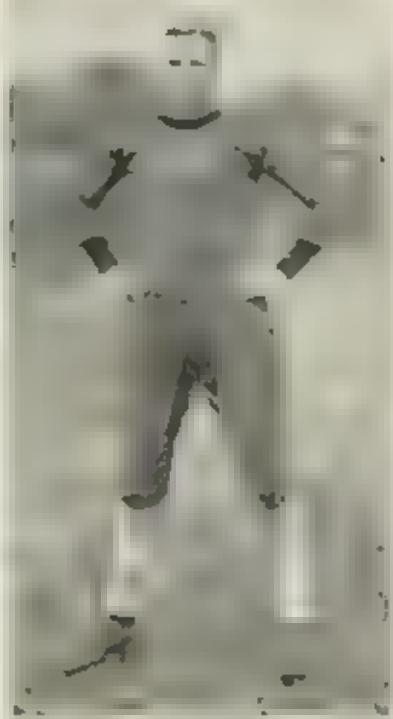
PEORIA—Peoria's heavier team handed us our first and only defeat of the season, but not without stubborn resistance. The score was 19 to 0.

OTTAWA—A large crowd turned out to see us defeat Ottawa in our annual homecoming game. Displaying a complete reversal of form our forward wall outcharged the opponents at every stage of the game, and our backfield was quick to take advantage of the opportunities. The game was played in a quagmire which prevented sensational dashes, but by persistent plodding we scored twice and made our homecoming a success. B. H. S., 14; Ottawa, 0.

UNIVERSITY HIGH—This game was played in a sea of mud and turned out to be the worst performance of the whole year. Though we outplayed U. H. our only margin of victory was a fumble which we converted into a touchdown. The final score was 6 to 0.

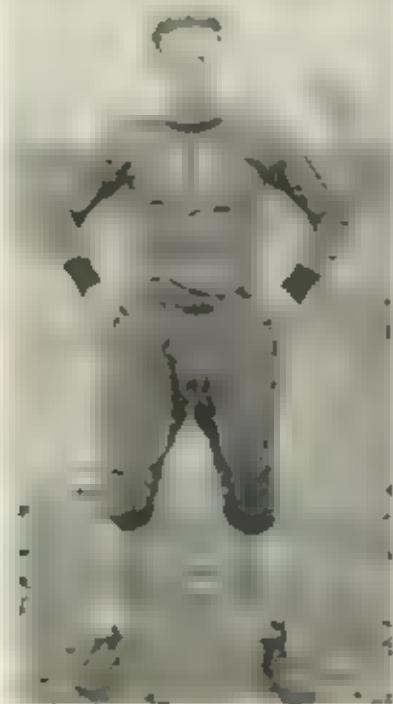
TRINITY—Shades of the four horsemen swept across Wilder Field in our annual gridiron encounter with the Irish. Our backs ran rough shod over the Trinity defense and forwards tore their line into shreds. B. H. S. scored twice via the touchdown route in the first six minutes of play, a lead which we were never to surrender. A long pass netted Trinity a touch down the third quarter but we retaliated in the fourth and the game ended 18 to 6.

NORMAL—By defeating our old rivals from Normal by a score of 19 to 13 Bloomington ended its most successful football season in two decades and settled all claims to the inter-city championship. Our backs earned a most辉煌 through the enormous holes our line opened up. However, Normal scored two touchdowns by a passing attack which they resorted to when they found they could not gain through our line. The game was marked by spectacular plays and was one of the best in the year for spectators and players alike.



WILLIAM BODMAN (Captain), Fullback

"Wib" was one of the chief reasons for our splendid showing on the gridiron this year. On the offense he was always good for a short gain through the line or a long gain —. On the defense, there was not a more dependable end or tackler on the team. He will be missed in B. H. S.



RONALD LEMMY (Captain), Halfback

"Ron" was our great halfback whose long runs were responsible for many wins this year. He is one of the best ball carriers B. H. S. has developed in a long time. Unfortunately this is his last year.

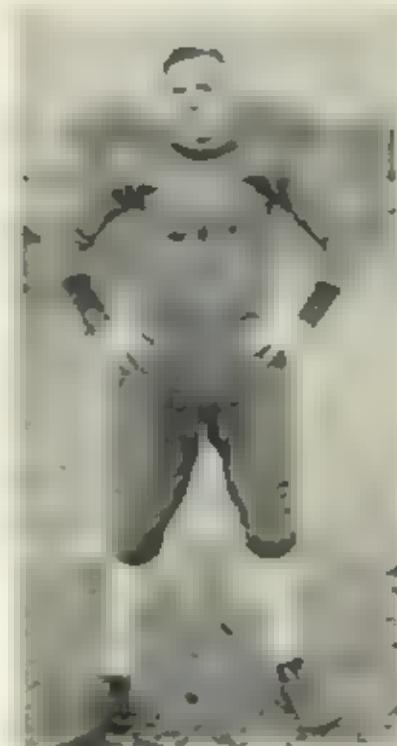


WILLIAM ATKINSON (Captain-elect), End

"Webb" was one of the most spirited ends we saw this year. He was in every play and never quit until the whistle blew. "Webb" and McMakin were, without doubt, two of the best ends in Central Illinois.

HARRY ROBINSON, Quarterback

Harry" is small but plucky. At quarterback he played a good hard game, running the team well at all stages. Although handicapped by his size he played a strong game, and we regret that we lose him by graduation.



Harold Pierotti, Halfback

"Moony" was the heaviest man in the backfield and the hardest hitting man on the squad. His offensive work was not excelled by another member of the team, and he developed a treacherous straight arm that vanquished many a would-be tackler. "Moony" is lost to us by graduation.



Mac Jones, Quarterback

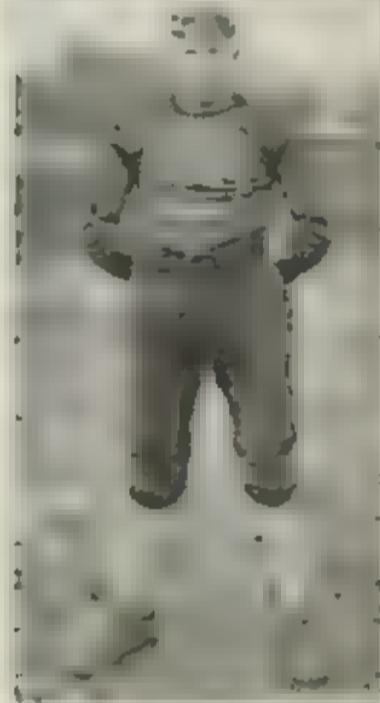
Mac though not participating in every game deserves much credit for staying with the team. Near the end of the season, he became one of the important cogs in our offense. This was "Mac's" last year for football at B. H. S.





ROBERT VAN SCHOCK, Center

"Bob" was our first choice for the pivot position and a very good choice. He was a hard worker and a good leader to his team. His greatest strength is his will to win and his desire to do his best.



ART

"Art" was a good all around player, and though this was his first year on the team, he filled his position like a veteran. Art will be on the team next year.

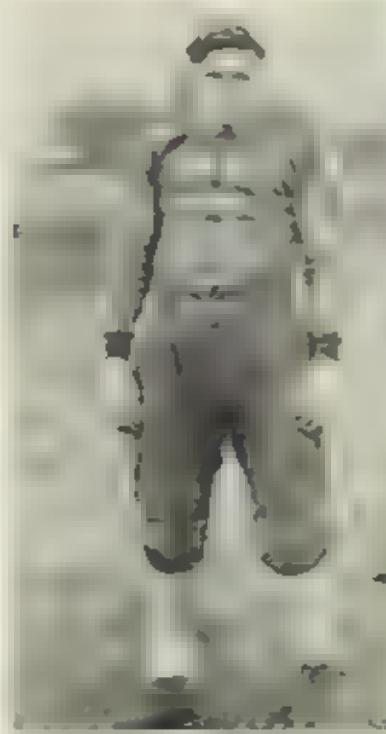


WARREN ARMSTRONG, Tackle

"Farmer" filled a big hole in the line and made up in action what he lacked in words. He improved as the season went on, and we expect him to be one of Bloomington's greatest tackles next year.

HAROLD STAMBACH, Tackle

"Slumy" held his own quite successfully at tackle this year. Everybody knew when Stambach was in the game. He has another year.



DALE McMACKIN, End

Mr. could be depended upon at all times. He was a mountain of strength to the defense and offense, being in every play. Because he is a senior this is his last season.



DALY MCKEEAN, Guard

"Del" was a good scrapper and proved it every time he stepped on the field. He was a valuable man for any team to have. "Del" is another senior who has played for the B. H. S.





Alfred Deacon

The author's first son was born in 1929, the year of the
Great Depression. He is now 80 years old.

—M. M.



300
1929

دیکشنری
عجمی



THE SCHEDULE

<i>Bloomington</i>		<i>Opponents</i>	
Here	45	McLean . . .	0
There	13	Leroy	0
Here	26	Clinton . . .	0
There	0	Peoria . . .	19
Here	14	Ottawa . . .	0
There	6	U. High	0
Here	18	Trinity	6
Here	19	Normal	13





Basket Ball

<i>B-H-S</i>	<i>Opponents</i>	<i>100</i>
1	Kennebunk	10
2	Portland	+
3	W. H. C.	10
4	W. C. W.	0
5	Normal	1
6	Clinton	1+
7	U. S. G.	+
8	W. C. C. . . .	+
9	N. E. C. . . .	+
10	U. S. S. . . .	0
11	U. S. S. . . .	0

DISTRICT TOURNAMENT

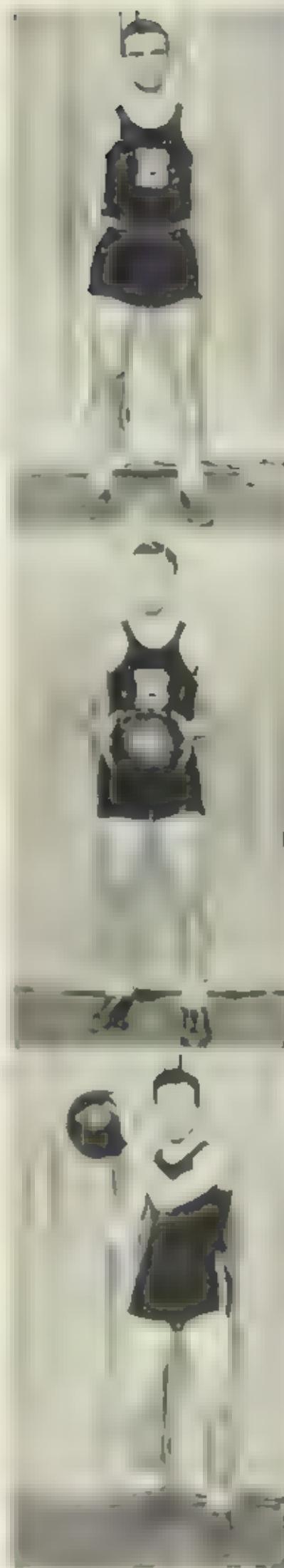
1 H 8 19 1 H 1 2

Second - It's men, who were expected to be on Harrison's squad, became ineligible or dropped out of school. We lost two of our best men in January by the eight semester rule. We played some of the most highly ranked schools in the state. Peoria, Kankakee, and L. S. U. We gave Peoria a good game but lost us by three points. We also had a game with U. Hig. L. S. U. They were decisively beaten. We won more than half of our regularly scheduled games.



WILBUR A. GSPURGER

"Webb" was a guard to worry any forward and his ball handling and defensive work were outstanding. Great things are expected of him next year.

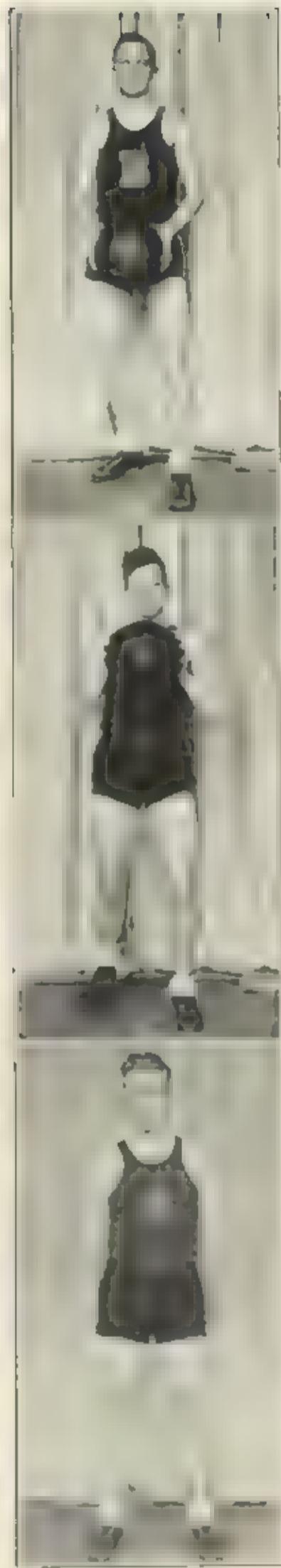


WILBUR BODMAN

Webb was a thorn in the side of many a team by his clever dribbling and his ability to drive in for under-the-basket shots. He showed his all around ability by finishing the season as a guard. He graduates.

LLOYD CURRIS

Lloyd was a real utility man and could fill in at either forward or center. He could be counted on to strengthen the offense and the defense when needed. This was his last year.



FRANK MINT

In spite of his size Frank was converted from a forward to a center the second semester. He always gave opposing centers plenty of trouble and accounted for his share of the points. This is Frank's —

J. J. HALLETT

"Jay" is a product of the All Americans and a credit to Coach Saar's teachings. Jay showed his abilities at forward. He will be back next year.

W. M. MORSE

W. M. Morse came to the front in the second semester and showed his ability as back guard. He was always one of the first to give his best every minute he was in the game. This is his second and last basketball season.



DALE McMACKIN

Dale developed into one of the best cards in this part of the state and we were sorry to lose him in January. The best forwards got very few good shots while Dale was in the game.



HERMAN EWERT

Herman was our hero last year. He had a great season. He was the only player to average over 10 points per game. He was also a good rebounder.

EDD BYNS, Manager

All American Team



Top Row	C	T	R	H	M	L	G	B	C	M	S	W	Bottom Row									
	W	W	S	M	E	R	C	A	S	T	W	W	W	W								
Bottom Row		I	K	S	D	P	R	E	F	R	N	E	W	C	S	M	N	L	V	E	O	S
	M	C	E	R	S	I	P	S	E	R	N	E	W	C	S	M	N	L	V	E	O	S





Base Ball

Games

ST. MARYS, 5—B. H. S., 1

Failure to hit cost us the first game of the season. Janick and Callahan both pitched unusually good ball for us early in the season as this was.

COOKSVILLE, 0—B. H. S., 14

We journeyed to Cooksville and just on an old time battle—piece more than making up for our first game.

U. HIGH, 2—B. H. S., 0

This game resulted in a pitchers' battle between Janick and Goff. Janick struck out fourteen men and allowed but one clean hit, and yet we lost.

NORMAL, 7—B. H. S., 8

In a good baseball game we out-smarted Normal to the tune of eight to seven.

DANVERS, 2—B. H. S., 10

This was the best performance of the year and we clearly outplayed Danvers.

ST. MARYS, 6—B. H. S., 5

Our second game with St. Marys was a heartbreaker to lose. After leading five to three, an error in the sixth inning paved the way for three St. Marys' runs.

NORMAL, 2—B. H. S., 14

With Janick pitching a tight ball, and the whole team hitting like champions, the second game with Normal was a walk-away.

U. HIGH, 5—B. H. S., 1

U. High defeated us for the second time of the season and we lost our chance for second place in the League.

SEASON'S RECORD

Won 4

Lost 4

Percentage .500





EDWARD JANICK (Captain), Pitcher

"Red" was the backbone of the team and his cool head and steady arm won many games for B. H. S.



HAROLD STAMBACH, Catcher

Harold was Janick's battery mate whose continuous chatter and work behind the bat were a menace to the opposition.



HERMAN EWERT, Right Field

He was a good fielder as any coach would tell you and a good number of hits.

STANLEY JANICK, Center Field

Stanley was another outfielder whose uncanny ability to pick home runs out of the air saved more than one game.



HAROLD EVITT, Second Base

"Curly" was one of the outstanding performers on the team, both in the field and with the bat.



LAWRENCE NORRON, Left Field

Lawrence patrolled the sun garden in big league style and was a demon with the hickory





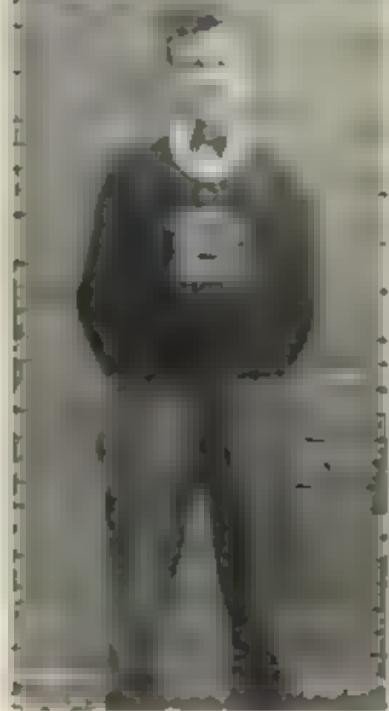
LYLE SLINGSTON

Lyle Slingston, third base, like a veteran and could
make a great help to the team during this season's



LALE SLINGSTON, Third Base

Lyle handled the hot comers like an old timer. He
will have a great help to the team during this season's



J. J. HALLETT, Manager

CHAS. COOPER

Revolving at First with Moore, and when but
two men enough man to stop.

D. COOPER

Revolving at First with Moore, and when but
two men enough man to stop.





Track Meets

U. OF I. RELAY CARNIVAL

Our boys went to Urbana to the indoor meet sponsored by the University of Illinois. Competition was the best that could be encountered anywhere in the state. Although no one from Bloomington placed they gave their opponents strong competition in every race.

GRIDLEY RELAYS

Our team went to Gridley and earned off first honors in the half-mile relay, the two mile relay, the sprint medley, and second in the Junior half-mile. This was one of the best performances of the whole year and we were very pleased with the success of our team.

WESLEYAN INTERSCHOLASTIC

Some of the best teams from all over the state were in this meet, and we failed to place in a single event, though many of our entries went to the semi-finals.

BRADLEY INTERSCHOLASTIC

Coach Hastings took a few picked men to the Bradley meet, but the competition was too strong, and we failed to place.

STATE SECTIONAL

We were again in unusually strong competition but we placed in five events, though we were not far enough to the front to be represented in the State meet.

INTER-CITY

We completely outclassed our rivals from University High; placing first in all but two events. We captured the first three places in half a dozen encounters and placed in all but one. Score: B. H. S., 92; U. High, 34.

JOHN PARKER

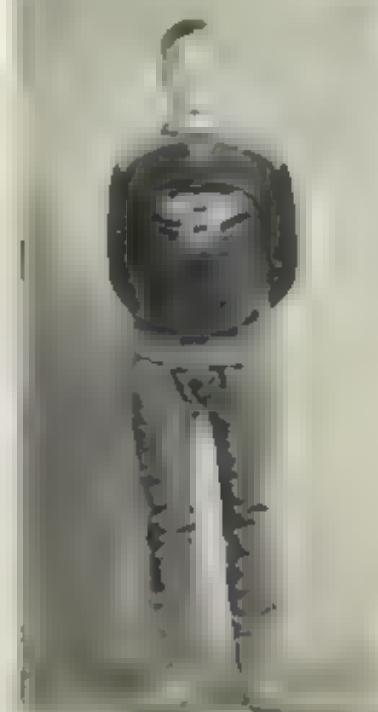
Developing from a mediocre performer to a good one this year. He was always good for at least second place until June.

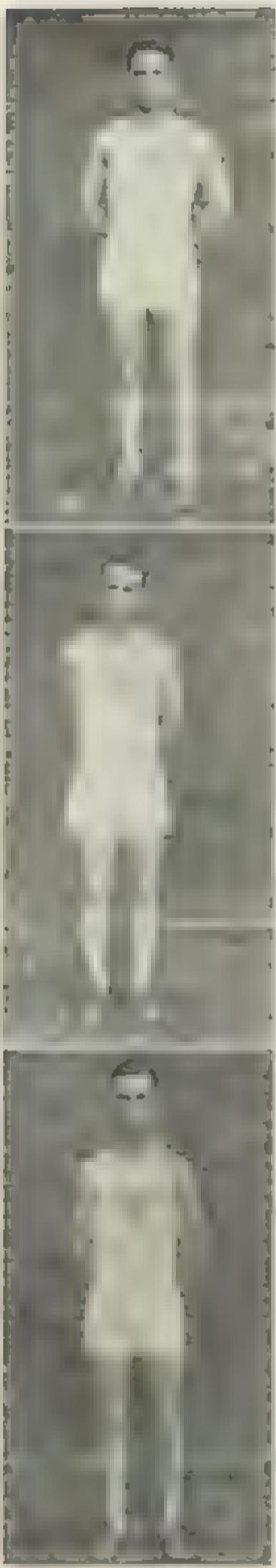
RICHARD NELSON

Nelle ran most of the races, threw the discus and javelin and did it well.

O. J. HANSELL, Captain

Hansell has been the mainstay of the track team for the last three years. He is a star distance runner and his loss will be keenly felt.





RICHARDSON

Lorne ran the sprints for us and came in near the front. This was his last year of track.

DANIEL NORTON

Besides running in the relays, Norton made a creditable record in the sprints. He will be back next year.

MARION WILKTON, Captain

He was our best bet in the broad-jump and high jump. Because of his experience he should make a good leader next year.

WALTER ARMSTRONG

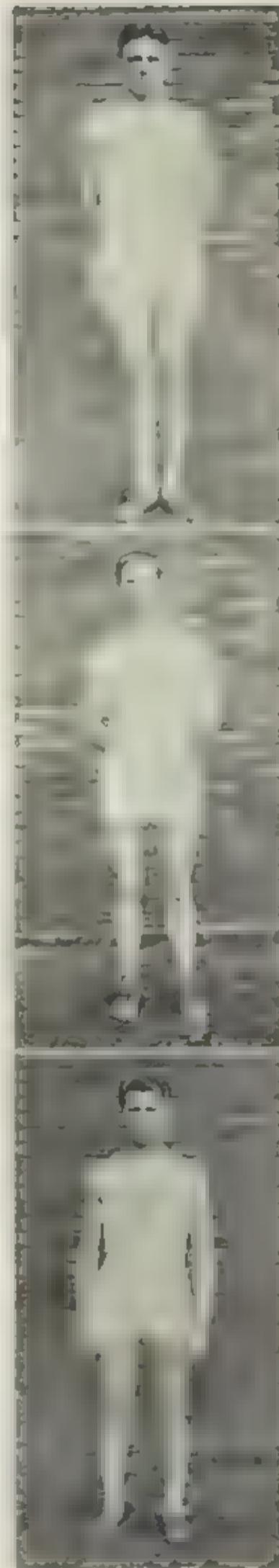
Armstrong was a distance runner who could always be relied upon. He won his letter in the half mile and much is expected of him next year.

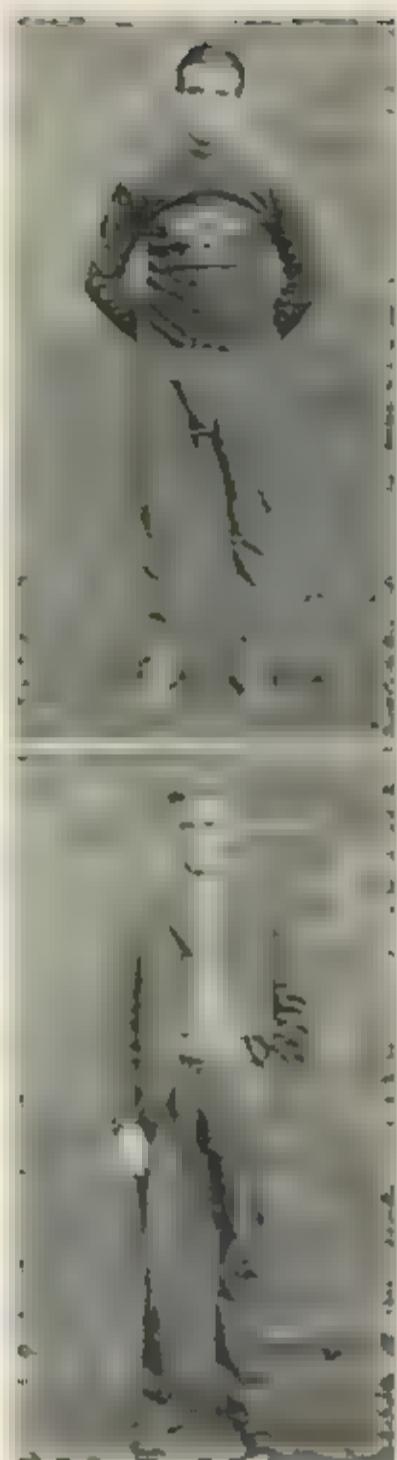
WILLIE JOHNSON

Johnson ran the mile, the half mile, and was an important member of the relay team. He shows promise of great development next year.

JOHNSON STOVER

Stover was one of Coach Hastings' star relay men, and he is sure to make a formidable record in the sprints. He will not be back.





CHESTER WRIGHT

Wright was another senior who was a valuable man in the mile or half mile. He graduated in January.

FRANK HOOPS, Manager



RELAY RACE



Intra-Mural Basket Ball

This year Mr. Hastings developed a new system of intra-mural basketball. Six club teams—Modern Alchemists, Commercial, Manual Arts, Art League, Hi-Y, and Debating, and six teams composed of non-members—Wild Cats, Bell Dogs, Ace Rats, Tigers, Boomerangs, and Lucky Ten competed in a straight elimination tournament. The Debating Society, the Modern Alchemists, the Lucky Ten, and the Commercial Club seemed to be the outstanding teams, but the Modern Alchemists eked out a one point victory over the Commercial Club for the championship.

This system enables any boy in school who wants to play basketball to be on one of the teams and all who took advantage of the opportunity profited by the experience.



CHEER LEADERS

1 VERNON LIERMAN	3 DEAN LITT
2 RALPH IRVIN	4 FRANKLIN STEPHED



"They swim like a rock and dive like a feather," can't be truly said of anyone in the sophomore girls' swimming classes. They have worked diligently, and have been rewarded with great improvement.

The physical training classes have enjoyed the excitement and fun of basket ball and volley ball tournaments this year. They are looking forward eagerly to playing indoor baseball during the spring term.





The Anthology of Bloomington High School.

In this our Anthology we the English students of Bloomington High School present contributions from the work of this school year. We have made a sincere attempt to express ourselves in various literary forms and have written with an earnest desire to preserve the standard set by our predecessors. Many school year books have no literary department but we in B.H.S. have thought that in years to come we should enjoy reflecting upon our attitude of mind in school days as well as upon the view we looked out the things we did. We trust you will accept our effort and agree that we are justified in offering a literary department.

Signed

compiled by Marjorie Lee, President
Florence Calfee
Vivian Cedric Walter Leman
Virginia Kuhn Alice Kuhn
Cecelia Scott Marshall Price
Marjorie Stubblefield

Table of Contents



LITERARY DEPARTMENT

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. Freshman	120
II. Sophomore	124
III. Junior	128
IV. Senior	132
V. Poets' Corner	143
VI. Short Story Club	149

Chapter I

FRESHMAN

THE FRESHMAN

Freshman! What the name brings to mind! Early days in September when upper-classmen are met with the bewildered yet admiring glances of the new-comers—days when the halls are filled with boys and girls on whose faces amazement stands out with predominance.

The Freshman's hardest days are those of the first recitation, the time of the first recitation in a strange place, before new classmates and a new teacher. But this period of development passes after a short while, and leaves only the unsophisticated Freshie.

How great the joy of the last year's Freshman when the name of Sophomore has been gained. And almost before it is realized, the title of Junior is donned.

But ah! The delight when the realm of Senior has been reached!

"You can tell a Senior by his cap and gown,

You can tell a Junior by the way he gads around,

You can tell a Sophomore by his humor, wit, and such,

You can tell a Freshie, but you can not tell him much!"

JUST BEFORE THE BELL

Have you ever stood in the halls of dear old B.H.S. and observed the various methods of passing away the time before the bells at morning and noon? If not try it, it is fun. There are those who walk hurriedly through the crowd with an arm full of books. They would have you know that they are persons of affairs and have no time to waste in loitering about the halls. Then comes the row of girls strolling arm in arm, eight abreast, laughing and tittering and talking of everything from the last basketball game to what they got in the latest Latin test. They are in no hurry, have nothing to do and don't care who knows it. Next appears the freshie who has been in this new land of wonders only a few weeks, and expects the bell to ring any minute and declare him late for class. And, oh! he dares not ponder on his fate if such should happen. Now we stroll over to the bulletin board and watch the proceedings there. Some of the class pictures for the Aztec have just been posted and everyone is eager to discover whether or not his picture is among the chosen ones. We see two girls on the outer edge of the crowd stamping their feet trying to find their pictures. Finally they get in closer and one of them exclaims, "Oh, goodness, there's me—but the other sulks in disappointment and is forced to content herself with looking at the likenesses of her friends. Her comes casually strolling up the hall, the tall, dignified senior boy who is so bored with all this nonsense but would like to see if any of his numerous club pictures are in evidence. He eventually succeeds in passing a point of vantage and critically looks over the pictures as though his censorship is absolutely essential, and intermittently uttering to himself that this new crop of freshies is worse than ever.

RICHARD POSTLETHWAIT '32

HEELPLATES

I hardly know of anything more popular with the younger generation than heelplates. It seems as if everyone, boy or girl, must have these on his shoes. Everyone seems to delight in arousing the teacher's sense of duty and forcing her to make him walk on his toes to keep the ceiling in a preserved condition.

The popular shoemakers of the town never see an evening when there are no calls to, these great nuisances to the teachers. Every evening after school two or three of the youthful populace of the town will call at the shoe hospital and ask for these great calamities to the study hall or class room.

Several years ago, when some country "luc" would walk down the street in a pair of large boots equipped with plates or leather heels, he was thought nearly barbaric by the more refined inhabitants of the town. But now! If a person makes any noise at all, the more the better.

It is not only the men who use them. A few years ago if a woman made a bit of noise when she walked or heard anyone else, she was embarrassed. But now if she can not be heard at least a mile away, she is disappointed and goes back after another pair of heels or plates. Probably some of those old timers like Queen "Lizzie" "Frankie Drake," "Watt Raleigh" or some other of those most elegantly refined people would lie in their graves if they could see the so called refined girls and boys of today.

CHARLES HARDWAY, Freshman.

WHEN MARIE CAME HOME

When Marie, my sister, came home from boarding school, she was simply awful. Such airs and such manners! You would think her a princess instead of a poor working man's daughter. Me, her kid sister, was only a nuisance, "a perfect pest." New dresses ordered, hair Marcelled! In my heart I was horribly jealous, for people called her pretty. I did not!

You'd also think our porch was a camping post for all those "empty headed dumb-heads" for blocks. Then "sis" would come out and grin and smirk till I almost screamed.

To start conversation they would ask her about "how her little sister was," and she would be very profuse in her admiration.

"Mama! she's talkin' 'bout me again, mean ol' sis! Said I was the 'sweetest thing'; make her stop!" I would cry as my "adoring" sister was particularly obstreperous.

I was a worm, a disgusting worm beneath her feet. Well, worms had turned and why couldn't I? Oh! I'd show her.

That evening at dusk I would get my revenge. I armed myself with a bean shooter and a capful of small pebbles. Placing myself in a strategic position at the end of the porch I waited till sister's rare collection started to appear. At last sister came out with sandwiches and lemonade. I placed a stone in my bean shooter and the fun commenced! The pebbles hit a chaffy wretched square on one of his elephantine ears. Groans issued.

Another fell in a lemonade glass and happily choked a rob's youth who gulped too quickly.

"Gr-uh-uh," sputtered the abused one.

Boys hastily excused themselves and rushed home to salve sore places. I was exalted. I had disconcerted my sister and sent home her beauty. I crept around the back and entered the house.

"You little devil!" cried a voice, as my sister, grasping my wrist, seized the bean shooter and called mother.

The terrible atrocity of my crime was made clear. I was put in solitary confinement for a week. My sister apologized to the "muff," but I was happy. Such are the woes of a bean shooter!

MARION HANSON '32.

HATS AND MORE HATS

Red hats, yellow hats, green ones, and blue ones. The prevailing spring colors of fashion have permeated even to the boys' wearing apparel. Although the general opinion

on this matter seems to be that the hats are "hideous" looking it is, after all, only a question of becoming accustomed to them.

There is no reason whatsoever why boys should not adopt these becoming shades to their own articles of dress as well as the members of the weaker sex. These young men are not becoming effeminate in the least. They are merely showing the girls that in some things they can beat them at their own game. For instance one of these so-called "campus crushers" can be purchased at a local haberdashery for the minute sum of one dollar. By putting one of these up in the crown, putting in a few pins to hold the creases in place and gently placing it on the back of her head any girl could manufacture her "Easter bonnet" from her brother's hat (he could never recognize it when it was finished).

Think of the dollars saved for father through this process. There would be more to spend not only for daughter's Easter dress but also for brother's spring suit. Perhaps "he ain't so dumb after all."

ROY LANCASTER '32.

MUMPS

My honored and respected friend Mr. Daniel Webster in his most explanatory manner defines mumps, as being an infectious disorder marked by inflammation of the parotid glands. I define them as being a horrid nuisance and very, very, unbecoming to one's facial expression.

When I was hoisted or blessed with the mumps I looked very much as Humpty Dumpty must have after his fall. I thought it was going to take more than all the hot water bottles and salve this side of the River Styx to bring my face down to its usual dimensions.

I always considered Mr. Webster a reliable authority on the meaning of most words but never will I agree with him on the word mumps.

LORENE PINDELL.

THE IDEAL LIFE

A tramp's life is the ideal life. The worries of a tramp, unless he is an outlaw or has committed some misdemeanor other than stealing pies from window sills, are not mortal ones but only slight physical discomforts. A tramp is smarter than most people. If he has to shave, does he buy a razor? No, he uses a broken bottle. When he craves corn on the cob, does he go to a restaurant or hotel? No, he goes to a cornfield and gets it in a much fresher state. If he wants to see America and become intellectual, does he pay railroad fare? No, he hops the westbound freight. Does he mind when he is pitched out on the cinders? No, he is only slightly upset. Another friend will be along soon and time means nothing to him. Following the warm season is like the birds; he works sometimes, but only when hunger drives him to it. Having nothing, he possesses everything. He is lord of all that he surveys—until a policeman tells him to move on.

PHIL HORTON '32.

CALL OF THE RAILROAD TRACKS

As I sit in a railroad station thinking about that dreaded essay I look out of the window, down the tracks. I wonder how it would be to travel to the end of those tracks, to travel around the world. Oh to see those sights and mysteries I've dreamed about! To see the Alps and climb the Matterhorn! I wonder how the Taj Mahal would look in the moonlight. To wander about in the Shalimar—oh, what would be my joy! Then to Peking and on to Japan and to climb the Fujiyama. That would be life! Then best of all, back to dear old U. S. A., to dream of more unseen lands, as one looks down those calling railroad tracks.

RUTH ARMSTRONG '32.

BEFORE SCHOOL.

Many incidents happen before school in the morning. The halls are filled with boys and girls of every description. Some are rushing about, others are walking slowly down the hall. Now and then a poor trampy dog is seen, roaming around seeking the attention of some student. A person's books are knocked out of his hands and papers fly everywhere amid the laughter of those nearby. As time passes the hall become dead except for a few who are hurrying to their rooms or lockers. The bell clangs loudly in the corridors like the bugle call before the battle. Everything is silent. Another day has begun at B. H. S.

MARK BRENNAN '32.

CONGLOMERATION

Have you ever noticed, when walking down the halls of B. H. S., what a conglomeration the student body is? When we say that America is a melting pot we are naming it rightly.

In the halls of our High School we find all sorts of people - tall people, short people, thin people, fat people, serious people, merry people, blonde brunettes, people of many different nationalities and personalities, people of different likes and dislikes, and many happy mediums. All put together, mixed well and seasoned with the influence of many teachers and leaders, and we have future citizens of America standing as "one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

MARY McDORMAN '32.

A SAD EXPERIENCE

I happened to be the unhappy possessor of a very bad sore throat, that I would have willingly passed on to any one else. One night, as I was getting ready for bed, the fuse plug for that room insisted on burning out. I was all ready for bed but taking my medicine which happened to be Vick's Vapo Rub. I crept my way over to the medicine cabinet, opened the door, and took out what felt to be the Vick's Vapo Rub. In reality it was a can of paste, that my sister had left there. I greased my chest thoroughly, put some up my nose, and put a generous piece in my mouth. Such a spluttering and coughing was never heard and will never be heard again. The downstairs was on a different fuse plug, so I rushed down, where I washed the dry paste off of my chest. Then I remembered that I had some in my nose. I finally got all the dry paste out, leaving my nose very tender. Never have I had another such an experience. Never again will I take a dose of medicine in the dark.

MARIAN BUGBEE '32

Chapter II

SOPHOMORE

SISTERS

At times the fortunate or should I say unfortunate ones who have a sister are not so pleased with her. Who but a sister would keep one waiting for hours? Then, when she finally arrives she will invariably exclaim "I just couldn't get here any sooner, but you didn't mind waiting, did you?" You probably will answer "Not much, I waited only two hours," for it is useless to explain to her that since you have not yet dined you feel rather hungry. The situation is even worse if after waiting it eventually dawns on you that she has forgotten all about her younger sis. You will rush home only to find her comfortably seated before the radio.

"You're a nice one, I'll never, never wait for you again," in an angry voice, you scold.

She coldly replies, "Oh, I won't mind if you don't. I never asked you to wait."

"Aw, you don't appreciate anything I do, anyway," you grumble while giving vent to your anger by slamming the door of your room.

Sisters are like a summer shower, a rainbow follows the rain and sisters with all their faults are often helpful. Perhaps some evening when you wish to go to the "movies" your "beloved enemy" will condescend to help you with Geometry, or if there is a candy sale at school she might even be generous enough to buy you a bar.

When the feminine accessories such as kerchiefs, so called beauty preparations and lingerie diminish in quantity, it is quite convenient to have a sister, unless she happens to be in a contrary mood. Then in answer to your timid inquiry "May I wear your scarf?" she replies in a disgusted voice "Oh, I suppose you may." "No, thank you, I don't want to." Seeing that you are rather offended by her manner she will hasten to assure you that she doesn't mind.

More often she will allow you to borrow from her without any comment other than "Be sure you don't tear or spot it."

But with all her faults I sigh to think what I would do without a sister.

Sisters are sort of queer,
I know you'll all agree.
Sometimes though, they are quite dear,
That's how it seems to me.
Each has some virtues, it is true,
Rare as they may be.

MILDRED GLASS '31.

A SOPHOMORE'S REVERIE

Whoopie! I'm an elderly, dignified Sophomore now, and how! Who in the world is that chump over there with his nose in the air? What's he got to be stuck up about he isn't even a soph. He looks like a pesky freshie or senior to me.

I wonder if I could sell this green-looking guy an elevator pass. I've had the worst luck so far. I've sold only four. Imagine it! When I was a "Frosh" I'd purchased eight before I saw the inside of this place. Oh well—why grumble about a little thing like that? I may have better luck next year.

I guess I'll amble over and watch the children wash their faces in front of 203. That drinking-fountain is some fun—when somebody else gets all wet.

Who said, "Hello 'Slopmore' "? Gee, how I hate that guy. I'll have to tend to him one of these days.

I wonder what we'll do tonight?—Ring doorbells and see people I suppose. I wish we could think up something different.

Damn this pencil-sharpener! I'll die from shock if it ever sharpens my pencil right. Where in the deuce is my knife? At home, of course, since I want it.

Ugh! Why don't that road-hog watch where he's going. I feel so breathless after such encounters, especially when he weighs only two-hundred pounds or so.

Curses! Somebody just dumped my books again. (If I weren't so grown-up, I'd jump his frame.) But I've got to remember I'm a 10th Soph and show these freshmen, juniors, and seniors how to act.) O, well! "Grin and bear it till you see a good chance for revenge;" that's my motto.

ALVIN LUEBBERS '31.

THE EL VERN

How shall I describe or define the place?

Is it a suburb of B. H. S.?

Is it the dining room of B.H.S.?

Is it the living room or the business office of B. H. S.?

Is it the Stock Exchange of the Student body?

Is Deedle the censor superior of B. H. S. or is W. A. Goodier?

Is it the rendezvous of the leaders of the B. G. A. (Bloomington Gossip Association?)

Is it the club of the flappers of B. H. S.?

WE WONDER?

ORGAN MUSIC

How various are the moods of an organ! It is capable of rejoicing with us in triumphs, comforting us in sorrow, and inspiring us to diligent labor.

Every Sunday morning when the members begin to assemble in numerous churches throughout the world, its influence is felt by all men.

In these congregations many different types of people are represented—yet each finds in the music of the organ a sympathetic response to his emotions. It encourages the eager father, soothes the troubled mother, and consoles the aged. Even the children are impressed by its solemnity.

Because of its numerous stops the organ can cleverly imitate all the harmonies of nature. The tumbling thunder is simulated by the deep sonorous blasts of the tuba and bassoon; the wailing of the winds in the deserts by the cries of the oboe and clarinet; the trickling of the streams by the flute and piccolo. Even the rustling of the autumn leaves is echoed by the delicate strains of the violin.

One moment it is as tumultuous as the angry waves of the sea, at another as tranquil as an evening breeze.

The organ has for so long been a part of the Sunday morning services that it has taken a place in our hearts, and thereby has made itself indispensable to us.

VIOLA LOESEKE '31.

CROWDING

What a famous American custom! Crowding! How useful and sensible it is! If one is in a hurry or somewhat impatient what is the best way to move proceedings along a little faster? Why, just crowd those who happen to be hindering you! Very

simple! Nothing to it! Why should you, of all people, be delayed? No reason whatsoever. If people around you don't seem to realize that you are in a hurry, give their minds a jolt by a gentle push.

One of the public places where this ancient and honored custom is highly respected is school. Imagine yourself in a classroom when the bell of dismissal is sounded. A scrambling, hurrying, eager mob, suddenly released from a period of quiet and restraint, pours out of every possible place. All have the same purpose in mind, to get wherever they are going in the least amount of time. No one minds being pushed or crowded when he is doing the same thing himself. Finally, after a time of being moved along with the crowd you arrive at the row of lockers to which yours belongs. When you have gone through a series of squirms, twists, slight pushes, and a continual muttering of "excuse me, please," you reach your locker and then begin a struggle with boots. Just as you are perfectly balanced to put one on, some kind person comes along and says, "I beg your pardon." second, he gives you a shove. This I, steps on you and walks all over you, and last proceeds to do the same to all the rest until he is at last out of the tight place. Behind him he leaves a trail of broken bones, scratched and bruised objects somewhat resembling human beings, and if you listen closely you will hear a concert of groans and doubtful grumblings.

There is no argument that this is not the best method of procedure. What are a few lives lost, bruises, broken limbs compared to the amount of time saved by this great movement, "crowding"? In later years this advancing movement will become greater than the great "Western Movement" of long ago.

VIRGINIA CHEW '31.

LEAVES

Leaves are queer objects, all different sizes and shapes! In a great many ways, their lives remind me of the lives of people. At first, they are little, green buds, cuddled as close to Mother Twig as they can possibly get. They change, however, in the time of a few weeks and become little green, soft children, blossoming out into the world to meet Happiness, who lives in the Fountain of Youth. They are no longer bashful and backward but forward, playing all day long with their greatest friend, Mr. Wind; or if he is absent, they dance and laugh with Mr. Wind's children, the Breezes. Some leaves grow up to be short and fat, others tall and slender.

As months pass on, the Leaves grow older, their faces are wrinkled and faded and their skin and bones are hard and brittle. Now, whenever the Breezes come to play, they seem rough and unseable. Everyday several leaves are untied from their Mother's apron strings and float down to their Aunt, Mrs. Grass, who always keeps "open house" for everyone.

When the Wind and Breezes realize they have been too rough with the Leaves, they call for Rev. Snow, who buries them under a pure white blanket with their ancestors. He also comforts the wailings of the Wind family by telling them that there will soon be another generation of—Leaves.

RUTH HART '31.

SHOES

Old shoes, new shoes, everybody wear shoes.
Tan shoes, black shoes, worn but in the zoos,
People used to go barefooted, now they go well booted,
Shoes, shoes, shoes.

How I love to see a big, fat woman "waddling" down the street on high heels. Usually the heels are so run over that the foot of the woman invariably rests on the ground.

She may slip and slide, fall, and even badly escape being killed, but she will not give up her ribbons. She enjoys them almost as much as she does her "gut of gab." Then there is the small woman who goes "skidding" down the sidewalk. Her steps are so very, very dainty and tiny that I am sure it would take her fully fifteen minutes to walk a block. She may wear yellow, green, red, black, white, purple, or orange slippers just as she chooses. She will invariably cramp her foot into shoes which are at least a size too small in order that she may obtain the color she wants. In fact she is what we sometimes call a "high stepper." We also have the flaming college youth with his cleats. He is often thought of as a brawny athlete who goes clattering about the campus. That is entirely the wrong idea because the only reason he wears cleats is for his own amusement, not that of others. It is often said that every step's a telltale. Thus one singing "I'm happy," that one sighing "I'm low." Putting two and two together it is very easy to say and think "what a whale of a difference a couple of shoes make."

I have often wondered just how many of us really realize the complete value of shoes. It is not only their face value but the sole value which only a few people see. They are our own friends and as friends they are steadfast and true; as defenders they are staunch and strong; as companions they are always faithful, even unto the last.

HARRIET E. SHAW '31.

EXCUSE-MAKERS

"Always making excuses"—that's what they shout at us. Yet why shouldn't we? It's twice as easy to invent a good excuse for neglected work as it is to solve the long, hard lesson. And if they shout back at us why every day we have a very good excuse but a very poor lesson we would remind them that it is their own fault that we have to have such unshatterable proofs of our good intentions. If our beloved teachers would refrain from presenting us such tortsome and difficult lessons, we wouldn't be obliged to spend our precious time devising new alibis.

Then, too, excuses develop the mind. We use no books, no pencils, no paper but the results are sometimes wonderful.

Some teachers say that just lazy, good-for-nothing people use excuses. They are all wrong here. A lazy person could never make a good excuse. It takes brains and hard work.

The real reason, however, that we alibi-inventors use this time-honored custom is to prepare our inexperienced teachers for the varied excuses of the coming generations of falsehood-tellers that are to be the future students of our good old B. H. S.

No other course is open for us. The present teachers can't be taught any other way and we, disregarding our personal interests, have taken upon ourselves the mighty task of preparing the "masters of our tales" for the coming battle of wits with the future generations.

ALVIN LUEBBERS '31.

Chapter III.

JUNIOR

TROPIC NIGHT

The fiery sun hangs like a ball of molten metal just above the hills that tower around the secluded valley. All is quiet in the streets and walled yards, for both man and beast have taken refuge from the quivering heat of the day. The silvery bells high upon the tower of the cathedral in another part of the city nearer the sea chime the vespers hour. Just at this moment the sun sinks beneath the hills, for they are so high that at five it has disappeared from view although it is midsummer.

Soon an indistinct murmur is heard and in a short time the street teems with people: some returning from work, some out to purchase a few necessities and some to get a little fresh air.

Presently a cool breeze comes floating off the hills and it is indeed a delight, bringing with it the fragrance of multitudes of tropical flowers that when evening comes send forth their exotic perfume.

The surrounding hillsides that even during the heat of the day invited the weary traveler have now become doubly enchanting with their almost solid walls nippled here and there by breezes from land and sea.

The evening is permeated with an almost unearthly silence, for all life itself is tranquillized in a tribute to nature's luxuriant beauty. The stillness is broken only by the occasional low conversation that comes from the verandas or perhaps from the scattered groups that wander up and down the street.

Dusk soon begins to fail and in an incredibly short time things become indistinct for twilight is notably short in the tropics.

In the semi-twilight the evening star blazes like a diamond from the warm blue sky, and, as dusk falls, more and more come out until the canopy overhead is completely studded with them. A feeling of awe comes over one who gazes out into an immeasurable space of twinkling stars, a revelation of the insignificance of man.

As darkness increases the hills stand out in a more accented profile while other objects become blurred until finally the hills themselves are only an indistinct line. A gentle, scented wind whispers off the hills again and rustles softly in the majestic palm trees that grow here and there.

A soft glow is beginning to spread over all and in a short time the full moon hangs above the hills, transforming the world into a fairy paradise. The glow glistens and sparkles on the myriads of minute dewdrops that form on every leaf and stem as soon as the sun sets, transforming them into brilliant crystals. The light shifts and shimmers on the dark polished green of the stately palms and falls like burnished steel spears of unseen horsemen of the night, upon the dripping grass below, while the dense growth on the surrounding hills is softened by its silvery sheen effect while the highest peaks that are bare rock become less jagged and steep. Softly the "cigarras" begin to "cicar."

Swiftly the hours slip by and only a few lovers of nature are yet awake to enjoy the enchanting beauty and lure of the tropic night, but soon weariness forces them to seek their beds and the moon is left to watch alone. Swiftly the hours slip by, the moon sets in the west and presently the sun rises and all life again begins to stir.

JOHN MELBY '30.

ATTACKS OF THE COMMA

Ever since our class came to a certain paragraph in our rhetoric book, I have been subject to "attacks of the comma." My condition is alarming, and Dr. Leonard is doubt-

ful of my recovery. The attacks come about seventh hour in the form of themes, tests, or questionnaires. I get dreadfully dizzy and see, instead of the customary black dots, rule number one do a riotous dance with his eleven other acute pains. When the doctor's reports come out, some have regained health, others, relapses. Well, something must be the matter with my constitution; for, I always have the latter. The doctor sternly says, "You don't follow my orders." He doesn't I guess sympathize. We, though exhausted and weakened by our former efforts to follow order faithfully for another patient. But the comma, our seventh hour illness, holds no mercy. Then comes the announcement which raises everyone's temperature a few degrees—a test on Monday, the twelfth. Monday came. So did Tuesday. The doctor arose and said, "Patients, there is an improvement." It was many weeks ago since all this happened; but, ever since, I grow ill and pale at the thought of a comma.

HELEN LOESEKE '30

PREJUDICE

There was one long line of human beings waiting anxiously in a magnificent building, competing for one position as a soloist in an immense Operetta. Men of all races and colors can be seen on this gigantic stage.

One by one the number decreases slowly before many stern-faced judges.

The tones! the qualities! what a variety! Some needed to be matured, polished, others had tone but other defects.

One outstanding came up gracefully erect and finely clad. He sang one of his own spirituals, expressed his sentiments, his heart. His words came fluently, distinctly and the tones! Ah! words can not express them. No one could exceed them.

Refused!!! But why, I will tell you—his face, it was black, a Negro.

Prejudice is that thing that stings and pierces the heart like a spear!

We who have struggled along, earnestly and constantly have to suffer indefinitely, then when we have attained those heights and see a pot of gold before us, are slapped in the face and blinded by this cruel, ugly, corrupt monster, half beast and half human. Yea! will it ever die? Can it be starved to death? Yes! Thanks to a One who holds destiny within His hands, it will fall as hard as it has struck us!

Are we not all created equal; endowed by unalienable rights? Should we be denied those rights given to us justly and by existence? No, but why? "Prejudice," a sonnet that spells its character with a belt. Peity, Ressentient, Envied, Jealousy, Injustice, Disrecess, Ignorance, Chauvinism and Egotism. It is not only discovered and observed in one nation but it exists also in our fellow man, each individual; those with whom we meet daily and treat as friends. Do you think that those that possess this demon are ignorant of the fact? Are they thoughtful? No, a thousand times if they place themselves in the shoes of the ones they stun and have starved and accepted their actions similarly, would he achieve? No! He would starve.

The world destroys enemies in health, in nature, in war, in home, why not destroy this great one in ourselves, in our minds, our hearts, our souls. This nine-legged beast Prejudice.

CALENE COLEMAN '30

THE LISPING CHILD

Feeling in need of entertainment one winter evening, I consulted the newspaper to see which theatre offered the best program. One particular show-place advertised a talking picture starring my favorite actor, a tall and handsome individual with a generous share of masculine strength. It occurred to me that perhaps there would be a certain

amount of thrill gained from hearing his voice—consequently I gathered together my bits of change, purchased a ticket, and entered the temple of the one-time silent drama.

The picture proved to be all that its enthusiastic advertisers had stated. For over an hour I sat entranced by the scenes of love, hate, and courage in which the two principal characters, the dashing hero and a petite blonde creature, rose to the heights of dramatic ability. During this time that instrument entitled the Vitaphone, instead of registering the human voice, emitted sounds akin to those which come from a phonograph when the needle is no longer a needle, and the record has become scratched by constant abuse.

At length, the story arrived at the point where the villainous rogue threatened the life of the struggling, but helpless, heroine. However, the true hero arrived on the scene and the aforementioned music ceased to fill the air. Now I was to hear the longed-for voice! As the hero drew his pistol and pointed it at the evildoer, the following dialogue ensued:

Hero: Get out of this place in this condition, or I shall blow your brains out!

Villian: I suppose I must; you have outwitted me at last.

(Exit the villain.)

Heroine (in a voice as deep as rumbling thunder): O, my darling! You are the strong and brave.

Do you wonder that since that evening of disillusionment I have preferred my movies silent? However, I am not pessimistic about it, for the Vitaphone, like all children, must go through a stage of lisping before it has learned to speak intelligibly.

MARY ELIZABETH BRENNAN.

MY CELESTIAL SHOPPING LIST

Some people say that Heaven is a place of pearly gates, palaces, silk pillows and harps. Without a doubt that would be a pretty environment in which to live, but if I were allowed to tell some of the things I should like to find there my list would be as follows:

Most of all I should like an ideal camping place, a spot in the mountains beside a clear, deep stream, a stream in which I could both fish and swim. I should like this place to be surrounded by a forest filled with flowers and birds and animals. I should like to spend all hot and sultry days in this cool fragrant spot—that is, in case there are unpleasantly warm days there.

Another thing to have and something which I should desire very much for nice days is an automobile. If the saying, "The streets of Heaven are paved with gold," be true, then I shall have a very, very level road on which to drive my automobile. Of course, if there are speed laws I shall not exceed them; but speed laws or not, I shall want my car just the same.

For entertainment during rainy days—I hope there is a drizzly day just now and then and sometimes a spring shower—I want a library well filled with interesting stories of adventure, mystery and foreign countries.

Oh, I almost forgot. I shall also want a collie pup to go with me on my camping trips.

I think if I could have the above things I should spend a very pleasant life in that mystery land of Heaven.

MILDRED PRYOR '30

CALL IT WHAT YOU WILL!

My "parking space at night," often referred to as a bedroom, in the little "two" by "four" cottage was the size of a miniature doll house. The furniture in it looked so delicate I dreaded to sit on it lest I come in contact with the floor beneath. The walls

were covered with wall paper which contained enormous wild flowers and wild birds all mixed together in a great concentration. Pictures of dancing girls and lovers gazed cheerfully at me from the wall. My bed was of maple veneer with one of those new tan and inked orange-brown species. I had just popped into bed when a head-blare of syncopated rhythm, erroneously called music, burst into the air. As I listened I calculated that it came from some college "sheiks" letting off their excess steam by this modern version of a serenade. I pulled back my curtain to listen better. Moonbeams lit up the room, bringing birds, flowers, dancing girls and lovers to life. The music contrasted greatly with the quiet moonlight but seemed exactly to coincide with the figures on the wall. As the music receded it became coarser and jerkier. But as I listened, to my surprise, I found myself being lulled to sleep by that modern version of a d-n-pian band—jazz.

HELEN SPRINGER '30

ANXIOUS MOMENTS

The day broke, the day which was to decide the fate of Peter Ducal III. At sunrise he was prowling around the bars of his prison wall searching for a hole by which to escape. Several hours passed then ten or twelve uniformed men armed with clubs and guns poured through the little doorway. They were accompanied by three men in civilian clothes. Some volunteer boys under the chaperonage of a capable governess were, perhaps, less formidable. The practiced eye of Peter could perceive no friend among them. Then he saw help coming. Pushing his way through the crowd, a young man was approaching the front ranks where the policemen stood. The very presence of this person seemed to lessen Peter's alarm. But his fears returned when he remembered that he and his ally were only two against this multitude. But one of these two was the "all powerful" in his eyes. His protector was showing some papers to the enemy. What did it mean? They were coming toward him—should he attack? A warning glance from his friend told him not to. Now the enemy was examining the scar on his left ear. Without Peter suspected a false move he submitted quietly to their examination. One of the enemy spoke: "Well, I guess he's yours. We knew he was a valuable dog, so we kept him here in the jail-yard where anyone passing could see him."

HELEN KLINE '30.



COMMITTEE FOR SENIOR CLASS PLAY

Chapter IV.

SENIOR

A VERY CLEVER THREE-PART STORY

(Inflated on the Readers of the *Legis* by the firm of Klopp, Postlethwait and Partleau)

PART I

Klopp Starts the Ball to Rolling:

It shivered up to the curb and with a groan turned over once again and died. A door slammed Nan got out of the Ford and without a word marched up the walk to the door of the Thayer household and slammed it behind her.

The other occupant of one of Henry Ford's many thousand cars ran puzzled fingers through an untidy bunch of sandy hair. He scouted at the July sun which was just merging with the poplars. It might be added that these self same poplars were the pride of Batavia's one and only boulevard. He gave the starter a disgusted kick; the very much collegiate automobile groaned at the thought of going but finally gyrated down the street.

"I wonder what the devil got into her now?" soliloquized Lawrence Paterson Flotman as he doctored a delivery van. While pondering this question he ran up the drive and disappeared in the house.

Back in the Thayer living room Nan was telling her sister Helen of the incident.

"Why, the darn old fool expects me to sit back and not say a word while he criticizes everyone I happen to go out with. That is, with the sole exception of himself."

"But, dear, you've gone around with him for simply ages and he naturally expects he has the right a little bit."

"Well, he hasn't! 'N I don't care if he keeps on thinking it—I'll go out with whomever I please, whenever I please! I'm not engaged to him, thank goodness!"

"Still, Larry's a good kid, Sis, and you've got over quarrels with him before. Just what did he say?"

"Oh, we were riding along and suddenly he pops up with one of his bright remarks said something about Chris Meeker being an abbreviated jellyfish. I just hope the jealous old fool never speaks to me again!"

The telephone rang. Nan got up, then flopped down again.

"If that's Larry, tell him I'm out hunting dew worms."

"I will, like the devil," her sister retorted as she picked up the phone.

PART II

Postlethwait Takes It Up:

Nonchalant as she tried to be, Nan could not help paying attention to the conversation.

"Hello! Yes, this is Helen. Oh, it's Larry? Just a minute, I'll call Nan. What? A puzzled look came over her face as she listened. Then a gleam of mischief came into her eyes. "Oh, I see—why, I'd love to, Larry. What time? Oh, about eight. All right. I'll be ready. Goodbye."

Nan's indifferent air was completely broken and she started to ask Helen indignantly, "What was the idea?" Before she had two words out of her mouth Helen had tripped lightly up the stairs, giving her a teasing smile over her shoulder.

That evening about eight o'clock, Nan was sitting on the front porch and wishing she had not been so mean to Larry. It would not have been so bad if someone else had

asked her to go to the country club dance so that she could high hat Larry, but everyone knew them to be "steadies" and so no one else had asked her. In a few minutes Helen came down with a new dress on, and Nan's best beads. Although she did not have so beautiful a face and figure as Nan, she had personal charm and attractiveness which made her seem as beautiful to Nancy.

Nancy looked rather surprised and said, "Where you going? I see you've appropriate my best beads, but I won't k k since I'm staying at home."

"Me? Oh, I'm going out. I hoped you wouldn't mind the beads."

"If I were you I'd be careful about riding in old Fords with that new dress on," said Nan with a voice meant to be sarcastic.

"I think I can manage, Deary," answered Helen, as Larry drove up in a fine new car which his father had purchased that very day and with which he had wanted to surprise Nan. She was surprised, all right. There is no doubt about that. Surprise, however, did not dominate her. When Helen waved to her from the fast disappearing car she could have bitten anything.

Fifteen minutes later the phone rang. It was Chris Meeker.

"Yes, I know, Chris. You see, I had a terrible headache so he took Helen. Thanks just the same. I'd love to but I can't. Sorry."

About a half hour later when she had about decided to go to bed, the phone again jingled.

"Yes, this is Nancy."

"This is Sam Hadley. Listen, how long would it take you to get ready to come over to the dance?"

"I'm sorry, Sam, but—"

"Don't tell me you've got a headache because you haven't. Heartache is your trouble. Now listen to me. You hurry up and get ready and I'll be around a half an hour later. There's an old friend of yours over here who wants to see you, so hurry up."

Nancy didn't know why, but she did as she was told. Larry's best friend had a good influence on her. He had helped to put her up quarters before. Maybe he would do it again. At least she'd give him the chance.

PART III

Partieau Slaps on the Climax:

Nancy's indifference had by this time died a sorrowful and natural death. She was no happier than before nor was she less stubborn, but a certain indescribable feeling of the efficiency of God's plans came over her. Outwardly she was expressionless, stoic, a Chinese puzzle—but inwardly she knew her heart was singing, for here was action at least and action, however slight, is bound to culminate in something definite. That sometime might be what he secretly hoped or it might prove unpleasant, perhaps embarrassing. At any rate she would ~~be~~ no longer sit idly by the front porch remarking the rather monotonous growth of her mother's prize geraniums.

She hastened to her room intent upon effecting a transformation in her appearance. This ordinary bit of cloth designed for someone's great play day must be removed. In its place she must don some soft creamy creation of chiffon and lace with all accoutrements. There are tricks in all trades—and Nancy knew her line.

There was just time for the change, a few magical passes over her gold brown hair, and a tete-a-tete with the powder puff. The puff had hardly been laid aside when there came an imperative series of toots from Sam Hadley's time-worn Chevrolet in front of the house. No mistaking its identity or that of its owner. They were one and inseparable Sam and that Chev. People spoke of Damon and Pythias, Caesar and Antony, and Sam and his Chev, with that same awed catch in their voice. They comprised the one great epic in the life of Batavia's younger generation.

Nan hurried to greet him but took care to make sure that she was fashionably late. As she reached the car he peered through the darkness that hovered over Poplar Avenue to see if Sam had anyone with him. She half expected a joke. But no, it was all right. There was Sam, staunch, reliable Sam, with his hand fumbling with the car's steering wheel, throttle, radiator, or rear axle. Nan could never tell which.

"Hello, Sam," she said sweetly, wondering why in Sam Hill he had gone to the pains of paying her a call. It was like him to feel the keenest sort of interest in her affair with Larry, but what puzzled Nan was how in the world he even knew about this latest Bunker Hill.

"'Lo, Nan," was the short but earnest greeting she received. "Climb in." To be sure Sam didn't seem enthusiastic, but then, he never was. One no more expected Sam to display excitement than one expected a wrist watch to keep time.

With an expectant snort the car started and whirled away into the gloom. Nan waited hopefully for an explanation. None came. Eventually she decided to help matters along.

"Are we goin' to the dance at the Country Club, Sam?" she asked.

"Yeh!" This, thought Nan, was anything but enlightening.

"How come you called me up?" was her next venture.

"Ummmm!" was Sam's only comment. He seemed strangely silent on this point.

Nan played her trump. "I s'pose you've been talkin' to Larry, haven't you, Sam?"

"Umm!" Good heavens! What was the matter with him?

Nan gave up. "Well, Sam," she began slowly. "I know why you called me up. I guess I was wrong. I shouldn't have been so mean to Larry. But he provokes me somehow. Now don't you breathe a word of this to him if I tell you. The fact is I think more of Larry than of all the rest of the fellows in Batavia put together. But I wouldn't have him know it for the world. He'd only be meaner'n ever. I know he would. That's why I quarrel with him. The only reason in the world. If I didn't he'd think he had me sewed up and salted down. But I do like him, Sam, more than he'll ever know."

Sam made no comment on this. There was a wistful pause on Nan's part, as she thought of Larry and Helen waltzing fairylike over that simply lovely dance floor at the Country Club. Her mental soliloquy was rudely interrupted. She turned angrily and spoke to Sam.

"What're you laughin' at, Sam Hadley? Seems funny to you, does it? All right, go ahead and guffaw. Laugh, clown, laugh, and I hope you strangle! You can just bet I meant what I said and that's that!"

Sam turned to her suddenly. Even in the extreme dark he seemed more than strangely familiar.

"Didja mean it, Nan? Didja? Huh?"

Nan felt her head growing light and hot with the swift rush of blood that swept into it. "Larry!" she exclaimed. "You?"

"Sure," was the ready answer. "Who'd you think it was—Santa Claus?"

"Oh, I think you're mean!" Nan was crying. "I s'pose it was you who pretended to be Chris Meeker!"

"Right again! How'd it sound?"

Nan was weeping generously now, and Larry was weakening, and there's only one third of a page left, so the logical conclusion is that the story should end here and now.

We reserve space for one more scene. A romantic scene. It is a beautiful summer evening—characters: Nan and Larry. Beyond this, we advance no theory. The rest of the story shall be your secret, to do with as you will.

"FIRST NIGHT"

The evening had come. Broadway was, as usual, filled for blocks and blocks around with a never ceasing stream of humanity. Myriads of lights, twinkling with mechanical perfection from countless signs, shouted the superiority of their sponsor's product. The incessant screeching of horns, the shrill demoniacal cry of a distant siren dying with a long sobbing breath, the thunderous rattle of nearby elevated trains, the piercing whine of automobile brakes, the pattering of New York's feet on the famous walks of a famous thoroughfare, a strav, dissolute and forlorn trolly seeking shelter with an equally homeless, many, flea-tormented dog, both drenched by the drizzling of rain and reeking with an odor suggestive of a life spent in the seedy tenements of the lower East Side, and the sour, rotten garbage of a river-front hash house—all were a part of Broadway.

But this night was "First Night." Who in New York, indeed in any large city, had not longed to be a "First Nighter"? Who on Park Avenue would not spend a fabulous sum to be mentioned "Among those present"? What modern debutante would not be "thrilled beyond words" to have the chair next to John Gilbert or Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr.? Broadway's "First Nighters" were all there. Celebrities famous and infamous, all were given the homage due their rank by a multitude of various and less fortunate on-lookers.

At the "First Night" the society bud parades before the manikin. The gangster and the banker ride in equally luxurious limousines, the opulence of the former made possible by the indulgence of the latter. This is the time the pale, wistful shop girl feasts her eyes on the lovely creations she sells to wealthy patrons. On this eventful night under a beautiful wrought iron and colored glass canopy, she teeing the show windows of a small but exclusive shop stood such a girl. She was young in years but old with care, and beside her a boy, a tall boy, handsome and dark-skinned. He had dark, curly hair, badly in need of trimming, that refused to stay rooted back under a shabby cap. He held her hand. They were gazing at the sleek shining automobiles with their chauffeurs weaning away that put the uniforms of the courtiers of Versailles to shame. They watched a door open. A lady, in ermine, and a gentleman resplendent in evening dress, emerged. The lady drew her wrap more closely. Her head was high. What did she care if they were poor? The nomadic rabble could ogle their eyes out. The curly-headed boy and the care-worn girl turned around. And then his hand pressed hers more tightly. Her little pale mouth tightened, her tired lashes drooped over tired eyes, hiding a sparkling mist which already covered them. They stared for a few moments. He drew her away from the window, where, truly the work of an artist, were posed a bride in a flowing lacy veil and a bridegroom kneeling before a kindly old priest—a gorgeous satanic satire.

CHARLES VAN ANTWERP '29

NO RICHES TO GIVE

I have no riches to give and my heart sinks down with sorrow. I look about me and see the want and poverty of the world. I see the poor struggling students who give their health that they might become great. I see the ragged and pitiful war veterans and the little children blue with cold and faint with hunger. I see men and women who once had dreams doing menial tasks, crushed and oppressed by trouble and worldly needs. I see all these and my heart cries out to them but I have no riches to give. I am penniless and I know despair because I am impotent to help.

Then I see the rich men and women of the world whose lives are wasted because they have not learned to live. I see them disillusioned and unhappy weighted down by their gold. I see them caressed and pleasure seeking and I wonder at the curse of money.

And then beauty wells up in me, pure and silver as the limped waters of Parnassus and I know that I have wealth greater than all riches for I have the world and I have God. I have rain and sunshine, joy and sorrow, pain and ecstasy. I have freedom and I have

talent and beauty in my soul. Then my heart in all its fullness, soars to the loftiest height for I know that if I work patiently and give my talent and beauty to the world my God will not blame me because I have no riches to give.

GRETCHEN SMOOT '29.

HOWEVER, I'M NOT SUPERSTITIOUS

I awoke conscious of a red glow in the room. Remembering the old seafaring phrase, "Red in morning sailors' warning, red at night sailors' delight." I ran to the window and much to my relief it was only the sunlight through the red curtains.

The rain fell gently as I left the house but "rain before seven, clear before eleven." I decided to explore so I started toward Miller Park. On the way I saw a pin point toward me and thinking of that maxim "see a pin and pick it up, all the day you'll have good luck." I stepped carefully over a crack (so as not to break my mother's back) and took the pin in my fingers.

When I reached the park I decided to take one last row before the winter came. In the middle of the lake a strong wind blew up and I turned toward shore, discovering that I could scarcely see for the snow which was falling. Snow! On the nineteenth of November! Then we would have nineteen heavy snows during the winter.

As I walked eastward I met an elderly lady who stopped as if to speak to me. I paused in my hummin' and he asked me if I had eaten my breakfast. I thought it rather an odd question her answered in the negative. She immediately became greatly excited and mumbled something about "sing before breakfast, weep before supper."

The bell rang just as I entered the school building. My bad luck was beginning. During the interval between classes a Junior pulled my Senior ring off before I could stop her. I trembled to think of the dreadful consequences of that Junior's curiosity. Pulling a ring off a person's finger! Nothing could help me now!

At lunch the salt tipped over, and I realized it meant a quarrel, but walking to school I tried to ward it off by saying "bread and butter" when my friend and I went on different sides of a tree.

I attempted to evade a Junior selling tickets for the play and at my refusal to buy, he replied that people who had little eyes were stingy. I replied that her hands were hot and warm hearted people had cold hands.

On the way to Physics class I sensed disaster. And as a climax we had a completion test. I'd never heard of "the factor of safety" and after defeat on a definition of power I went down to look at the bulletin board for Seniors. While there I discovered a turkey and pocketed it looking at the charm which had failed me so. I went immediately and threw it out of the window.

When mailing some letters at the post office I noticed some names on the blotter; one of them I recognized as mine. I thought that tools, names and tools, faces always appear in public places."

After dinner I played several games of double solitaire and as my opponent was "lucky in cards, unlucky in love" I was defeated by a large score.

I sewed a button on my coat remembering that "a stitch in time saves nine" and so went to bed. "Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise" and I wished to be wise for the morrow's English test.

ALICE KUHN '29.

DE RIGUEUR

I observed yesterday a dapper young fellow skipping down the avenue toward one of those famous rendezvous's, the A—, the M—, or the E— V—. No matter where he was going I shall merely expostulate on his garb.

First of all, his "doggie" was topped by a cerulean blue—now, would it be disrespectful to call the phenomenon a hat?

The second story was entrobed in a sweater with a couple of mauve stripes on one sleeve. A mustard yellow was the wrap's effective hue. The combination, hat and sweater, was most charming!

But, consider. Now, here we have the trousers. Grey. They modestly represented positively the only seat of conservatism throughout his entire make-up. . . . oh, excepting as a matter of course his tiny socks which were a cool tint of grass green just too dear and spring-like!

The foundation of his—maybe-I-could-call-it-a-costume—consisted of an orange-y tan arrangement.

The whole effect? A poem. O-o-oh my!

ANNA COOK '29.

RIP VAN WINKLE IN MODERN DAYS

We cannot help reflecting that Irving's "Rip Van Winkle" displayed a high grade of horse sense when he elected the 18th century for his long hibernation. It would have been truly unfortunate for Rip had he thoughtlessly put it off until a hundred years later.

When Rip awoke he refreshed and unknowing from his twenty years nap, he was considerably perturbed, we are led to believe. We can easily understand the resultant perplexity of a man who lies down for a brief afternoon's beauty nap and upon awakening apparently the same evening finds himself bewhiskered, rheumatic and aged. It is an embarrassing predicament. But suppose Rip's awakening had come about in the early 20th century. There would be more to困扰 him. Unless the poor old fellow had attached himself to a keeper, he couldn't survive over fifteen minutes. An over-joyful cab-driver would smear him over the lawn—he would be electrocuted by a fallen wire—an airplane might remove his ear—he might stray away after a lone blonde—or die of fright at the sight of a college boy attired in corduroy bals, raccoon coat, and corduroy crush having his carefree way down the avenue.

We are convinced that after a twenty years sleep Rip could not stand the pace. He would have to give it up and move to Normal where he could close his eyes in the hope that another twenty years would bring better days.

VERNEIL PARTLOW '29.

MODERN PANDORA

Carefully she drew it out. While she appeared to be meditating she drew her finger tips across the ornate surface. A haunting oriental scent seemed to arise from it. For a few seconds she appeared undecided whether to open it or not. But finally unlatching the intricate catch, she raised the lid. There were no horrid insects to fly out as those when Pandora opened the fateful box; there appeared to be still another cover to the interior. A minute surface of the under side of the lid caught her eye and she surveyed the image there. Contentedly she lifted the second cover. Microscopic objects fluttered out. She drew back but as soon as they were all a sufficient distance away she lowered her head to it, peering into unknown depths. She exclaimed, "How da line! Is it new?" and shut the compact.

VIRGINIA MANDLER.

THE FATE OF A WEEKLY NEWS REVIEW

Now let me see. Owen D. Young was sent to the reparation conference with the "Sweethearts on Parade." Oh, Hello! Chiang Kai Shek. He must be a brother to the fellow that started the new Chile shop—surely looks like his twin. And, it's the

duty of the war department to keep Frank Kellogg from making peace treaties, and the duty of the department of justice to keep Mahatma Gandhi from killing all of India's sacred cows, and the duty of—. Oh yes, Albert Einstein was the scientist who discovered "That Precious Little Thing Called Love." Hoover called an extra short session to tell his cabinet that Coonridge is a whiz with glasses on. It was Mussolini that told Primo De Rivera that if he goes fifty-fifty "his troubles are over." Richard E. Byrd sailed into Congress and—.

Well, what's the idea of ringing that bell just when I get all settled for some good hard studying?

VERNA PILS '29.

DREAMS

Weston's Grocery had had but little business all day. The blanketing, smothering heat of midsummer had thrown a pall of lassitude over the little town of Morriston, so only a few persons had emerged from their homes. In the grocery, Mrs. Ronalds, the general clerk, sat on a low chair placed before the main counter. Her rough, large-jointed hands, speaking eloquently of grinding toil, were lying loosely in her lap, and her eyes were fixed abstractedly on the deserted street outside.

"It hardly seems possible," she thought, "that I've saved enough money for that trip to Loring Harbor, but I have. Perhaps I'll go—yes, I will go. It will be so cool by the sea, and it's so hot here. I might stay a month. I wonder if Marian will mind if I leave her at home. She could visit Grace."

The mere possibility of visiting Loring Harbor conjured up before her a vision of the ocean there—a vast, blue ocean—whose waves foamed and danced along the beach. There would be mornings, all blue and gold, and evenings when rose fires would flame in the west. How often her grandfather had told of the sea when the white winged ships sailed from the eastern ports to China! The ocean had seemed more vast then, and the cargoes were silks, spices, and tea. Now she would see the ocean! She would live by it a whole month! When she was a child, inflamed by her grandfather's romantic stories, she had vowed that some day she would see and travel on the ocean. Later life proved to her that dreams have a way of refusing to be realized. All her early life was spent in Morriston. When she was twenty-five she married. Four years later her husband died, leaving her and a baby girl named Marian. It was not easy to keep a home and educate Marian, but her ambition persisted. Little by little she would save money for a trip to the sea, only to watch it drain away by the demands of more prosaic things. At last she had saved enough for the fulfilling of her childhood dream!

Somewhat the long day drew to its close. At five o'clock Mrs. Ronalds left the store and went home. The thought of the ceasing for a while of the dreary routine that occupied her days made her thrillingly happy. At home she found Marian waiting for her at the door.

Mrs. Ronalds always felt a shock of unreality when she thought of the fact that Marian was an eighteen year old girl already graduated from high school!

"Mother, I hate to see you working like this. Maybe Mr. Weston would let me take your place at the store. Here I'll take that package. Supper is almost ready." Marian opened the door for her and took the package.

Mrs. Ronalds went in the kitchen and finished setting the table. The room was steamingly hot, but thank goodness the sun was being obscured by some dark clouds.

She reflected that Life is not so bad after all. She had raised a pretty daughter who was a credit to anybody. Here a warm tide of affection swept through her. She loved Marian partly because Marian had many of the qualities she lacked. Her own taciturn, aloof nature marvelled at her daughter's demonstrative friendliness. Marian was poor, but Mrs. Ronalds remembered how lonely her own youth had been. Marian was pretty here her mother smiled gaily. "Goodness knows, even when I was her age, I was any-

thing but pretty." Those fleeting reflections were followed by a vision of the dancing, blue ocean that she would at last see. No, Life was not so bad after all.

Marian breathlessly ran up to her mother and thrust a sketch in her hand when she came into the kitchen.

"How good that is, Marian! It doesn't seem possible that you drew it. Why, it looks more like Main Street than any photograph could look!"

"I showed some of my drawings to my art teacher before school closed. Guess what she said!"

"What?"

"She said that I have a great talent and that I should go to a good art school. I need training in technique," Marian peered anxiously at her mother.

Mrs. Ronalds slowly set the pitcher she was carrying down. "Did you have any special plans, Marian?"

"I thought that I might go to the Art Institute at Chicago. A twelve weeks course is about sixty-seven dollars. Could you loan me the money? I know it's a lot to ask you, but I promise to pay it back as soon as I can."

Mrs. Ronalds walked slowly to the window and stood there looking with an weary eyes at the gathering clouds in the west. Her mind seemed numb. She thought dimly that it might rain tomorrow. Then a picture of going on day after day in her odd task crept into her mind. A sinking feeling of despair overwhelmed her.

"What should I do? If I loan the money to Marian, I'll have to stay here all summer—may be all next summer. It takes so long to save money. I'm so tired of this place. After my trip I could trade my life away cheerfully with the memory of it with me. But if I go, Marian will have to wait and plan to go some other time. No, I don't want her to do that. I spent my whole life 'planning to go some other time.' Her life must be different! It must!"

Mrs. Ronalds turned from the window and faced Marian in the growing gloom.

"I'll give you the money. You'll need more for your train fare, your board, and clothes. But I think I can manage—"

"I'll get work and earn as much as I can, mother. You can—"

Mrs. Ronalds broke in almost fiercely. "Promise to work hard at the institute and do your best. Perhaps someday you can do all the things I've longed to do. Perhaps you'll be a great artist, but it's hard to make dreams come true. So many things have to be sacrificed." She turned to the window and in a quainter voice said, "Marian, have you ever noticed how those fields of grain to the west look like a vast and rolling sea?"

ANNA BRITTAN '29.

TABBYING

Did you ever notice that cat? She sits there in the sun just humming a little tune, and won't even twist a tail for ten minutes. After her beauty nap, she languidly brushes her ears and stretches her silk mittens out for inspection. Then at the sight of her hidden claws she effects a maneuvre in preparedness. The scenery and personal touches all set, she waits for some unsophisticated prey to catch and entice her half closed eyes. Don Juan didn't miss it far when he took one look at Lucretia and uttered to himself, "Cat."

FLORENCE GODDARD '29.

THE HELPER

I hear again that familiar foot-step upon my porch. He's tapping at the door. I do not fear when I meet the worst of my enemies, but I shudder to meet the friend who comes and never goes. He will most likely take a seat in my easiest chair, ask about the news and then give his candid opinion on the topics of the day. He takes plenty of liberty but never takes leave. He reads my daily paper through before I have had a

chance to see a word. And he very calmly smokes my last cigar and asks very coolly for more. He opens everything he sees but the door to go. He talks about his ill health and has suffered with all the ailments known to the medical science. When he comes I know he is like a Spring rain, that is, he will last throughout the entire day. I speak of urgent tasks, but all in vain. He is quite a critic of poetry, for he delights in quoting someone's poetry and then criticizing instead of eulogizing. I think I shall remove my door bell or hang crepe on the door in order to keep my helper away.

EUGENE COVINGTON.

THE NEW TALKIES

Tradition has it that the femmes are the volatile members of society. Not so in the good year 1929. Women's tongues have taken below par, and the men's are on the rise.

At intermittent intervals, murmurs, gesticulations, whispers, and snickers are emitted from the back row of a distinguished Senior Third Hour Section. Herb Price, Ed Postlethwaite, Verna Partlow, Web Goodman, Red Wilson, Dewitt Hobcomb, and Ray Vollrath comprise this group of new Talkies.

Whether the topic is finance, psychoanalysis, High School ethics, or any species of rockism in thought, word or deed, they react in spite before the weaker sex has the least opportunity for contributing an opinion. The reputation of giggling girls and feminine gossip is on the wane and a new era is here!

DOROTHY LORENZ '29.

THE ENGLISH FERN

On entering room 115, one of the first things that caught the eye was the little green leaf friend in the seat east corner of the room. Every school day for six months this friend had helped inspire the Senior English classes tutored by Miss Inman. In the fern were to be found a scrap of lace, welcome and perhaps a bit of Bryant, Wordsworth, and even a speck of Shakespeare.

All virtues of the English Fern were shattered in the eyes of the English students, when, on coming to class one day, they beheld the loved Fern in a rather dilapidated condition. It had been owned to those who evidently did not appreciate its value, and had come home to reacquire health and strength. It is now beginning to thrive on Emerson and Longfellow.

May the English Fern be the inspiration to the class of '30 that it has been to the class of '29!

JEAN WAGNER '29.

OLD DRESSES VS. NEW GIRLS

(Prepos of the preparation for acting the correct styles of dresses for the Senior Play, "The Rise of Silas Lapham.")

There in the old fashioned trunk lay a heap of dresses. Satins, silks, and woolen broadcloths; all so old that, could they but speak, what tales they could tell!

"Pick out something, girls," said Miss Neidermeyer, "and see how it fits."

Yes, "see how it fits"! Uhh! take a deep breath, ah, there! Now hook! Oh! oh! how did they ever wear such styles of dresses?

Remember how we rummaged through and fitted and sewed, took up and put on fastened and loosened? Over there you would hear "Betty, can you help me a mome it? This waist must be fastened and the sides won't meet!" or in another corner, "Oh, Miss Neidermeyer, look at this skirt. If I ever reach the stage entrance, I shall stumble on through into the audience."

What a task to put old clothes on such modern girls. How grateful we can be to the modern designers.

What if we had to carry those five feet circumference, ankle length skirts through the halls of B.H.S.? Horrors!!!!

DOROTHY LORENZ '29.

B. H. S. LISTENS IN ON MARCH 4

"You are listening to W. G. N., the World's Greatest Newspaper, broadcasting the inauguration ceremony through the network. Ladies and gentlemen, this is Graham MacNamee speaking. The inauguration of President-elect Hoover is about to begin. President Coolidge and President-elect Hoover have just entered the Senate Chamber. Vice-President Dawes is rapping for order."

Thus twelve hundred Bloomington High Students listened in, on March 4, to the inauguration of Herbert Hoover, the thirty-first President of the United States. Hearing an inaugural broadcast was a new experience for most of us and since, someday, we shall be responsible for those taking part in this service, it was of vital interest to all.

MARY ELLEN KRUM '29.

THIS MODERN THIRD HOUR BUSINESS

In the good year of 1929 there came into our curriculum in B. H. S. a new idea! We, the less frequent bancers of the midnight oil, were separated from the favored A's, B's, and C's who were given twenty-five more minutes to devote to Education in the study halls. To us fell the pleasure of choosing an adviser from a list selected for the four years.

What was the big idea, anyway? Well, you see, it's this way—We are participating in the national movement of "modernize at a small cost." I mean, we are no longer "the little red choc-hoc" but a "big town" needing alermen as well as a mayor.

In this third hour period we became the buying public and purchased various tickets; we soar to the land of philosophy; we sink to the mere level of a mortal seeking entertainment and enjoy assemblies—paid or otherwise; we are discussed and cussed; and now and then we snatch a few minutes of study.

ELIZABETH LUDWIG '29.

THE CAFETERIA STUDY HALL

I should call the Cafeteria Study Hall one of the great opportunities which this institution (our principal's pet word) has. It seems as though the stage is all set for deep study. As we pull up our chairs to the long tables we feel as though we are about to dine and so we are, but it is on mental food. A very few of us devour it rapidly and continually. Some of us being more polite partake of this food slowly, often stopping to converse with our tablemates. Most of us however, do not feel the least bit hungry and sit watching the clock, wishing the meal was over. Some of our tablemates who happen to be very impulsive, immature and so on (I can't call them bad enough names) push the table back and forth. This puts us in a bad humor and thus causes indigestion.

ESTELLE GRONEMEIER '30

COLONIAL NEW ENGLAND

Boston! The word taunts me of cobblestones, baked beans, and history. Which of these things should we see first? This was the question we asked ourselves when we first arrived in Boston, however, it was easily answered, for looking down at our feet we beheld the famous cobblestones, and when we were called to breakfast, the first thing

put before us was a dish of delectable beans. Now for the history. Really one might almost give up in despair of seeing all of it, as at about every turn of the corner, a fresh bit came to light.

Early in the morning we started out. Our first destination was Old North Church. We soon found ourselves in the midst of a fruit market. Hundreds of Italian voices were hilted in an appeal for customers. Drowsy late foreign children rolled at our feet and made frantic dashes in front of any automobile adventurous enough to come into this district.

Finally, we saw ahead of us, Old North Church, crowded in amongst the dirty tenements. We obtained permission from the sexton to enter and upon doing so, found ourselves in a real colonial church. All was painted white, and soft carpets covered the floors. The pulpit was elevated above the congregation, which sat in small box pews.

A little ways from the church was Copp's Hill cemetery. There we went and wandered among the graves, reading the queer inscriptions.

Hailing a bus, we were driven to the Paul Revere home. The first story of this house was occupied by an old antique shop and on the second floor we found the Revere home. Quaint old furnishings and primitive rooms made us feel as if we had gone back a century or two. As we reentered our car, swarms of dark children yelled, screamed, and recited pieces in an effort to win some money from us. We gave them some, and upon throwing it out, all the children in the neighborhood piled on top of each other trying to get possession of it.

Bunker Hill monument shone out tall and inspiring as we came towards it, and here again the street gamins shrieked out their wants and were only deterred from placing themselves under the very wheels by sharp rebukes from the driver.

After a luscious New England dinner we took a coach and rode out by the sea to Marblehead. Someone has said that the first settlers built their homes along cowpaths. I sincerely believe so, for the town seemed laid out with no definite idea of unity whatsoever. As the coach went rumbling and jolting down the crooked streets, the Guide pointed out several places in which witches were said to have resided and he showed us at one place a very peculiar looking house, where it is said two quarrelsome brothers lived and one of them, in a fit of anger, sliced off his side of the house and had it moved to another side of town.

Suddenly we turned a corner and there before us lay one of the most delightful scenes I have ever seen. Stretching far away in front of us, lay the bluest of blue waters, and in the midst of it rested a graceful white yacht. Dozens of small sail boats skipped merrily around it and a flock of sea gulls swooped overhead.

A half hours' ride brought us to another of the most interesting towns in America, Salem. Here was the seat of the witch outrages. We were shown Witches' Hill, which looks most innocent now.

The thing I enjoyed the most of all was a visit to the "House of Seven Gables." Out doors it seemed very much the same as in the time of Nathaniel Hawthorne and looked forbidding enough to shooch for a dozen mullets. Inside however all was cheery, the little shop bell, which was still in working order, and the wine wainscoting greatly reviving the atmosphere. We were escorted to the secret passage and the little garden at the rear of the house, then back again to the street.

Colonial homes of beauty and durability were among the most greatly to be admired features of New England.

New England is one of the loveliest places that one might visit. For the sake of history it is incomparable and for the sake of beauty it is one of the best places one could find. If you ever happen to be in the East do not miss seeing New England.

Alice J. McCARTY '30.

The Poet's Corner



MEMORIES

I like to think of those yesterdays,
That have passed so swiftly by;
Of those glad hours of sun and showers,
In dear old Bloomington High.

Though we're scattered by fortune the
whole world o'er.
Though the ties which unite us will sever,
Yet the memories of days spent in B.H.S.
Will remain in our hearts forever.

GLADYS ECHARD '30.

ODE TO THE MILL

Are you through your grinding toil
Oh, windmill, by the wide canal,
Whose blue waters gently ripple
When the light breeze stirs them o'er?

Oh, windmill, watching by the path
Where the quaint Dutch maidens pass
To and fro on way well trod
Are you through your toil at last?

People pass you by each day
Faring forth upon their journeys.
Passing you again at eve
Home to rest until the morning.

As you watch Life all about you
Restless, hurrying Life in action.
Are you glad, staid, solemn mill,
That your hard old life is over?

FRANCES MASON '29.

DEBUT

Dora Simmons got a part
In the high school play;
So her folks and little sis
Bought tickets right away.

The grandpas and their wives
Not to be outdone,
At once did promise they would go
If home by half past one.

The big sis and her boy friend,
And kin from far and near
Came, even Uncle Jim
Who had but one good ear.

All the neighbors for a block
The ones to whom they spoke
For curiosity's sake did come.
Positive 'twas a joke.

All of Dora's friends
They numbered quite a few;
Her favorite teachers, new and old,
All these and more came, too.

In quite due time the night arrived;
People filed in the door.
A goodly portion had come there,
To see our heroine score.

All through the first and second act
They waited patiently,
For Dora wasn't to appear
Till at the last, you see.

The curtain went up slowly
The third time for that night;
Dora came in from the left.
What! Did I see right?

Said Dora to her mistress,
For Dora was the maid.
"Yes, ma'm, I'll tell her you ain't in."
Then Dora's part was played!

VIRGINIA MANDLER.

PLEBES

The Seniors think they own the school
And that Juniors have a share
The Sophomores have a little part,
But the Freshies haven't a hair.

EDWIN ZOMBRO '33.

TO SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Long time ago the sea flashed in your eyes.
Your boyish eyes, peering into the future.

I wonder when you gazed upon the sea,
That had washed the shores of those far-off Western lands
And rolled and swelled into the coasts of England.
Did you see your future in the wind and wave?
Did the bronze-red clouds of sunset become
High-pooped Spanish galleons weighted with wealth?
Did you see the golden, shining treasure
That someday, to the sorrow of Spain,
you would seize?
And when the billowing clouds, piled mountain-high,
Thrust themselves into the soaring blue.
Did they become
A vision of El Dorado? You heard of El Dorado
In later years from old, old mariners.
They said, "It is a fairy place, a magic place.
Lying beyond the rolling sea in the continent to the south;
It is a city of gold, viewed by no mortal eyes.
Where one may drug one's sense until life becomes
A dim dream, a half-remembered whirlpool of forces
That tosses men back and forth and never gives them peace.
Yes, peace you may find there, a slow resting from all weariness—
It is also a city of gold," so the greedy ones said.
Therefore with burning eyes you sought the southern lands
El Dorado you never found, but found a losing of all faith—
Defeat. El Dorado was a vague dream.
But still I wonder, when in your dark dungeon
You heard the moan of that complaining sea,
Did El Dorado flash upon your eyes?

ANNA BRITTIN.

THE EMPTY HOUSE

It stands all alone by the road-side there,
And we pass it by on our way
Without a thought that perchance it may
care
About its sorrowful plight today—
That its windows are broken—its roof
badly bent—
That nobody wants it not even to rent—
That its secret's exposed through the wide open door
Left by the boys, who forgot in their play;
So we pass it by with a sigh, and we say
"It's nobody's home any more!"

Time was when it too was happy and proud
When it sheltered its treasures there
With its doors thrown open to a frolicsome crowd
Of young folks blithesome and fair.
And the old house smiled upon their fun.
As it knew that for them life had just begun
No wonder now its pride's no more
For the young folks have gone,
And with them their song
"It's nobody's home any more!"

But sorrow did come to the old house, too;
And in silence it suffered then
In silence it waited for well it knew,
That 'twould soon be alright again.
But now deserted the old house stands,
Just a memory of what's gone before.
For its dear ones have gone to that far away land
To dwell forever on that distant strand,
"It's nobody's home any more!"

DOROTHY L. SCHARFENBERG.

TO WALTER DAMROSCH

Three hundred played
Wagner's great "Rienzi"
Led on by your renowned baton—
Three hundred thrills that you
Should give us thought and time—
Ecstatic moments of sublimity;
We, fortunate youth of America
Pay homage to you—Damrosch!

II

Such expression of exquisite benignity
In countenance, I have not seen;
Such combined tranquility and power
Moved our hearts as they were
Never moved before—it seemed that
A spirit surrounded—pervaded us and
We, who inspired to rapturous heights,
Rest your debtors forever!

III

Our appreciation of that wonderful day
Can never be measured by words—
It is a limitless emotion, but
I want the world to know that
I am most proud that I have played
Under your eloquent baton—
The National High School Orchestra
Lives and remembers you'

MILDRED MOR '29.
Member National High School Orchestra.

WHEN I AM GROWN

Once a small boy and a girl
Lived on either side of me
By chance, I overheard them
Discussing what they planned to be.

Said the boy, "When I am grown
'Bout fifteen, and a big man
I'm going to be an artist
And paint, like Mom says I can;
I'll paint the houses and the flow'rs,
And my doggie and my toys
And I'll offer my big house,
Just as Dad does, for games with the
boys.
An I'll hang my pictures in a hall,
The people will flock to see
The works of the great painter
That I'll have grown to be.
They'll want to meet the famous man
And each'll wonder to himself,
But I'll just let 'em wonder,
'Cause, I'll be the man myself.
An' I'll have cars an' cars an' cars,
Heap more'n Jimmy's Dad.
An' all the cake an' candy,
That possibly can be had.
Then I won't ever have to wash my hands,
Or take a bath, or go to bed at seven,
An' nobody'll dare make me eat bread
crusts
And gee! I guess it'll be like Heaven.

The girl had a future, too.

Though she planned diff'rently,
I'll be a "sassity lady,
And belong to clubs," said she.
"I'll have a great big house,"
And she tossed a haughty head,
"An' I'll be so very rich.
I'll eat my breakfas' in my bed.
When I go out in public
Women'll watch me, eyes all staring
And reporters will ask,
"What is Miss So and 'o wearing?"
I'll have hundreds of pretty dresses,
And lots of diamond rings,
And fur coats an' perfumes,
And oh! all sorts of pretty things.
I'll have lots of servants and,
In the paper, when I'm of age,
There'll be a full length picture
Of me, on the first page.

MAXINE ALDRIDGE '29.

THE NOON HOUR STUDY HALL

When the bell rings at 12:30
Pupils make a rush (?)
Then the teacher does her duty
"Everyone must hush!"

Now I 'spect your s'posed to study
But I say it can't be done
With one neighbor eating candy
And the other chewing gum.

All about you they are restless
Some are trying to be good.
But temptation comes to others
For they're in a naughty mood.

Some one throws a paper wad
Others punch and giggle
Oh, how very hard it is
To sit quiet and not wiggle!

Slowly noon hour drags along
Yet, luckily, time passes.
Once more we hear the ringing bell
Again we rush to classes.

GERALDINE GLASS '29.

IN MEMORY OF AN ORGANIST

There comes a time in life of man
When worldly light is dimm'd
Not Fate, but just an incident
The earthly cup it rimm'd.

A prelude, this life to what will come
 'Tis not full life at all
Defeat or victory, still unwrought to gain
 Awaiting further call.

And now my life's a lesson from hers—
 I turn the pages through;
With loving heart she won my love
 With willing fingers, too.

Although the flame has been snuffed out
 The light still lingers here;
And 'though the overtime is done,
 The rhapsody is near.

ANNA COOK.

PUDDIN'

Some people like to study
 But me—I'm not that way.
I'd rather lie and ponder
 And just while the hours away.

Some people seem to wish to work
 But me—I'm not that way.
I love to sort a' wander
 And in fancy pass the day.

Some people seem to care for toil
 But me—I'm not that way.
I fancy dreams and visions
 And I kinda' like to say

That work and toil are just for those
 Who are inclined that way.
For me the world holds just as much
 As those who labor, age, and gray.

I know I'll never reach the top
 But I don't care for that.
For I'm a silvery silken muff,
 A roly poly cat.

HOMER SHAW.

THE STAR OF FRIENDSHIP

A star is a little candle light
 Shining out the door,
Lighting the way for the wanderer
 Across the vast black moor.
When the night is clear and bright
 And the moon is beaming down,
The moorland changes to a snowy road
 Of dancing eiderdown.

A star is the sparkling countenance
 Of a loyal friend to cherish,
Whose eternal love and sacrifice
 Will never cease or perish.
And even after the snow of death
 The bondage no mortal can sever;
Its beauty and strength always goes on
 As a symbol of friendship forever.

VIRGINIA MANDLER '29.

WATCH US!

The famous 138.
 That entered in '29
Will show you how to make the school,
 The best of all the time.

LOIS LIVINGSTON '32.

RETROSPECTION

As we look back
On high school years,
We see each year
A page, complete.
Each page portrays
Us as we were
In each succeeding year.
The first reveals
Us standing awed—
Thrilled by the splendour
Of "marble halls."
Then—treading halls,
Familiar grown,
As worldly Sophomores.
The third—as Juniors,
Conscious of
Our added dignity,
Endeavoring to
Uphold the proud
Traditions of
Our class.
Now—Seniors,
Passing from these halls
Grown dearer with
Each year,
We pause awhile
To contemplate
Those pages four,
With pleasure earned
From years well-spent —
And with, perhaps,
A longing to

Be thrilled again
By "marble balls"
As we were thrilled
Four years ago.

NANCY HASENWINKLE '30.

TAKING THE JOY OUT OF LIFE
Ye who have tears may shed them now,
Both Southern girls and Yankees,
For here's a dreadful thing we vow,
So pray get out your hankies,
Now weep ye maids and tear your hair,
Matilda, Rose, and Carrie
The news is terrible to bear—
Our Lindy's going to marry!

GERALD TREASH '33.

REG'LAR FELLERS

Reg'lar Fellers!
Don't they bring to you
Mem'ries of things you used to do?
Th' swimmin' hole in Muddy Creek,
Th' scrapin' of your hockey stick,
A 'winter apple' smacked on your toe,
Oh—all those things of long ago.

Th' 'knuckle down' of the marble game.
Th' fight's "Jus' try an' do it all the same"
A loud report from Pete's cap pistol,
That mighty "gat" that wuz a fist-full.
His lasso an' his cowboy pants,
N' Ivanhoe's long slender lance

Now much too soon we've all grown up,
No more "Sic-um, git-um, pup!"
No more football on th' church lot,
We've grown up and mem'ries are all we've got.

GENE DAVISON '30.

MY SONG

I might have sung so sweetly long ago
When I was young and innocent of all
The stains that life can leave upon a man.
My soul was filled with beauty, and I longed
To pour my madness out upon the world
In glorious words of ecstasy. I prayed
That I might soar as none had soared before.

And lift my voice in freedom to the sky.
But, though the wings of inspiration beat
Within my breast for outlet to the sun,
I did not sing, for I could never find
Words worthy of the thoughts my heart had held.

So then I worked to find those words that I
Had ever sought in vain, and, working,
soon

Forgot that they were but the means to give
Sublimity to all the world. One day
I found that all my ecstasy had died
Forgotten—unexpected, and I had lost
The power to bring it back to life. And roots

Of worldly wisdom then were fixed within
The recess of my soul where beauty once
Had dwelt alone. And now a host of words
Are mine at will, but with that beauty dry
And dead, the world will never hear my song

GRETCHEN SMOOT '29

ODE TO ALGEBRA

I

You query me in class time.
You haunt me so at night.
I simply can't forget you.
It hardly seems quite right.

II

I see you in my nightmares
You—proud "A" and graceful "B"—
I'd like to get acquainted—
Why seem so hard to me?

III

Again I see you laughing.
With your quick and wary eye
Just give me time, to you I say
I'll get you by and by.

LOLITA HOUBLER '32.

AEGIS AND TOMORROW

Let's make a little stage, my friend, I think the scene's all set.
Just push aside the screen and dream of days you can't forget:

A book tells you of schooldays, of the
chums long since gone far,
But wait a bit for sadness does not all
the pages mar.

Here's a page of—let me mention—
freshmen all in blank array,
A look upon their faces new experience
does betray;
Then sophomores, all seem to be so
worldly, kind and wise;
The juniors—just a link, their lowly name
full well implies.

Then come seniors, ah, the seniors, 'twas
just yesterday, you know,
That together, you and I, that world-wide
trail commenced to go.
The stories! and the jokes! ah, how they
call the past to mind,
They help you in this future, long lost
memories to find.

You wonder now if you'd believe it then
you had been told
The Aegis' worth would be to you more
than its weight in gold!
But a tiny hour o'er takes you as the hearth
fire dies away
And you sink to sleep in that old chair to
dream of yesterday.

ANNA L. COOK.

PAUL WHITEMAN

(impressions of)

Mahogany
A silvered dial.
Pearly knob,
Illumination.
A murmuring wave
Of symphony
And syncopation.

Velvet feet,
A muted trumpet;
Blaring saxophone,
Sophistication.
A rhythmic step
Torrid orchestration.
Sensation.

HOMER SHAW '29.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY

In day time I am mourning
At night I'm filled with glee
For that's the time I can escape
From Physical "Geog-ra-fee."

Oh, how I hate those wind belts;
And those reefs and coral beds;
Sometimes I'd like to tear that book
Into a thousand shreds.

When someone mentions atmosphere,
(Where have I heard that word
before?)
I want to take my coat and hat
And walk right out the door!

VIRGINIA BRIAN '32.

HERE'S TO B. H. S

I

Hold high all your honors—
Hold high all your fame—
We, the class of '33
Will help uphold your name.

II

First in all our classes,
First in every game—
We, the class of '33
Will help uphold your name.

III

Oh, every time they see us,
Upperclassmen start to moan—
But we, the class of '33,
Choose that they leave us alone.

LOLITA HOUBLER '32.

THE SHADOW

Against the pallid sky of night,
A musty shadow blurs the light.
And tugs but gently at the chain;
The port to which she must remain,
Till at the dawn of another day,
Sunlight, the Shadow melts away.

GENE DAVISON '30.

Chapter V

EXCAVATING SAM

First Prize—Merwin Cup

BY VIRGINIA JOHNSTON



A true friend ought to be like a buried treasure that you could dig up whenever you need it. That's the way Sam was when I excavated him. Sam had been my only real friend in my childhood days because he was the only one that didn't laugh at what mother called my "mooning." When he was fifteen and I was twelve we were sent away to private schools and we just didn't write to each other. I suppose we really should have corresponded but there didn't seem much need of it at the time for we were both living very full and happy lives. I am willing to forget forever the letters we didn't write and speak no more of them. I still suspect Sam of forgetting me for all those last four years and I almost forgot him until I was forced to remember him by a great need—and dig!

All this happened in my last year at Linden College. About two weeks before the Senior dance, the very last dance I would attend there and therefore the most important, I quarreled with Marvin. We had been

going together for almost a year and I had naturally counted on taking him, although I had made no definite arrangements. It happened one night as he was helping me out of the canoe after a lovely evening. I loathed it, and scrubbed it off my lips with my handkerchief, in between telling him what I thought of him for being so despicable. Then I put him out of my life forever. I suffered!

The next Saturday I saw him walking down Lover's Lane with Alys. I realized that I was without a single prospect for the dance. I knew right then that Alys would grab him even if she had to shove her cousin off on somebody else. What if I had to be that somebody else! Never! But every other man I knew had promised himself to some other girl—in lots of cases just as I had planned it. I couldn't stand it! And I, the President of the Senior class, couldn't be the only odd.

Then in my despair I thought of Sam. I hadn't seen him for almost four years but I knew that he would always help out a friend. I sat down and wrote him all about it. I was in a terrible hurry and I'm afraid I didn't write it as nicely as I should. I ended with a strong plea.

"So you see, you just have to come, and if I ever stood by you in things like jam and cookies—and telling lies about fishing—and going swimming in February, come to my rescue now.
"BABS."

"P. S. I trust it won't interfere with your own graduation, but come anyway."

Two days after I had mailed my letter I received from him the following telegram:
"Coming in war-paint. Sam."

That was all! Just three small words. But those few words made me feel faint, weak, sickly. I got a suddenly picture of Sam, the Sam I'd known with great

wide mouth, a pink face streaked with turned freckles and a great hock of caroty red hair. And all that on top of a long, lanky, gawky body. How the girls would laugh. And how Alys would flaunt her triumph. Oh, why had I been so hasty? Then I came to my senses.

"I don't care if Sam is the ugliest man in the world and all the girls say so and make fun of him and me, too," I said to myself as I walked toward the dormitory. "There isn't one other man that is as nice and as fine as he. And if they dare to slight him. Well!" Just thinking of anybody's slighting Sam made me feel indignant. Then I thought about myself. Oh, well. I'd ask June and some of my best friends to be especially nice to him and I'd see to it that he didn't feel slighted.

The last week was so busy with exams and teas and receptions and all, that the hours, the minutes, and the seconds seemed in a mad rush to slip past me. I didn't lose much time in sleeping but when I did, top for small lets I would keep dreaming of Sam as he looked that last time I saw him. It haunted me. That vision of the Sam of early days as he thumped me sympathetically on my back when I was troubled. Instead of getting any more worried about how Sam would appear at that dance I just got more and more anxious to see him and madder and madder at the idea of anybody's slighting him, especially Marvin with his supercilious attitude and undeniable good looks.

"Sam Bigham Severence is a Virginia gentleman of many generations even if he presents an eccentric appearance," I found myself saying haughtily to the mirror as I stood arrayed for the Junior tea.

At last the day for which I had been both hoping and fearing arrived. But when the time came—no Sam. He wasn't among them. He couldn't be one of the handsome boys that had arrived. What if he hadn't come after all! It was horrible.

"Why, hello, Babs! How did you expect me to find a sun-browned string-bean of a girl when she's enveloped in trailing clouds?" came in a booming, glorious voice that was both strange and familiar.

"Sam!" I gasped in astonishment at the person that stood before me. He was broad-shouldered and splendid and had wavy dark red hair, and the nightmarish freckles showed only in fascinating patches on both sides of his nose. I was stunned! The thing that finally brought back my breath was his mouth. It was still very wide and merry and the blue eyes danced into mine with about six-year-old glee.

"Well, we do rather stagger each other, don't we, Babs?" he remarked. I didn't answer. I couldn't. The joy and relief that swelled up in my heart left me wordless. It was with a delicious little feeling of triumph that I introduced him to my friends.

"Not Sam Severence of the All-American in 1927! Not the candidate for the Olympics this year!" gasped Marvin.

Sam blushed and mumbled some reply in the affirmative! And to think that I had forgotten all about his athletic record! Why, even if he had been as homely as—as Lincoln, himself, his standing would have won him honors that night. And being both good-looking and famous, he was the hero of the evening. The girls figuratively bowed down on their knees and worshipped him. I was always in the midst of a group of excited girls, all begging for "signs." And Marvin and former idols rained like satellites about Sam.

Then we danced our first dance together. He had learned his steps in Virginia and I had learned mine in Connecticut but for both of us it was just like dancing with our own selves. He was a most perfect dancer. And only a few hours before I had farmed Sam out to sit behind the palms with each one of my "besties" for one dance, and I had expected to keep him there out of the way for the rest of the time myself. My heart almost failed me at the thought and I missed a step.

"Steady, Babs," he laughed down at me. "You repay me for teaching you to balance on one foot on a rock in the Little Rapids; you are one dancer."

I felt in a panic about him, and wished desperately that he had turned out to be the Sam I could sit behind the palms with. I never got this new Sam near the palms. Everybody wanted to dance with him, and the ones I had farmed him out to had the right, and I had to give up dances to the others. I didn't mind; I was glad, for every minute I got more and more afraid of him. I never had seen anybody like him before, and all the others I had thought were men, I now saw were mere boys. I was in an agony of shyness, and I knew that there wasn't any place in the whole wide world to hide from him, especially as he had always lived next door to me, and probably always would, as our families had done it for three generations already. And I wanted my own ugly Sam again, not a horrifying, glittering celebrity like this!

I felt so strange and distant! It was, for some reason, hard to talk naturally, and so we just kept silent. Then, as we were descending the steps to the garden Sam tripped and sprawled on the path below me in a perfectly undignified and ludicrous manner. It was too ridiculous! We both laughed and then the ice was broken. He was still the awkward old Sam underneath all this outward poise and polish.

"You look as you did that time you slid so gently off that pony. I'm astonished at the ease and quickness with which it was done," I laughed. Then we both plunged into a flood of reminiscences.

"Heck, Babs! We sure did have lots of fun in those days," Sam said presently. "We've been so orz since I've been home, but I hardly know what the place looks like. All the time I've managed to spend there has been crammed in between vacation trips and school. And you never were home when I was. We've been missing out all 'round, haven't we? I really think we owe it to our folks—and—to ourselves—to spend this summer at home."

I agreed mutely, for I was thinking of all the country club dances, the house parties and other pleasures that were awaiting us. And all this with Sam!

* * * * *

The next August I wrote the following letter to mother who was spending the summer at Newport:

"Dearest Mother:

"Do you know what ever became of that wedding veil of yours? I've looked in every possible place and I haven't unearthed the thing yet. And I couldn't think of being married in any other veil.

"Is all this talk of marriage a surprise to you? It wasn't meant to be, for I'm trying to break the news gently. I'm engaged! To Sam Bigham Severence! Since about two hours ago. It's late now and I'm sitting up to write to you. And I've had the worst time trying to think of a way to lessen the shock. Have I succeeded?

"Mother, dear, we've decided to wait a few years while he starts his law practice. We'll have plenty of time to plan my trousseau, so don't worry about it but enjoy your vacation.

"I'll write you more in detail in a few days but now I just can't think.

"Rapturously,

"BABS."

LOVE, POTATOES AND OTHER THINGS

Second Place

BY ROBERT KNAPP



We were pals; closer than a Scotchman down to his last nickel; and had been for two years. The three of us—Johnny, Jim, and Bill, had been almost inseparable and on being tagged as the "Triumvirate" by a teacher one day, had become so known throughout the school. I guess we just fitted each other perfectly, but now this had come to break it up—a woman had spoiled it.

"John, my boy," I said, "we've just got to do something. Why she's got him twirled around her little finger. It wouldn't be so bad, but she's terrible. There's absolutely nothing there. You know how often he's told us his ideal about women. How they should not do anything but look pretty. Well it's her seeming helplessness that's got him now. Oh, I admit she's good-looking and she can pull this frail violet stuff like Greta Garbo herself but, Johnny, she's breaking

up the Triumvirate. Why, we haven't seen him, outside of school hours, for a week."

"True!" was the eloquent but hardly helpful remark drawled out by the boy friend.

"For once we agree, but that doesn't get us anywhere with a solution. Frail violet! Huh! A year ago, she used to hike fifteen miles every Saturday and she could out-roll a kale everybody for blocks around, but all of a sudden she's got a crush on Jim and, what's more, he's got a crush on her."

"Well, we might talk to him about it."

"Sure, and then he would be more set than ever. You know him just as well as I do. He's stubborn as a mule. To show him the error of his ways wouldn't help things a bit. He'd go right ahead and do the same thing, only faster."

"Well," said the little helpmate, "I'll tell you. We've got to think up a scheme."

"Fine, fine! And now that you've practically settled the question, good sir, will you kindly condescend to add the trivial detail of what the scheme might be?"

"Listen, smartly," reported Johnny, "I thought you'd pull one of your cute, sarcastic speeches. What do you think of this?" And he forthwith entered into a dissertation on breaking up unnecessary love affairs, which even yet sounds all right. But, dear reader, sounding all right is far from being all right. We found that out!

The evening for the consummation of the plot was warm and clear, with a nice moon. We had arranged a steak-fry for the six of us, the Triumvirate proper and a girl for each of us. Of course Jim brought the girl, whose name, by the way, was Dorothy Mahoney, and Johnny and I brought a couple of girls that we go around with quite a lot, Mary Logan and Pat Smith.

We bought some steak, bread, onions, pickles, doughnuts and that kind of stuff and hiked out to a place on the edge of town where there's a spring in a large grove of trees with rocks scattered around through the grove. People from town go out there a lot, but it was a little easier to meet them and we were the only ones there that night.

The girls were in knickers and we boys wore our oldest clothes. On the way out everybody laughed and talked and seriously but a ~~little~~ time but, just the same there was a tension in the atmosphere and we four were a little strained and unnatural. After a while, though, when we saw that Jim and Dorothy were too absorbed in each other to notice anything else, the rest of us began to enjoy ourselves, too.

It commenced to get dark a little after we arrived at the grove, so the male members of the party gathered firewood while the ~~so-called~~ dames ~~of sex~~ began to unpack the victuals.

After we'd gotten a short way off, looking for wood, John came over to me and whispered, "Let's give it up, Bill, I haven't got the heart to go through with it."

"What! And lose eighty cents. Not me, boy. Buck up. I admit it's kind of a dirty trick but think of all the times she's monopolized his car when we might have been riding in it. Beat it! There he comes."

"Why don't you punks get to work? You'd think you were telling secrets or something the way you're ~~nowhere~~ around" was the innocent but ferocious remark made by Jim as he passed us with an armload of wood.

"Hear that, John? Maybe he suspects something. Maybe we better give it up."

"What! And lose eighty cents. No, sir, we've gone too far to quit now. Besides, how could he know anything about it?"

"Well, you know these women. We got Mary and Pat to promise not to tell, but maybe they won't be able to keep it to themselves."

"Razzberries! They wouldn't give it away. Come on, it's dark and we can start the works now."

We went back to the fire and after a few minutes I, as innocently as possible, mentioned the fact that it would be very nice if we could have some potatoes for supper.

John cleared his throat and then after a reassuring look from Mary, Pat and me, said: "I'll tell you. There's a whole field of potatoes over here that belong to old man Peterson. Let's all go over and dig up a few. He'll never miss them and we really need them to make a well-balanced meal. Ask any home economics student if we don't."

Jim's "Oh, let's stay here and be comfortable" was drowned out by a chorus of "Let's go!"

So we banked the fire and started off. Johnny in the lead and the rest following. There was enough moon to show us our way but it was quite dark enough to be spooky and to give us an ominous feeling of adventure, too. Everytime anybody started to speak he would be interrupted by a series of "Pipe downs," "Shut ups," and "Sh's" that made far more noise than the original statement ever would have. We all stumbled over rocks and sticks at various times but finally arrived safe and fairly sound, at the barbed wire fence that bordered the field. Many large trees lined the field which was adjacent to the house. The company ceased operations for a moment and held a conference before climbing over, crawling through and sliding under the fence.

"Mr. President, I move that we, each and every one, deprive the opposing force, namely and to-wit, old man Peterson, of two potatoes, the sum total of spoils after the depredations to be twelve (12) potatoes and that

Oh, be yourself, Bill. This is no time for parliamentary rule. Let's get gone. I'm going down in the middle. Maybe I can pick up a carrot or two as a sideline."

"Let our ruthless band proceed," said I.

"Ruthless my eye!"

"Well, if you can show me anybody here named Ruth, I'll go without my potatoes."

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" exclaimed Pat. "groans, hisses and other exclamations of disgust! What a pun! Jar loose! Jim is over the fence and on his way already."

Well, to make a short story still shorter, we got over the fence and down the field and started digging potatoes. This was the cue. Oh brother, dear brother, where art thou? At last, he came.

Down by Jim there was a tree and from this tree there came a noise. What made the noise? It was a ghost. Who was the ghost? It was my—— Wup! Wait a minute, I'm not ready for that yet.

To get back to, "From this tree there came a noise." It came all right. A kind of low roaring whurr that chilled even my blood and I knew what it was.

Jim turned and saw a now swelling, now shrinking white shape coming towards him. "Run for your life!" he yelled. "It's either a ghost or old man Peterson or both."

As usual, Dorothy was by Jim, and as soon as she heard that noise she jumped up and started running. We four plotters were rods ahead of the other two and we turned to watch them while we just ate and drank. Just as we had expected, the delicate little flower suddenly came to active life and in spite of Jim's best efforts gradually drew away from him. Everything was working out beautifully. You see, the plot had been that Jim, who rather made fun of his ramrod, when he saw the tall violet cat chasing him, would have seen the truth and in temperament we could never have permitted him to go with a girl who could outdo him in his own pet specialty, sprinting.

But suddenly, Jim fell and Dorothy looking back saw him get up, stagger a step and then fall to the ground again. Jim looked back for the scheme but I she kept running he might still see the truth so when she was a few yards away we started after him in earnest.

"Hurry up!" we yelled but she yelled back, "Go on back and help Jim, he can't get up."

We, knowing that there was no danger went right ahead, but all of a sudden, I found both myself and John tripped, taken aback lying in the cart, with a panting form above us shaking her fist and saying, "Get up and go get him, will you? And step on it. I'll hold the old man off." And, what in later track meets proved to be the best female runner in our part of the state was off again in the other direction with two suitors following, who, if they had had time, would have felt very, very, foolish.

We had carefully seen to it that the streak try took place on Friday night, for Friday night the band practices and old man Peterson plays the tuba in the band — this assured us of freedom from danger. The ghost was my kid brother, as you probably know now, hired for the evening for one dollar and sixty cents, jewed down from two and a half.

In a few seconds Pat was back by Jim pelting the retreating ghost with potatoes. As the ghost himself later said, "Don't think she couldn't throw them, either."

John and I picked up Jim and with the supposed aid of prods and threats from the efficient rear guard, got him out of the field and eventually back to the fire where we discovered that Jim had a sunburned ankle nothing serious but not to be used again that night.

Imagine my embarrassment when, with a cheerful grin, a sheet, a small siren and a tray of potatoes that could beat the pants off a wet sponge at a campfire, Dorothy, now no bald violet, put her hands on her hips, surveyed John and me from head to foot and said after a short but significant interval of dead calm, "Well?"

No response was heard from either yours truly or the gentleman known as John, but Mary and Pat, who had been to bed pretty much in the background, came toward and smoothed things over a bit with a mixed ten minute conversation. You know how women can do that when the occasion arises.

Well, there isn't much more to the story except that we ate (that may not sound important but it was) went home and on future evenings found that Jim's car would hold six and quite comfortably, too. I might add, Dorothy is really a good egg when you get to know her.

Oh, yes! The moral. Every good story ought to have a moral. This one's is: "MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS."

THE UNREQUINED QUEST

BY FLORENCE FIFER

Ethel Murray lingered over the last drops of her morning cup of coffee as she perused the *Los Angeles Times*. Suddenly her eye was caught by the headline:

INDIANS OF MOVIE TELL STORIES—ONE CLAIMS WHITE PARENTAGE

Her association with the Indian country during her childhood prompted her to read further into the article: "During the showing of the 'Covered Wagon' in this city some of the Indians in the cast appeared on the stage and told their several stories. One in particular interested a great deal of interest. He was a young Indian with a dark, light complexion in comparison with the others. He said that he had lived as an Indian as long as he could remember and that he naturally considered himself as such. One evening around the camp he said to the others that when he was a small boy the Utes had kidnaped him from his white parents. Later on the Utes had warred with other tribes and he had been taken prisoner. At that time the Crow Indians (his present tribe) had adopted him. The young Indian went on to say that he had no desire to find his white parents or return to the white race. He had spent so many years with the Indians that he was no longer a white man at heart."

The paper dropped from her hands and Ethel's thoughts flashed back across the years to the fall of 18—. It was the son of a different year and though all the intervening time it remained carved upon her memory as clearly as a silhouette is outlined against the moonlight. That fall had become almost a legend to her:

During the time of Ethel's childhood it was the custom for several neighboring families to go into the White River country of western Colorado to get their winter supply of deer meat. These excursions were turned to get a vacation and lasted about three weeks. The year of 18—had been a busy time for every one and all looked forward to the hunting trip with eagerness. At the first sniff of fall in the air everyone began to make ready for the trip. The morning of departure arrived and every where there was bustle and excitement. Ethel, from her perch on the gate viewed it all and trembled with anticipation. Jack and Bill, her two older brothers, helped their father "load up" the wagon at the door. I never could see farther about the porch with cooking implements and dishes.

"Ethel, come here and stop that day dreaming," called her mother as she shifted a stack of equipment.

Ethel jumped down and started for the house, but was stopped by their neighbor, Mrs. Bennett.

"Would you do me a favor? Dear little Dean is hindering me and I wondered if you would watch him."

"I'd love to." And from then on Ethel and the little boy were inseparable. Dean was four and a dear little fellow. Ethel entertained him all the way to the camping ground. There was one joy too for the hundred miles on a rocky mountain road and in a spring wagon was rather hard on such a lively child.

One day on the way she happened to hear her father and Mr. Bennett discussing Indians. Ethel loved stories about Indians, though they always frightened her terribly.

"I hear the Utes are on the warpath again."

"Where abouts?"

"Down near Meeker. My wife is a bit uneasy but I told her there wasn't the slightest danger to us."

"No, there isn't any danger." Mr. Bennett looked toward the south. "It's over fifty miles down there and no trail within another fifty."

Ethel trembled and hugged Dean closely. "Indians!" she thought, "and within fifty miles of us." However, she soon forgot about her fear in the good times that followed. When they reached camp each family set up its own tent and then a big community tent was put up for the provisions.

One afternoon toward the end of their stay in the mountains the women were sitting near the tents sewing and talking over the men's success.

"The hunting has been luckier this year than ever before."

"Yes, I'm so glad because this will be our last year in this part of the country." Mrs. Bennett sighed at the thought of parting with such dear friends.

"What do you mean? Are you going to move away?" Mrs. James turned to her with great excitement.

"Yes, Arthur has a chance to get hold of a good ranch in California and he believes it's an opportunity not to be wasted."

At this point Dean came wandering into the group.

"Mama, gimme a cookie!"

"Alright, dear, you'll find them in the 'chuck tent.' They are way at the back in a tin can."

Dean trotted off to appease his promptings of his sweet tooth and disappeared into the tent.

Mrs. Murray turned to Mrs. Bennett, "This is the first I had heard of it."

"We did not find it out definitely until just before we left. Arthur did not want to say anything about it 'till he was sure."

The women all expressed their sorrow at the leaving of the Bennetts but agreed it was an opportunity no time to turn down. Later they prepared supper and everyone trooped in and took a place at the improvised camp table.

"Where's Dean?" Mrs. Bennett turned to Ethel.

"Why, I thought he was with you, Mrs. Bennett. Didn't he come up to the camp about the middle of the afternoon?"

"Yes, and he got a cookie but I thought he went back and joined you children."

"I'll go and hunt him up." Ethel dashed off. She looked in all the tents, down by the stream, and even went along the path that lead on up the mountain and called his name, but there was no answer. Then a little scare shot through her heart and another. Try as she would, cold fear gripped her. How could she go back without him? Where—oh where—was he! Tears were close to the surface but she kept them back and rushed back to camp clinging to a forlorn hope that he had come while she was gone. But No! Every one was seated at the table and his place was vacant.

Now the affair took on a serious light. Where could he have gone? Maybe not far, but he should have been back for supper. The men appeared hopeful for Mrs. Bennett's sake.

"Oh! we'll find him. He has just wandered off. Probably didn't want supper. We'll go, and get him before night closes in. Keep the rest of the supper hot for us."

But despite this fine talk there was a bit of uneasiness and fear tucked away in their hearts though they would not admit it even to themselves. How well they knew the dangers of those woods infested with mountain lions, bear and other wild animals. They went off post haste, leaving a rather nervous and excited group of women and children. Mr. Bennett took all the men with him to help up as heavily as possible. His life in the wild California mountains had taught him such streak. The men tramped out half hours and the half hours dragged into hours until it was too dark to continue the search longer. The men came back tired and despondent. To sleep seemed a waste of precious time but not so much as before the day. All night long Mr. Bennett paced back and forth before his tent.

"I've got to be on the move," he said in response to their entreaties that he lie down and rest. "I can't sleep and to lie still and think drives me crazy."

In the early dawn the women served a hot breakfast to the men. Two boys immediately set off for town to get blood hounds and more men for the search.

"He couldn't have possibly crossed that stream so we might as well start up the mountain."

"That's the best thing to do I suppose but let's get into action. I can't stay here any longer." Ethel overheard this conversation between her father and Mr. Bennett. So for the next forty-eight hours after the blood hounds and men arrived the camp combed the mountain side. Soon the whole town arrived on the scene, the women to help prepare the food and the men to relieve those who were now exhausted.

"There's no need of going up the mountain again. We've gone over every inch." Mr. Bennett looked haggard as he shifted his eyes about nervously. "Let's cross the stream. There might be a chance that he got onto the other side."

So the searchers crossed the stream. Immediately the dogs picked up a scent and Mr. Bennett discovered a small footprint in the dust.

"A track! a track!" was the shout that went up from the men. They started off and followed the Indian's trail through footsteps in the soft, loose snow where only then the little tracks were wiped out by many prints of unshod horses' hoofs and the bloodhounds ran around wildly with their heads in air. The scent was gone. Again they took the dogs back to the start in hopes that they could find the scent, and again after a mile they found it. In a country where Indians were made to follow the Indians because all felt certain that Dean had wandered into a band of roving Indian horsemen and had been carried off by them.

"Look!" Ethel's father pointed to a dark cloud hanging just above the next ridge. "That means snow and we had better get a move on."

Already the air was getting chilly and a sharp wind whipped down the mountain side. Much against his will, Mr. Bennett was persuaded to return to town and not risk his life in a mountain blizzard.

"As long as he's a boy the Indians will adopt him into their tribe. Even if you did try to follow them, the chances are against you because of warring tribes." Thus Mr. James and Ethel's father persuaded him to turn. It was lucky that they started when they did, for even so the snow caught them and impeded their progress before they reached town.

That winter was frightfully long and desolate. Inaction weighed heavily on all. It seemed as if it would never end, as if the spring would never come. A cloud hung over the whole settlement even down to the children. All celebrations lacked their usual pep. Everyone lost interest in the little social functions that the town, as a usual thing welcomed.

When at last the spring came the Bennetts delayed their journey to California so that a full search could be made and so that they could feel that every effort had been made. As soon as the spring snows left the mountains enough so that horses could get through they went back to the old camp. Across the creek in the path he could see were the little prints preceded by the snows. They began searching along the trail in the hope of finding some part of his clothing, but none was found. It helped to stay in their mind in the fact that he had been carried off by the Indians and not by an eagle or a wild animal.

With heavy hearts they gave up the search and the Bennetts moved to California in the early summer.

Thus was the story that rose in Ethel Murray's mind as she sat dreaming.

"Could it be Dean?" She trembled with excitement as she went to the phone and put in a long distance call for—Movie Studios.

"They ought to know where I can get in touch with that young Indian. Oh! why don't they call back?" Her thoughts jumped from one thing to another as she paced back and forth across the room while waiting for the call. At last it came. She rushed to the phone. She was connected with the studio.

"Hello, could you tell me from what reservation the Indian who claimed white parents came? He played in the *Coveted Wagon* and his story was printed in the *Times*?"

"Just a moment" came the voice over the wire. Ethel trembled with anticipation. To find Dean! It would be marvelous.

"Hello, I'm awfully sorry, but no record of his whereabouts has been left."

"Thank you," gasped Ethel. Her disappointment was keen, but she still clung to the hope of locating him. She had written to every reservation and then visited most of them personally with no success. This Indian-white man seemed to have dropped from existence.

So ended the Unrequited Quest.

GENE'S RELATIVES

BY WALTER INMAN

"Well, what are we going to do to-day, Edie?" asked Gene Eaton as he tapped over the carpet and stumbled toward the wash-stant. "I wish these confounded people here would take these rags off of the floor."

"Why, Gene," responded Edwin Rogers. "The landlady said that her grandmother got that carpet the year Queen Victoria was crowned. It's a traditional heirloom of the family. You wouldn't expect them to discard that, surely. That isn't done, in England."

"Well, if I was running a rooming house, I wouldn't put my family heirlooms on the third floor in a back room."

"I don't think you have any kick coming. You're the one who thought up this idea of touring Europe on three hundred dollars. Next time I come to London I'm going to stay at the Savoy instead of at Number 10 Mecklenburgh Street."

"I asked you where we were going, to-day. Why don't you suggest some place?" demanded Eaton as he stepped in a masterly effort to bathe in a cold pail of cold water. "Look at the list and see what we haven't seen."

Rogers dropped Eaton's sock with which he had been rubbing his shoes and removed a notebook from his pocket. "Well, let's see," said he. "I'll begin at the beginning: Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, The Tower, The British Museum, Hampton Court, Windsor Castle, Kew Gardens.

"Wait a minute. We haven't seen them. How do you get there?"

Rogers picked up a volume of "Baedeker" and read: "'District Railway from Inner Circle stations. Trains every half hour to Kew Gardens Station. Open ten to six, week-days; one to six, Sundays.' We'll go out there Sunday."

"I've got it," interrupted Eaton. "Let's go out to Stratford-on-Avon. How do we go?"

After turning a few pages of the "Baedeker," Rogers replied: "'Great Western Railway from Paddington Station. Trains at frequent intervals.' Hurry up and get dressed. It's eight o'clock, now."

Rogers read Baedeker's account of Stratford and walked to the window, where he surveyed everything in his view. He looked down on the back yard which was no more than a plot of ground about twenty feet square, surrounded by a brick wall perhaps six feet high. Save for a sickly looking rose bush and a solitary emaciated cat, there was no sign of life. He was looking at the multi-tile chimneys of the adjacent houses when Eaton announced that he had completed the process of dressing and was ready to depart. After shuffling over a few more hours in the carpet and creaking the creaking stairs, the two friends emerged from the old brick house and proceeded toward the nearest "Underground" station.

Before long they found themselves on a swiftly moving train, carrying them rapidly away from London.

Rogers suddenly noticed something unusual about his friend's appearance and spoke: "What are you all dressed up for, Gene? You look like you were going to see a girl."

"Well, I may," responded Eaton. "You see, my grandfather came from Warwickshire about sixty years ago. Dad says there are some Eatons living around Stratford, now. He says that he's heard that some of the girls are pretty, so I thought I'd look them up and get acquainted with them."

Rogers smiled and replied: "All right. But be careful. You've got enough girls in love with you in Illinois."

Gene and Eddie had seen most of the sights of the village when late afternoon found them at the Stratford Grammar School, which Shakespeare is said to have attended. After showing them the building, the custodian inquired, "How do you like England?"

"Pretty well," answered Rogers. "But I can't see anything great about this so-called English humor."

"Oh! But you will when you get used to it," replied the custodian. "Let me ask you one. What has legs like a cat, a tail like a cat, and teeth like a cat, but chirps like a sparrow?"

"We give up," chorused the Americans.

"A tiger," responded the custodian as he burst into laughter.

"But you don't mean to tell us that you ever heard a tiger chirp like a sparrow," said Rogers.

"Oh, no, of course not," answered the custodian. "I just put that in to make it harder for you to guess. America must be a queer place if you don't appreciate good conundrums like that. A fellow I used to know went there about ten years ago. His name was Barton, Sam Barton. Know him?"

"I don't believe so. Where does he live?" asked Eaton.

"Vermont, I think. Is that near where you chaps are from?"

"Pretty near," replied Rogers. "Just about thirteen hundred miles from Illinois."

"Thirteen hundred miles! You don't say!"

"Yes, just about."

"By the way, mister. Do you know any Eatons living around here?" asked Eugene.

"Yes, Will Eaton lives up the street, here. Third house from the corner. One with the apple on the knocker. Can't miss it."

"Thanks. Let's go, Eddie."

The friends walked briskly toward the designated house, where Eaton pulled the knocker. He adjusted his tie and spoke cheerfully, "I'm guessing a beautiful blonde will come to the door, Eddie."

His cheer and anticipation of action, however, for the door was soon opened and he beheld a huge red-haired, red-faced woman with a hooked nose.

"What's wanted?" she asked.

"Ah, er-r-r-r, where's the Great Western Station?" queried Eaton as he looked severely at his smiling companion.

"Ten minutes walk, turn left at the next turn," came from the personage on the threshold as the door was closed with an unusual display of force.

"So this is the kind of relatives you have. This is your idea of a beautiful woman. Why didn't you introduce yourself?" taunted Rogers as they walked away.

"You shut up," growled his disgruntled companion.

It was raining hard at seven o'clock in the morning when Eugene awoke from slumber which had involved dreams of many beautiful girls who became tattered and faded when he approached them. Perceiving the unpleasantness of the weather he turned over and within five minutes was deep-sleeping. After ten minutes past seven, however, he awoke before the sun started into the room, heard the faint cat-calls to be let in, perceived that his coat was supersoaked, and longed to scurry to the washroom where he would pour off the entire quart of water to his own use. After doing so he kicked his companion twice, firmly roused him, and commanded that he would pay the bill at the British Museum, and departed.

About eleven o'clock that morning, a young man of about twenty and a young lady wearing a hat decorated by a bright blue plume were seen in a room of the British Museum. Upon closer inspection one might detect that the man was an American because the flat which he carried in his hand bore the name of a prominent Chicago mail-order house. Upon still closer inspection he might ascertain that the wearer of the hat with the blue plume was an attractive young lady with blue eyes and golden hair.

"Don't you think it seems bad that we had to bring these things to London, instead of leaving them in Greece?" queried the lady. "I think the poor people there should be allowed to keep their own historic treasures. Don't you?"

"Perhaps so," answered the man. "But a lot of us poor fellows would never see these things if they weren't moved. Now, I've seen the statues and mummies of the Pharaohs, relics of the Romans, and the frieze of the Parthenon, all here this morning. If I care to, I can get on a bus and go to the Crestree Cheese, Westminster Abbey,

Hyde Park, Milton's home, or any of a number of other places with literary or historic associations. It's much more convenient for me."

"That's the way with you Americans," answered his fair companion. "Always thinking of yourselves. Are you enjoying England?"

"Yes. Very much. I like the English people much more than the French."

"I'm glad you do. Have you been to Stratford? I live there."

"We were out there yesterday. I'm travelling with a friend who is greatly interested in Shakespeare. We're Juniors at Parker College in Illinois. My name is Rogers, Edwin Rogers."

"I'm Margaret Eaton. I live near the Stratford Grammar School."

"I atom! This is rich," exclaimed Rogers as he roared with laughter.

"What's so funny?"

"My friend's name's Eaton. He's a relative of yours. We went to see you yesterday but I guess you weren't at home."

"You must come again. How long will you be in England?"

"We sail from Liverpool on the 'Baltic' next Saturday."

"Can't you stop a few days on your way to Liverpool?"

"I think so. Let's discover a place for lunch."

When they arrived in Stratford the following Friday afternoon, our two American friends were met at the train by Miss Eaton.

"I'm so glad you could come," said she.

"So are we, Miss Eaton, allow me to present my friend, Mr. Eugene Eaton, of Lansing, Illinois, U.S.A."

They chatted pleasantly until they arrived at the door with the apple on the knocker, where they were met by the lady whom they saw on their former visit to the house.

"Aunt Emily," said Miss Eaton, "here are Mr. Rogers and Mr. Eaton from America."

"I believe I have seen you gentlemen before. Have I not?"

"Ah, er-r-r, yes," replied Eaton. "We got lost and stopped here to enquire the way to the Great Western Station. Mighty sorry to have troubled you."

"Oh! You didn't trouble me much."

"Let's go out into the garden for tea," interposed Miss Eaton. "Father is waiting for us."

Eugene and Edwin soon found themselves engaged in enjoyable conversation with Miss Eaton, Aunt Emily, and Mr. Eaton, a jovial Englishman.

After learning that the two Americans neither played chess nor enjoyed card games, Aunt Emily said: "You Americans are a queer people. I suppose you can't play chess either?"

"Yes, ma'am, I play chess," responded Gene proudly. (He had tried to play twice.)

"Then I'll play with you after tea," answered Aunt Emily.

"But I don't want to inconvenience you."

"Not at all. I'll be delighted."

"But —"

"No inconvenience, whatever. It's my favorite pastime."

So Gene found himself trying to play chess with Aunt Emily while his friend and Miss Eaton were taking a row on the Avon.

After a pleasant two hours on the river, Rogers and Miss Eaton returned to the garden and seated themselves on a bench under an aged yew tree.

"I'm awfully sorry you're leaving to-morrow. I wish you could stay longer," said Miss Eaton.

"I won't be gone long. I'll come back again. Just to see you."

"Oh! Edwin!"

"Margaret!"

And it was time for everyone else to look the other way.

FAIR

BY HOMER SHAW

On the night of the twenty-fifth of March, last, as I sat in a sandwich chair at "Thompson's" calmly munching some French doughnuts and once in a while casually sipping from a steaming cup of Mocha which sat on my right permeating the immediate atmosphere with its perfume aroma, it seemed rather strange and yet not too startling to see a lumbering flash of a blue car to rear, the passing parabola of the street, and to feel the pulsations of the vibrant exhausts of motorcycles as they sped rapidly down North Main Street in the direction of Normal. There remained little doubt in my mind that something very outstanding was happening just one hundred seconds north, to unquestionably Bloomington's police were on their way with split-second speed. Out I dashed and with a great grinding of gears and a racing engine I wuz around the Washington Street "stop-sign" and against the Main street signal. With at least twenty pounds pressure on the accelerator the car shot forward and left on street speed by at fifty miles per hour in a southern direction.

"Gosh Joe, that's a sweet haul. Four an' half grand an' not five minutes. Those fool police are at Normal by now. That's great. A false call an' the whole force beat it. Gosh you can't beat brams an' padded bricks, fly-paper an' ready fingers. Tough combination? No. How do you get it? I've been in this safe business too long. Waded right through it.

"Say, come on. Snap out o' it. Ya don't seem to know we ain't got all night to load this swag an' get clear. Them cops'll be comin' back pronto an' it's us to shake. Grab the bag an' come on. Jim! Jim! Didja hear that moanin'? The watch just wakin' up. That's a relief tho. I might'a hit him too hard."

This is the conversation I heard on East Street at two o'clock!

The morning was precarious! To have been seen on East Street at that hour might have meant a "ride." Dim shadows disclosed two men somewhat hastily entering a gray-green sedan very cautiously glancing to the rear of the yellow bands they had just left. All had evidently gone well—the ruse had worked—the safe opened noiselessly—not "sooperf" as the usual which would have made it—and success lay just a few miles distant in the open stretches of silver road. But one ring remained upon which they had not reckoned and that was I late blazing in crimson capitals and late drove down the North Main Street in an azure roadster at approximately sixty miles per hour.

The gray-green sedan drove silently north gathering speed with the passing seconds and with a dangerous sweep rounded the corner at an exorbitant speed. One block west was necessary and it was meant wasted moments—precious moments. Main street was in view and with no regard for state advertising the green sedan swung to the North fast too fast for complete safety. A car bore down upon them from the South and with a reounding crash the green sedan keeled to the left and lay a smoking and shattered mass obstructing the street car tracks on Main Street. The blue roadster which had been a party in the accident was occupied by a lone figure and that figure was I. Already emerging from the wreck was one man—an arm banding dimly from his left shoulder but in his right I caught the cold gleam of something black, and cold, and hard. He addressed me:

"What the hell do you think you're doin' tearin' down Main Street at such a gait while me and me pal here get wrecked and you unharmed. Get out."

I glanced at his wrist and with no more verbal persuasion I alighted and ran to the batter heap which had so recently been an automobile. At the wheel was a limp form and with the help of the man with the gat I removed him and carried him to my car. Gatling broke into song:

"You yellow-livered musher. Just as we was to escape, you wreck us and maybe kill my pal and he was white—damn white. See this door to hell I've got in my hand? I could blow you out—snuff you out just like you did Jim. But where would I be? Here on Main Street in my coat tails? You got us into this and you'll get us out. Pick up Jim and put him in the seat on the outside, I'll sit next to you. Me leave Jim—me leave him because he's cold? Not me. He wouldn't of shook me and I'm not yellow—no by gosh!"

I glanced at the dash and immediately turned out the light for I had seen something which made my blood tingle—not much gas. Perhaps I could effect a capture.

Gathng again breathed:

"Get goin' and don't stop until you see daylight. We got swag in this car—four 'n half grand of it and the bull's don't get it as long as I c'n see and shoot 'n' crawl."

North on Main we sped and southward flew the scenery. My eyes were dead—it was all a dream. Such incidents were only for stories, but yet there he was at my side peaking frantically to his own cure—impair. A sharp poke in the ribs brought me to my senses and on we sped. Ah—I heard a sound—a welcome sound—the staccato "put-put" of motorcycles coming west on the street according to my calculations. Frantically my mind worked and I timed our approach in order to meet them as they drove onto the Main street. We rushed by at lightning speed and immediately the cops gave chase. I knew it would only be a question of time but I could only feel sorry for the luckless man in the seat beside me.

"It's the bulls—the bulls. Don't stop. We'll get caught probably but not until I get you."

And as he raised his gun to fire I frantically lurched the car to the side and we ended up in the ditch—overturned. The police arrived and I lost consciousness—safe.

It seems to be Fate.



HONORABLE MENTION IN MERWIN CUP CONTEST





B. H. S. Alumni Association

OFFICERS 1928

President VERNER CONDON, '20
Vice-President MARGARET KENDALL, '21
Secretary-Treasurer PORTIA ALEXANDER, '12

For the last three years, an important feature of B. H. S. Homecoming festivities has been the Alumni Banquet. On October 5, 1928, dinner was served in the B. H. S. Cafeteria to 164 Alumni and friends by the Parent Teachers Association. An interesting program followed the dinner with Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick as toastmaster.

Professor E. L. Boyer, a former Principal, who spoke during the evening was a special guest. Short talks were given by Principal W. A. Goodier, and Messrs. Joe Glass, '28, George Means, '25, Chester Williams, '03, Ned Dolan, '04, and Mrs. Reeves of '75. Music was furnished by Harold Ensinger, Nathan Rosenbluth, Pauline Egan, and Gretchen Smoot.

In a short memorial service, the association paid tribute to three persons who had served the old school in widely different fields—Miss Emma Onstott, familiar to hundreds of alumni as school librarian, Mr. R. E. Williams, long a member of the Board of Education, and Edward Jamick, who, until a few weeks before his death, served his school in the field of athletics. A dance followed the banquet.

OFFICERS 1929

President ALFRED O. BROWN, '02
Chairman Executive Committee EDWARD AHLENIUS, '26
Membership Secretary MARGARET KENDALL, '21
Corresponding Secretary VERA LOUISE KOOGLE, '28
Chairman Program Committee RUTH HEFFERNAN, '10
Treasurer and Chairman of Banquet Committee WILLIAM AHLENIUS, '26



ALUVIA

Alumni

W^e the present members of Brown -
ington High School are proud of
our Alumni. Many of them have achieved
signal victories in life. We shall always
share in their triumphs because they were
nurtured in the same school and in ~~in~~
their day loved and worked for it as we
have done and wished to see its honor
and reputation maintained ~~on~~. They
have set us an example of loyalty in
supporting our interests and our activi -
ties and we trust that when we be -
come proud alumni that we may con -
tinue to strive and gain honor for
B.I.H.S. so dear to us. Soon we too ~~shall~~
shall be able to dream of the days ~~on~~
that have gone and the joy and the str -
ife of our old High School life ~~on~~. To
them we dedicate these following pages.

— C. A. W.

Alumni

1928

I. W. U.

Heafer Riley
Lee Alexander
Lyle Arnold
George Atkins
Arthur Ballie
Eloise Birney
Alden Caldwell
Miriam Hiltabrand

Frank Hoopes
Marietta Howard
Paul Hughes
Dorothy Lantz
G. A. Christopher
Wilton Dixon
Pauline Egan
Coema Farlow
Mabel Giese

Ruth Hall
Louise McCarty
Douglas Marshall
Herman Ochs
Pauline Palmer
Richard Shannon
Jeanette Smith
Melvin Story

I. S. N. U.

Philip Bird
Walton Reubush
Grace Scharfenberg
Ethel Taylor
Mary Elizabeth Henry

Mildred Henry
Emma Hughes
Mary McIntire
Rachel Batterton
Richard Beier
Lois Curry

Lorraine Custer
Evelyn Morris
Irene Ohler
Rue Rhymers
Irene Sloan

OTHER SCHOOLS OR UNIVERSITIES

Margaret McGrath.....	Brown's Business College
Lavina Merrick.....	Miss Madiera's School, N. C.
Richard Nelle.....	University of Illinois
Josephine Ross.....	Millikin University
Dorothy Durden.....	Baptist Missionary Training School, Chicago
Ralph Savidge.....	Brown's Business College
Cassaline Stephenson.....	Gulfport, Mississippi
Vernie E. Smith.....	Detroit
Paul Swain....	Bradley Polytechnic
Harold Thudium.....	Junior College, Kansas City, Mo.
June Watkins.....	University of Wisconsin
Nathaniel Winslow.....	University of Chicago
Willmore Hastings.....	University of Illinois
John Henry K. Patrick.....	University of Wisconsin
Aldine Rocke.....	Stephens College
Mildred Allen.....	Gulf Port, Mississippi
Oleg Baenziger.....	Art School, Chicago
Clark Beckaker.....	University of Illinois
Loye Drum.....	University of Illinois

AT HOME

Nellie Helm
Florence Jenkens
Marcus Linse
Florence Meaderds
Henrietta Scharfenberg
Mildred Strimple

Byron Stalter
Lester Yoder
Gladys Myers
Bernice Bohm
Blanche Brooks
Almeta Clausen
Irma Gale

G. Monroe Kissinger
Dorothy Craig
Helen L. Lott
Margaret Miller
Esther Thompson
Louise Hall

IN BUSINESS

Villas Aygarn.....	Y. W. C. A. Cafeteria
Ethel Beeler	Meadows
Marion Carnahan.....	Carnahan's Garage
Lyle Dickey	Newmarket
Bernice Engel.....	A. Livingston & Son
Margaret Gregg.....	Y. W. C. A. Swimming Office
Winfield Hassler	Meadows
Bob Kohler	Delivery Boy Dalley's Grocery
Millard Lloyd	Knecht Plumbing Co
Wilma Springston	L. S. Kuhn and Co.
Lawrence Turpin	Boylan's
Edson White	C and A
Lee Wilcoxson	Working in Chicago
Bernice Branson	Ensenberger Music Dept.
Margaret Brotherton	State Farm Mutual
Elmer Burwitz	Ulbrich and Kraft
Clark Cannon	Bricklayer
Dorothy Connors	Newmarket
James Curtis	Sprague & Son's Bread Truck
Ellsworth Fenn	Gray, Trimble & Follick
Joseph Glass	Peoples Bank
B. R. Greeness	Baldor Electric Co.
Kenneth Groves	State Farm Mutual
Esther Heineman	Illinoian Merchant's Trust Co., Chicago
Dorothy James	Glecher's Grocery
Glenn Janes	Ausberger's Grocery
Bernadine Kaufman	State Farm Mutual Insurance Co.
Julia Kiler	A. Livingston & Sons
Verna Louise Koogle	Public School Publishing Co.
Martha Lucas	Mid West Collecting Agency
Gay Main	Public School Publishing Co.
Pauline Mantle	State Farm Mutual Insurance Co.
Mabel Mitchell	Patton Brokerage Firm
Evelyn Moyer	State Farm Mutual Insurance Co.
Gladys Nolan	Montgomery Ward & Co., Woodstock
Helen Powell	Powell's Confectionery
Elizabeth Orendorff	State Farm Mutual Insurance Co.
Ruth Sharp	State Farm Mutual Insurance Co.
Gertrude Shields	The Dollar Store
Thornton Smith	W. B. Read & Co.
Betty Trenkle	Biasi's Drug Co.
Eunice Valentine	State Farm Mutual Insurance Co.
Gerald Vogel	Ulbrich Jewelry Co.
Russell Wilcoxson	DEMIL of U. S. Army
Mabel Wiser	W. H. Roland

TRAVELING

Gwendolyn Frison is spending the year in California.

AEGIS

MARRIED

Gertrude Pegues.....	Dan White
Helen Wilhoit	Edgar Berry
Esther C. Logan.....	Glenn L. Hargett
Ila Worden.....	Walter Peifer

1927

I. W. U.

Madelein Anderson	Mary L. Gard
Victor Ault	Bernie Gummerman
Pauline Egan	Harold Holman
Mildred Eichman	Almon Ives
Raymond Fiellin	Lorene Rocke
Louise Pils	Jeannette Ross
Esther Powell	Rosamund Salzman
Ina Peterson	Lois Spangler
Miriam Read	Darrell Trumpe
Elinor Forsyth	

Alice Jones
Marian Leach
Harold Mercherle
Helen Prothero
Marian Lancaster
Arladine Nine
Mary Gardner
Geraldine Rhodes
Bob Suttle
Edward Veitch

I. S. N. U.

Mary Lou Allen	Lorraine Custer
Richard Beier	Dorothea Conklin
Helen Garber	Josephine Dawson
Louise Capps	George Falgier
Velma Carnine	Ruth Bragonier
	Edmund Hurst

Mildred Langhoff
Gwendolyn Harris
Henry Smith
Lucile Waltz
Verna Mae Thomasson

U. OF I.

Willis Brown	Marian Leach
Francis Florence	Rosamund Ryburn

Carl Stautz
Edward Walsh

OTHER SCHOOLS

John Sutton...	U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.
Ralph Dalton..	Notre Dame
Frank Dewenter.	Notre Dame
Miriam Evans... Knox
Muriel Freeman .	Northwestern
Madrigale Maconachie	... Vassar
Alwillah Mercherle .	Gulf Park
Roger Shaffer.....	Phillip Exeter
Earl Hughes.....	Marquette University
Ed. Custer.....	Browns
Otto Hannell	Browns
Harry Hannell	Browns

WORKING

Mae Blankenhagen...	Campbell Holton
Anna Mae Spurling	Brokaw Hospital
Mary Nolden...	, Stenographer, Dr. Kissell
Louise Hanson ..	, Stenographer, Stone and Taylor

Wayne Coleman	Pantagraph
Harland Polite.	W. A. Polite Paint Co.
Nob e H. mas	Broleen Dry Cleaning
Irvin Gerth	American State Bank
John Steeze	.Keiser Van Leer
Beulah Gibson	.Nursing
Louise Colton	Stenographer
Ray Protzman	.Liberty State Bank
Howard Delano.	.Sycle's Cigar Store
Harold Camerling.	.Grover Helm
Raymond BrownI. P. L.
Helen Coupe...	Hudson Burr Co.
Wilma Siebert	Stenographer. Campbell Holton
Helen ZaluckaWashburns
Lois Denman ..	National Life Insurance Co.
Darrell Murphy..	Stenographer, C. and A.
Verne Williamson.	I. P. L.
Catherine Paneitz ..	Mr. Sullivan, Attorney
Arthur PeepoBiasi's
Chester Aldrich	.Peoples Bank
Frances Okell	Campbell Holton
Helen Berensmier.	Normal Drug Store
John Peffer....	.American State Bank
Willard Valentine .	Pantagraph
Kenneth Groves.	State Farm Mutual
Eva Mae CappsMeadows
Nina HarmonFarm Mutual
Margaret Brotherton	... Farm Mutual

1926

I. W. U.

Edward Ahlenius	Ruth Christopher	William Moore
William Ahlenius	Theodore Colteaux	Mildred Parker
Ruth Ahlenius	Emily Davidson	Lyle Peckman
John Alexander	Geraldine Egan	Eloise Pierce
Earl Anderson	Harold Ensinger	Virginia Plummer
Elizabeth Austin	Mildred Fry	Robert Price
Dorothy Benson	Frances Garrison	Fred Rhea
Sam Bodman	Barker Herr	Grace Rocke
Ruth Cary	Catherine Hoobler	Edna Roggy
	Doris McLaflin	

I. S. N. U.

Doris Batterton	Florence Haley	Mildred Morris
Agnes Browne	Helen Hastings	Lucille Otto
Thurman Buchholz	Edward Heister	Margaret Payne
Emma Clark	Everett Hull	Laura Price
Maurine Chapman	Mildred Johnson	Ione Proctor
Carl Green	Dena McMakin	Marjorie Stephenson
Isaac Griffin	Katherine Mantle	Bernadine Wersch
Esther Guthoff	Naomi Meiner	Orval Yarger
	Irene Mantle	

U OF I

Robert Fagerburg
Earl Feicht

Loren Warlow
Irwin Waldman
Edgar Robertson

Kenneth Van Schoick
Aaron Rhodes

OTHER SCHOOLS

Elsie Abrams
Gunberg Carlson
Martha Douglas
Anna Hansen
Reid Johnson
Willis Johnson
Arthur Jones
Zilla Jump
Louis Probasco
James Riley
Frank Rouch
Mane Schad
Otto Schmidt

University of Chicago
Brown
Wisconsin
University of Chicago
University of Chicago
Annapolis
Indiana Central College
Indiana Central College
Wisconsin
George Washington University
Joliet Junior College
Master Designing School
Shurtleff College

AT HOME

Eleanor Tenney
Clara Rylander

Bessie Savidge
Naomi Whiteman

WORKING

Nel en Herring
Roy Anderson
Sybil Bankson
Verna Baumgardner
Eric Brooks
John Browne
William Hanover
Ella Hayes
Dan Holder
Latham Hulva
Stacy Hulvey
Bernice Hoettel
Elsie Johnson
Paul Johnnon
Ruth Keller
Edward La Bounty
Nellie La Due
Blanche Lyons
Irene Ludwig
Mary McMinn
Bernadine Martens
Thomas McGraw
Roy Moss
Fred Nave
Marm Peavey
Gwendline Puett
Russell Puett
Anna Rosen
Herman Salch

. . . Working in Peoria
. . . . Sandborg's Garage
Stenographer at Kirkpatrick's
Telephone Office
Illinois Power and Light Corporation
C and A
J. F. Humphrey's Office
Telephone Office
Holder Hardware Company
Hanger & Maxfield Oil Station
. . . Bloomington Water Works
. . . F. W. Woolworth's Office
Williams Oil-O-Matic Heating Corporation
. . . Romer Newspaper Agency
Stenographer at Delle Ross
. . . A. Livingston & Son
. . . A. Livingston & Son
. . . Hess Quisenberry Co.
Public School Publishing Company
Library
C. L. Hamilton's Office
C and A
Illinois Power and Light Corporation
Nave Grocery
Peace Bros. Candy Company
C. W. Klemm, Inc.
Piasi's Drug Store
. . . Working in Chicago
Telephone Company

Clarence Shanks . .	. Working in Chicago
Irene Shaffer Corn Belt Bank
Eva Stapleton	Kresge's 25c-\$1 Store
Alice Steinke.	Now & Palmer Company
Roy Thompson.	.. C. and A. Shops
Margaret Trenkle . .	. Rosyl Studio
Catherine Trenkle.	United Photo Shop
Leo Zalucha	... Pantagraph

TEACHERS

Myra Buescher Near Danvers
Ethel Moran Near Lexington

MARRIED

Iverne Hoffman	Franklin Bates
Hazel Hokanson	Edward Pietsch
Wilhelmina Lawbaugh	. Lesley Rhom
Hannah Ochs . . .	Herbert Livingston
Avis Oehmke Herbert Zork
Geneve Tyler	.. Sherman Whitmer

1925

I. W. U.

Louise Lange	Lois Sack	Wesley Helm
John Langham	Robert Murray	Bob Willman
Mabel Kiest	Clyde McMeans	Frances Webber
Dorothy Kies	John McMillan	

I. S. N. U.

Grace Clark	George Means
Nora Kerr	William Zier

U. of I.

Kenneth Haney	Charles Stephenson	Mervyn Warlow
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WORKING

Margaret Leitch	Brookwood Hospital
Velma Arnold	Prudential Insurance Company
Mamie Ewert.	... Y. M. C. A.
Charles Holloway	Co-Operative Store
Allan Hoobler .	Teaching
Mabel Kincaid	Clerking, Montgomery, Ward and Company
Maurne Leitch.	Shoe Store Manager, Green Bay, Wisconsin
Joseph Laskoski.	Pantagraph
Alice McKeon . .	Campbell Holton
Harold Marquardt	... Accountant
Harold Nafziger	Nursing
Iris Ryburn . .	Teaching
Ida M. Riley Teaching
Marjorie Sharp .	Bunn Humphries
Gerald Tunks .	

MARRIED

Margaret Powell W. A. Oliver
Margaret Macy Harold Hoffmann

1924

I. W. U.

William Bach
Russell Harris

Jack Probasco
Allen Whitmer

I. S. N. U.
Donald Allen

U. of I.

James Owen

Lorene Maurer

OTHER COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES

Ona Cunningham	Northwestern
Marion Garber	University of Chicago
Keene Watkins	West Point

AT HOME

Ernestine Barker	Elizabeth Read	Mary Helen Stone
	Frieda Grending	

TEACHING AND WORKING

Rachel Brandison	Atwood
Dorothy Dean	Warren, Illinois
Helen Deems	Towanda
Margaret Mott	Irving School
Mary Jeanette Munce	Piper City
Leona Stephenson	Lilly, Illinois
Louise Sams	Irving School
Vera Sakemiller	Rockton, Illinois
Faye Wagner	Joliet
Alice Van Schoick	Lincoln School
Arthur Eiff	State Farm Mutual Insurance Company
Walter Ewert	Preaching in Peoria
George Walters	Farming
John Geske	Manager of Shirley Oil Company
Roy Hovious	Better Dairy Association, Charleston, Illinois
Helen James	Clothing Store, Chicago
George Geise	Campbell Holton
Francis Brotherton	National Loan Association, Chicago
Charles Funk	Lane Oil Station
Florence Gose	Bookkeeper
Dean Ryburn	Agriculture
Helen Klingberg	C and A. Office
Helen La Bounty	A. Livingston & Sons
Arnold Snyder	S. S. Kresge's Store
Ether Sleeter	Campbell Holton & Company

MARRIED

Ayliffe Heller	George Sheets
Dorothy Lott	Harold Kinne
Mildred Lott	Chester Kinne
Ethel Price	Lawrence Peine
Hazel Steele	Clarence Rediger
Viola Walters	John Geske

1923

Mabel Buchholz is a history teacher.
Lucile Council is a teacher.
Charlotte Dunlap is at home.
William Cleveland is a coach.
Thirzah Buchholz is Mrs. C. Van Dusen.
Harold Hughes is in the army.
Mary Funk married Henry Capen.
Manon Harvey is with Y. M. C. A., Elkhart, Indiana.
Harold Hemmele is working at First National Bank.
Mary Ryburn married David Hampton.
Fred Riebe is at I. S. N. U.
Oma Read married Ernest Knobelock of Peoria.
Clifford Ryburn is working at Peoples Bank.
Marie Munson is married to Reid King.
Earl Taylor is working at Marshall Field & Company.
Dorothea Weiler married Charles Bender.
Hazel Whitwood is Mrs. Holden Burrows.
Zella La Due married Floyd Smythe.

1922

Leona Arnold is teaching at Cornell, Illinois.
Doris Anderson married Carl Kurth.
Edith Benjamin is teaching at Normal Community High School.
Jeanette Baldwin married Kenneth A. Wells of Chicago.
Eula Brown is with a stock company.
Gervaise Butler is with Theatre Guild.
Agnes Drake married Roy Anderson.
Harriet Eichman is married to Hubert Barnett.
Edith Ewert is with Prudential Insurance Company.
Gladys Ehlers is with Pantagraph.
Barbara Gregg is teaching in Forest, Illinois.
Ruth Hamilton is teaching in Danville, Illinois.
Hilda Hohenstein married George Klitzing.
Irene Johnson is teaching at I. S. N. U.
Florence Koester married Walter Vogel.
Elise Girard is at home.
Beulah McAllister is teaching in Chicago.
Alice Rawson is a dancing instructor.
Herbert Parker is with Parker Bros. Coal and Lumber Company.
Ada Troegle married Kiehl Jump.
Allen Wurzburger is working in Chicago.
Katherine Yocom teaches at Emerson School.
Dr. R. F. Reum is a chiropractor at Springfield, Illinois.
Kenneth A. Wells is managing a Woolworth store in Chicago.

1921

Marie Lockenvitz teaches at Brighton, Illinois.
Evangeline Nine is married and lives in Joliet, Illinois.
Margaret Kendall is in the office at B. H. S.
Lazetta Lawbaugh is Adlai Rust's secretary.
Agnes McMillan teaches in Cerro Gordo, Illinois.
Eleanor Read is Mrs. Janvier Wetzel.
Irene Ryburn married Oscar Mims.

Calendar

SEPTEMBER

First—Happy day (?) School begins with an assembly for the freshies.
Seventeenth—First assembly to arouse all our old "pep" for the McLean game.
Nineteenth—Girl Reserve party for all new girls.
Twenty-first—First football game with McLean. They didn't even get a "look in" with our boys.
Twenty-seventh—Short Story Club held its first meeting.
Twenty-ninth—Victory again! We were just too good for Leroy, that's all!

OCTOBER

Third—Assembly for Mrs. Wing, pianist, and Mrs. Holverscheid, vocalist.
Fourth—Booster Day! Hot assembly with new cheerleaders doing their stuff. Mr. Rust talked. Big, peppy game with Clinton and again we won, by golly.
Eleventh—Tryout for Dramatic Club Play, "Intimate Strangers."
Thirteenth—We met Peoria and met our Waterloo; also being scored against for the first time this year.
Fifteenth—Report cards! Varied emotions!
Seventeenth—The seniors judged for intelligence; results doubtful.
Nineteenth—F. D. Rugg and Assistant Vernon Lierman gave a demonstration on "Liquid Air." Lierman got all the breaks.
Twenty-fifth—I he "bigger and better" Aegis staff for 1929 announced
Twenty-seventh—Another victory for our Purple and Gold clad warors, 6-0. "Cowboy" Lemme scored our only points.
Twenty-ninth—The deaths of Edward Janick and Miss Onstott.

NOVEMBER

First—Homecoming assembly. Mr. Black sings and how! Mr. Richard Dunn talked on "Sportsmanship."
Third—HOMECOMING! Hobo parade. Game with Ottawa with victory for us, 14-0. Alumni dance. Our boys "brought home the bacon."
Sixth—B. H. S. students elected Hoover for President. "Intimate Strangers" introduced in assembly.
Seventh—Charlie Paddock spoke on "Athletics." Trinity cheer leaders visited us.
Eighth—First Aegis staff meeting.
Ninth—"Intimate Strangers" given and approved. Pep assembly today for Trinity game.
Tenth—Trinity game. We just can't lose; they got the low end of the score, 18-6. Great rejoicing at B. H. S.
Eleventh—Armistice Day.
Twelfth—Report cards again; more gloom! Assembly. A. O. Brown spoke.
Fourteenth—"Pep" assembly for Normal game. Our "Faculty Quartet" (Black, Chester, Condon and Goodier) sang and we added more cracks in the ceiling.
Fifteenth—Last game of season, with Normal, and to finish our year successfully we won, 19-13, at same time annexing the city championship. Whoops!
Sixteenth—Rousing pep assembly for our team. Letters were given and speeches were given by Bodman, Lemme, Hastings, Saar and Hanson.
Nineteenth—Aegis subscription assembly. First snow.
Twenty-first—Football banquet. Webb Augspurger elected captain.
Twenty-first—Junior meeting; election of officers. President, Ronald Lemme; Vice-President, Roberta Schloeffel; Secretary-Treasurer, Alice McCarty.
Twenty-third—No school. Three cheers for the teachers convention.
Twenty-ninth—Thanksgiving holidays begin. 'Ray! for the turkey!

DECEMBER

Fourth—Assembly for junior class play, "The Princess Drops In."

Seventh—First basketball game at Roanoke. We lost. "The Princess Drops In" was a big success.

Eleventh—Assembly for Eugene Laurant, the magician. We are still wondering where the pigeon came from.

Fourteenth—Upperclass G. R. Christmas party.

Twenty-first—Amateur Burroughs Club dance. School out for the holidays.

JANUARY

Fourth—Trinity game. We lost.

Seventh—School starts after holidays. Gloomy faces.

Sixteenth—Pep assembly. Conference period for next semester explained.

Eighteenth—We beat Clinton, 39 to 14.

Twenty-second—Exams!

Twenty-third—More exams!

Twenty-fourth—Still more exams! Casualties many, survivors few.

Twenty-fifth—Commencement.

Twenty-eighth—New semester opened and new system inaugurated.

Thirty-first—Freshman Girl Reserve Fellowship party.

FEBRUARY

First—Lecture by Dr. Henry Bailey sponsored by Art League. We got even with Trinity, squelching them with a score of 15 to 8.

Seventh—First tryout for senior play.

Ninth—Game at Peoria Central. 'Nough said.

Fourteenth—Pep assembly for Normal game. We won by a close margin.

Nineteenth—Bloomington 26, Streator 29.

Twenty-first—Aegis pictures taken.

Twenty-first—Patriotic assembly. Dean Wallis spoke.

Twenty-second—Half holiday. Game with La Salle-Peru. We won!

MARCH

First and Second—Senior play, "The Rise of Silas Lapham."

Seventh—Pep assembly for district tournament. We played U. High in a heart-breaking game, losing by the score of 19 to 20.

Eleventh—Assembly. Mr. Lonng and "Crazy Bull" introduced Indian music and dances.

Fourteenth—Mr. Kurtz in charge of assembly. The orchestra and the glee club were presented.

Fifteenth—Orchestra and glee club concert.

Twenty-first—Glee club assembly. Tommy Kerrick made a "Sweet Mary" Wesleyan invitational tournament. Spring vacation begins. Hurrah!

First—School begins.

APRIL

Eighth—Report cards! More gloom!

Twenty-second—Mr. Robinson spoke before the assembly.

MAY

First—Assembly. Miss Hastings and her Marionette company.

Sixth—Report cards!

Sixteenth—Aegis distributed. "Please sign my Aegis."

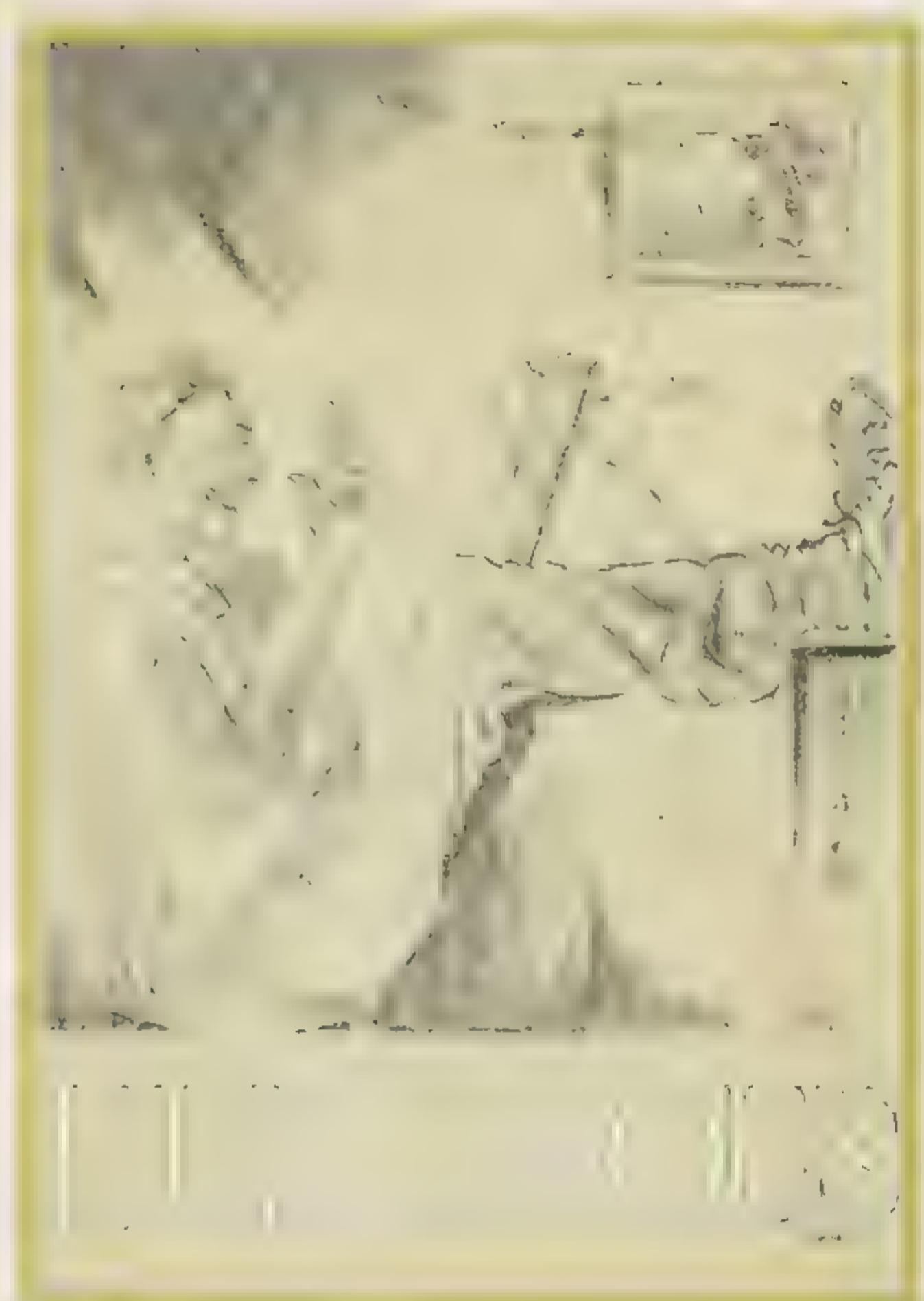
Twenty-fourth—Senior-Junior

Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth—Senior exams!

JUNE

Fourth, Fifth and Sixth—Regular exams.

Seventh—Commencement.



HUMOROUS

A very early in the day and a long part of
when we bored and when began to
work the ~~Adams~~ they started a department
consisting of the wife and a girl who
which is to say no other part in the
book ~~Wife~~, that contains ~~Wife~~ We hope
that the wife will be a good addition also
her as you will see it is in no way intended
that we will ourselves highly honor
and be a hindrance such consequence ~~as~~ we
who do not have that distinction ~~as~~ extend
as much sympathy and desire them
not to work ~~as~~ they may be destined to
greater achievement ~~success~~ } for all
of you are the crown the center. We hope
that we have provided some laughter
at the expense of your friends and that
you may derive great profit from the e
lesson as prepared gleefully. ~~success~~

George Green

Aegis Advertisers Classified 1929

	PAGE		PAGE
AUDITORS:			
W. D. Schad	201	Lederer Barber Shop	203
AUTO BODY COMPANIES:		Illinois Hotel Barber Shop	221
Bloomington Auto Body Co....	203		
AUTO BUS COMPANIES:			
Illini Coach Co	204		
AUTOMOBILE DEALERS:			
Bloomington Buick Co.	205		
Bloomington Hudson Co.	205		
Ethell Motor Co....	205		
Pochel & Mercer.	205		
Tracy Green, Inc.	205		
Ray Mette, Inc.	205		
Simpson-Norris Co....	208		
Walter Tenney, Inc.	209		
Yates Co	209		
AUTOMOBILE PAINT SHOPS:			
Ray's Auto Paint Shop	217		
AUTOMOBILE TIRES:			
Clay Dooley	217		
BAKERIES:			
B. & M. Bakery...	223		
Barr Bakery ...	223		
Gronemeier	225		
Jefferson Bake Shop	225		
Punty Ann Bakery...	225		
BANKS:			
American State Bank...	218		
Corn Belt Bank....	204		
First National Bank.	250		
Liberty State Bank.	218		
McLean County Bank.	203		
People's Bank	207		
BARBERS:			
Walter Armbruster ...	199		
Ora Augspurger ...	209		
DeLuxe Barber Shop...	223		
BATTERY SERVICE:			
Bloomington Battery Service....	239		
BEAUTY SHOPS:			
Uptown Beauty Shop	225		
BLACKSMITHS:			
C. D. Karr	251		
BOOKBINDERS:			
Stappenbeck & Uhrie.....	202		
BICYCLES:			
Fearn Bicycle Shop	202		
BIRD AND PET STORES:			
Bloomington Bird Store	237		
BOOKS AND STATIONERS:			
C. H. Marquis..	213		
W. B. Read & Co... .	193		
CAFETERIAS:			
Palace Cafeteria ...	231		
CHIROPRACTORS:			
Eugene Pitts	212		
Dr. A. T. Spath...	212		
COAL AND LUMBER DEALERS:			
W. D. Alexander Lumber Co..	228		
Corn Belt Lumber Co.....	250		
Hawwood Coal and Lumber Co	222		
H. W. Martens	204		
Parke Bros	21		
West Side Coal and Lumber Co	214		
COFFEE COMPANIES:			
McAtee Newell Co., Inc	212		

CONFECTIONERY (RETAIL):	PAGE
Al Jo Sweet Shop..	231
Boylan Bros.....	207
Cat'n Fiddle	237
Coral Gables	209
Howard Erickson	233
The Gibson	253
George Miller	225
G. C. Norns	253
Pease Bros.....	215
Princess Confectionery	221
CONFECTIONERY (WHOLESALE):	
Paul F. Beich Co.....	219
CONTRACTORS:	
Berenz & Son	241
J. G. Simmons Co	215
Ward & Prothero..	237
Cast Stone Construction...	251
CREAMERIES:	
H H Bevan	229
Bloomington Creamery Co.....	217
Snow & Palmer.....	212
DELICATESSENS:	
Sutherland Delicatessen	221
DENTISTS:	
D. O. Beckstine	202
Harry C. Brown	202
E. W. Chrisman	202
L. J. Engeljohn	202
D. Fitzhenry	202
Richard W. McLean.	202
Albert W. Peterson.....	202
Theodore A. Rost.....	202
G. W. Sargeant.....	202
A. W. Shaffer.....	202
B. L. Stevens...	202
DEPARTMENT STORES:	
Klein's	224
A. Livingston & Sons	238
My Store	232
Newmarket	231
DRUGGISTS:	PAGE
Edward C. Blast.	240
El Vern	234
H. W. Giese..	229
Otto H. Hohenstein	244
N P Kave	211
L G Nierstheimer	208
Frank L. Smith	242
DYERS AND CLEANERS:	
Broleen Dry Cleaning Co.....	197
Continental Cleaners and Dyers.	233
Jacob Miller	253
Pans Cleaners ..	199
ELECTRICIANS:	
Guy Carlton	197
Gray & Trimble Electric Co.	251
Emmett-Scharf	241
Quality Electric Co..	214
ENGRAVERS:	
Kane Engraving Co.....	256
FARM BUREAUS:	
McLean County Farm Bureau.	235
FEED AND GRAIN:	
Agle & Son.....	209
FLORISTS:	
Maplewood Greenhouse	209
A. Washburn & Sons ..	231
Hembreiker	218
FRUIT STORES:	
Jones Fruit Store.....	221
FURNACE MANUFACTURERS:	
Holland Furnace Co.....	233
P. A. McGirl Foundry and Furnace Works	222
FURNITURE:	
Howard-Kirkpatrick Furniture Company	251
FURNITURE UPHOLSTERERS:	
Dodge-Dickinson & Co.....	229

GARAGES:	PAGE
Williams' Garage	247
GAS AND FUEL:	
Union Gas and Electric Co.	196
GROCERS (RETAIL):	
Bloomington Co-Operative Society	188
E. J. Lierman	226
J. A. Pearce	252
C. A. Smith	253
W. S. Scanlan	253
GROCERS (WHOLESALE):	
Cumming Grocery Co	205
Bunn & Humphreys	253
Grover C. Helm & Co	201
Campbell Holton Co.	245
HARDWARE:	
Hillman's Hardware	233
G. H. Read & Bro	235
ICE CREAM COMPANIES:	
Bloomington Ice Cream Co.	204
ICE AND COLD STORAGE:	
Manufactured Ice Co.	237
INSURANCE:	
A. F. Caldwell	220
National Life Insurance Co	191
New York Life Insurance Co	199
Union Auto Indemnity Co	246
Harry G. Carlock	257
Freese and Jefferson	253
INVESTMENT COMPANIES:	
George M. Forman & Co	187
Liberty Securities Co	220
JEWELERS:	
Burklund's, Inc	197
L. F. Chacband	210
Herff-Jones Co	213
Charles L. Miller	219
Ulrich Jewelry Co	85
I. I. Wu	241
LAUNDRIES:	
Bloomington Soft Water Laundry	244
Model Laundry	219
LEATHER GOODS:	PAGE
B. S. Green Co	226
Moore's Luggage Shop	199
MEATS:	
Charles Schultz	215
MEN'S CLOTHING, FURNISHINGS:	
Bentley, Inc.	225
Costello & O'Malley	221
Dewenter & Co.	186
Goelzer's	201
Hamilton Co	197
Mat's	194
Moberly & Klenner	241
Rithmiller & Philabaum	213
Ulrich & Kraft	192
METAL STRIPS:	
Sager Metal Strip Co	196
MILLINERS:	
Seibel Bros	207
MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATIONS:	
Bloomington Ministerial Ass'n	182
NEWSPAPERS:	
Bloomington News Agency	191
OIL COMPANIES:	
Lam Oil Co	210
OPTOMETRISTS:	
H. C. Adelman	233
Herbert T. Price	202
ORCHESTRAS:	
Geo. C. Goforth	255
PAINTS AND WALLPAPER:	
A. T. Fagerburg	217
W. A. Polite	205
Rogers Wall Paper Co	253
Smith-Alsop Paint Co	41
PHOTOGRAPHERS:	
J. G. Hawkins (Star Studio)	195
United Photo Shop	245
PIANOS AND MUSIC:	
Skidmore Music House	202

PLUMBERS:		PAGE	
Johnson Plumbing Co.	201	Higgins-Jung-Kleinau	199
Frank Morrison Sons.	225	M. Walsh & Son..	201
J. P. Shields....	221		
Shirk & Nordine....	205		
POULTRY:			
Miller Hatchery	253	TAILORS:	
		Glasgow Tailors	248
		John Monroe, Tailor....	217
POWER AND LIGHT COMPANIES:			
Illinois Power and Light Corp..	189	TEA AND COFFEE:	
		H. O. Stone Tea Store	241
PRINTERS:			
J. B. Gummerman..	241	TEAROOMS:	
B. L. Hamill Co	198	Village Inn	211
Miller Printing Co.....	221		
Pantagraph Printing and Sta- tionery Company	243	TELEPHONE COMPANIES:	
		Kinloch-Bloomington Tel. Co..	208
PUBLISHERS:			
Public School Publishing Co....	223	TRANSFER COMPANIES:	
		Brunton Trans. and Stg. Co....	253
		Johnson Trans. and Stg. Co....	206
RADIO SHOPS:			
Main Radio Shoppe	217	TYPEWRITERS AND SUPPLIES:	
		Paxton Typewriter Co	205
RESTAURANTS:			
People's Restaurant	233	UNDERTAKERS:	
Quality Cafe ..	217	John A. Beck Co	242
Scotty's Place ..	184	George R. Flynn	199
SIGNS:			
E. T. Hengren..	219	UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES:	
		Brown's Business College	187
ROOFING:		Illinois Wesleyan University....	241
J. L. Kingston Sheet Metal and Roofing Company ..	220		
F. W. Muhl & Son..	237	VAULT COMPANIES:	
		Norwalk Vault Co..	229
SEEDS:			
V. H. Robison & Co	225	WASHING MACHINE MANUFACTURERS:	
		McLean Co. Maytag Co	206
SHOES:		Meadows Manufacturing Co... .	190
Bunnell Bros.	241		
Cox Shoe Co.	181	WOMAN'S TAILOR AND FURRIER:	
Fahey Shoe Store	209	James Cavallo	253
Frank's Shoe Store.	233		
Gerhart Shoe Co.	221	WOMEN'S READY-TO-WEAR:	
G. R. Kinney Co., Inc	231	Palais Dress Shop	240
		W. H. Roland's	237
SHOE REPAIRING:			
Falgier Shoe Shop..	203	Y. M. C. A.'s:	
J. Haug & Sons.	217	Bloomington Y. M. C. A....	194
J. J. Jones....	237		
H. B. Meyer & Son	225	Y. W. C. A.'s:	
		Bloomington Y. W. C. A .	232

Foreword

We, the Humorous Editors, were more or less inclined to extend our jokes to two persons: Mamie Schlitz and Willie Sneezer. But, after patiently divulging ourselves to hard work we managed to slip in a few jokes of B. H. S. including Walter Inman, Red Wilson, Homer Shaw and what not. We hope that you, after reading our sad tales of woe, will please refrain, if possible, from any violence which we know you would like to indulge in. Now that we have given you a hint of what we intend to do, we now turn to the first page. Goodbye! Good Luck!



KEEP YOUR
FEET IN TUNE WITH

M. J. Cox

WALK-OVERS

Shoe Co.

Bloomington

Illinois

Mr. Schedel (in study hall): Do you ever intend to give your brains some exercise?
Herman Ewert: No, sir. I gave that up a long time ago.

John: Generally speaking. Vernel is—

Jim: Yes, generally speaking!

Mr. Kurtz: But what did they do with the dirt they dug out of the mine?
Homer Shaw (in a happy moment): They dug a hole to put it in! ! ! !

Miss Leonard: Hawaii?

Miss English: I Haiti tell you.

Miss Jones: Aw Gaum.

Mr. Black: Harry, name the colonies.

Harry Robinson: Shall I name them in order or skip around?

Mr. Black: I think it would be better if you stood still.

Rumor has it that with mumps, tonsilitis and scarlet fever safely relegated to the past, "Red" Wilson has fallen a victim to "Hart" trouble. Only this time he isn't a victim—he's a very lucky young man.

You cannot be the man or woman God meant you to be without the inspiration of religion.

Go to Church

*Compliments
of the
Ministerial Association
of
Bloomington and Normal*

MORE "BOOM" STUFF FROM ANOTHER SOURCE
(Not by Maxine Aldridge)

Down the hall I lightly tripped,
It being dark, I could not see;
Upon a bold, bad stair I slipped—
And Frosh and Sophs all cried with glee:
"You faw down and go BOOM!!!"

Carl Marquardt pulled off a breezy one last April 1, which happened to be another one of his birthdays. When someone handed him the fifth set of bridge cards, he lost patience and shouted: "What is this—a game?"

Martha Young has stated conclusively that men, taken as a species or individually, are all "horsefeathers." "My boy friend," said she, coyly, "is Art N. Dezine." Not so bad, Martha. Take the penny, but bear in mind—it would take a pretty designing art to purchase a new Easter bonnet.

Chemistry Instructor: This solution is poured into a jar containing quartz.
"Mac" Jones: Quarts of what?

Mr. Chester: I don't see why you can't work this experiment, Harold. I'm afraid you didn't use your ingenuity.

"Mooney" Prothero (sadly): No, sir, I used algebra.

ULBRICH JEWELRY CO.



Watches

Diamonds

Jewelry

Graduation
Gifts

Scholarships available



Ulrich Jewelry Company

West Side Square

Center at Jefferson

SCOTTY'S PLACE

FAMOUS FOR

*Fine Chili, Hot Tamales and
Coney Island Red Hots*

216 West Washington Street

Miss Cash: Henry Clay, the Great Peacemaker, performed a great many noteworthy deeds for his country. Walter, what was the last thing he did?

Walter Inman: He died.

(EDITOR'S NOTE—The large lump which for two days was apparent on Walter's head did not result from this encounter. He sustained it one day while watering the flowers. Rumor has it that he fell and hit his head on a pansy. But of course it's only a rumor.)

POPULAR?

A breath of Spring was in the air;
I called upon my lady fair;
Her papa with a gun was there;
 I faw down an' go BOOM!
Next day in class I was forlorn;
My curly locks I could have torn;
Of all my brilliance I was shorn;
 I faw down an' go BOOM!!
I get a lovely note next day—
"My Dad on business gone away"—
My sorrow goes. Without delay
 I rise up an' go BIFF!!!

PURITY-ANN BREAD

*Say Purity-Ann to your
groceryman.*

*Central Illinois fastest growing
bread plant.*

A BLOOMINGTON CONCERN EMPLOYING
BLOOMINGTON PEOPLE

A Store for Young Men

Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

Euro Shirts

Dobbs Hats

Dewenter & Co.
WASHINGTON AT CENTER

The doctor paused in administering the anesthetic to Robert Knapp to hear what the young man was trying to say.

"How long will it be before I know anything?" Bob asked.

The doctor considered thoughtfully, then said: "Aren't you expecting too much from ordinary ether?"

Dad: I thought I told you to drive the cow home, young man!

Lad: I tried, but it's no use. She's down by the railroad tracks flirting with that tobacco sign.

Miss Cash - James, can you tell me what important event took place between 1846 and 1848?

Jim Parker (brightly): Sure! The Compromise of 1850!

MISS INMAN, PLEASE NOTE!

Once upon a time there was a man who felt a sudden urge to go to the public library to read the complete works of Chaucer. He would read the Canterbury Pilgrimage tale by tale. He would chuckle, ponder and delight in every line. He felt that he *must* do it—he simply *must!* But he didn't go. You see, his keeper was afraid he might get lost!

ZOO-EY!!!



SENIORS

YOUR LAST SEMESTER

As your final semester begins, you will want to give serious consideration to your plans for the future. You will be too busy at graduation time. Send NOW for literature describing our practical courses in business which prepare you for a position with a good salary and opportunity for advancement. Full credit is given for high school work. Your request for information does not obligate you in any way.

SUMMER SCHOOL OPENS JUNE 3 *and* 10

MID-SUMMER TERM OPENS JULY 8

FALL OPENING, SEPTEMBER 2 *and* 3

Our courses are approved and accredited by the National Association of Accredited Commercial Schools. We are open the year round . . . Enter any day.

ELMER L. HUBBLE, *Principal*

BROWN'S BUSINESS COLLEGE
BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS

ARE YOU PARTICULAR

about the quality of the food you
Eat and the Shoes you wear?

THIS STORE IS MAINTAINED SOLELY TO SERVE THE
PEOPLE AND NOT TO MAKE PROFITS FOR ANYONE

Men's Shoes — **6.85** — *Ladies Shoes*
Double A's to Double E's Triple A's to Double D's

Bloomington Co-op Society
529-531 North Main Street Phone 3310

WITH APOLOGIES TO UNCLE BOB

Mr. Kirby tells us that once there was a timid little molecule who felt the erg—that is, urge—to go a walking down the street. Gratefully he absorbed the atmospheric elements of a clear Spring morning as he wafted rhythmically along. Suddenly he was accosted by a belligerent Gas, who sneeringly said:

"Who was that lady I saw you with last night?"

The poor little molecule drew back his puny paw and biffed the big uncouth Gas right square on its nasal appendage. "There," he said, driving home his point, "I guess that'll teach you to keep your nose out of other people's business."

SOMETHING FOR EDISON TO THINK ABOUT

- 1 An invisible chewing gum for study hall use.
- 2 A portable parking space for tired tourists.
- 3 A good comeback for Mr. Black
- 4 A two-day school week.
- 5 A substitute for third hour classes.
- 6 A season pink blank.

DENOUEMENT

Bob Poorman: Marjorie, in the moonlight your teeth are like pearls!

Marjorie Jane Stubblefield: Indeed! And when were you in the moonlight with Pearl?

QUITE A STUNT

Miss Betts: There's nothing hard about this problem. Now watch the blackboard closely and I'll go through it again.



LEADERSHIP

A Message to Every Student—

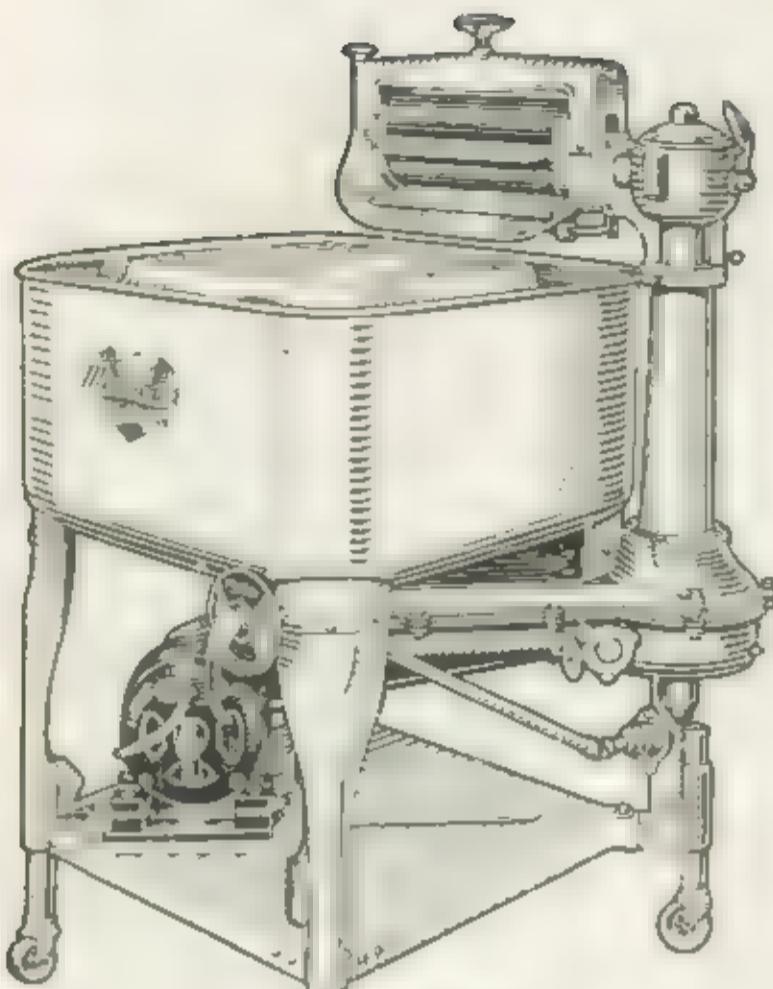
The most forceful factor in life today is LEADERSHIP, man-power in terms of mind. This has been called the machine age, the electric age, the age of *Power*.

Machines write our letters, cook our food, mine our coal, pump our water, sweep our houses, carry us about the streets, warm us in winter, cool us in summer.

Loaves of bread come to us without the touch of human hands—machines mix the dough, cut the loaves, carry them through the ovens, wrap them. This *IS* the machine age.

And yet there never was so great a need for keen and alert minds, for trained and educated minds. For this power, these machines, must be directed, controlled and developed.

Illinois
Power and Light
Corporation



A New Principle In Washing Clothes!

With the innovation of Meadows Select-a-Speed in washing, fine sheer garments can be washed in a gentle ripple of water, more vigorous water flows are provided for heavier pieces and the full force of the famous MEADOWS washin' water action cleans the dirtiest of overalls in from three to seven minutes.

MEADOWS MFG. COMPANY
Bloomington, Illinois

Meadows Select-a-Speed

THE RATED FIRST PAGE

Edna Rossman: Some people will lower themselves to almost anything for the sake of publicity.

Wesley Owen: That's right. Remember the guy who fell off the ninth story of the Tribune tower last summer?

This space is gratefully reserved and dedicated to those sterling members of the faculty who so earnestly tried to co-operate with the humorous editors by dropping bits of fun here and there in the class room. We're sorry.

OUR DOMESCI DEPARTMENT

(Recipe for Love Cake, generously submitted by John Klopp)

2 sweet caresses

Dash of moonlight

1 long hug

One-half fond embrace

1 ounce tease

3 quarts onions

Total lack of reason

Teaspoonful Stacomb and Brilliantine

Mix well for about one month and serve in the dark in the mellow glow of a lamp.

Preferably in Springtime. Will serve two. (Do not feed to the cat!)

Attention Students!

You should be thinking about your future OCCUPATION when your school days are over.

HERE IS A REAL OPPORTUNITY
for
A FUTURE BUSINESS

If you are ambitious and want to learn the insurance business we will give you the necessary instruction and training.

We have places for young men and women of the right type who ardently desire success.

Come in and talk it over with us

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HERMAN THOMASSEN

CHARTER HOUSE COLLEGE CLOTHES
ADLER COLLEGIAN CLOTHES
FASHION PARK CLOTHES

ULBRICH & KRAFT

114 CENTER STREET

Dad Was Right

A father's sound advice about saving money and how much extra value there is to dollars saved early is never realized so much by a lad until he steps out for himself

Be wise start saving NOW with us

McLEAN COUNTY BANK
S. E CORNER SQUARE

AUNT LAURA'S QUESTION BOX

Oh, Auntie: Carl Marquardt has gone and stolen my poor heart. Please advise.
MODERN FLAPPER.

Modern Flapper: Back in the 15th century a guy was guillotined for swiping ten cents worth of liver. But that was different. I don't believe you have a case.
YOUR AUNT.

Dear Aunt Laura: What is it about Loren Bozarth that makes me hold my breath when we eat together at the El Vern? **RAMONA.**

Bologna: It may be Loren, but more likely it's the onions in the hash.
AUNT LAURA.

Dear Auntie: Wesley Owen has such lovely hair. I'm quite gone on the dear boy.
FAIR ELLEN.

My dear: Don't be hasty; so has an Airedale! **AUNT LAURA.**

Aunt Laura: Bill O. Sale proposed to me yesterday. Should I marry him?
DUBIOUS.

Dubious: I should say no! He's so conceited he'll get jealous every time you kiss him!
YOUR AUNT.

Oh, Auntie: I think Cutie McMinn is simply stupendous! But he's so restless. What would you recommend?
TEENY.

Teeny: An application of liquid air, a cold night spent in a dog kennel, or two weeks in physics lab with Mr. Kirby.
YOUR LOVING AUNT LAURA.

Much Appreciated

We take this means of thanking
the Pupils, Teachers and mem-
bers of the School Board for the
many courtesies extended to us
during the past year, which we
assure you are highly appreciated.

W.B. Read.

Y.M.C.A.

A WORLD WIDE MOVEMENT WITH
OVER ONE MILLION MEN AND BOYS IN ALL LANDS
OF ALL RACES AND ALL COLORS
STANDING FOR THE HIGHER IDEALS OF LIFE

MAT'S, EVERYTHING IN MEN'S WEAR ...BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS...

WEST SIDE SQUARE

Aunt Laura: What shall I do? That irresistible Vernon Lierman has captivated me, heart and soul! I can't seem to get him off my mind. Please rush!

HEARTBROKEN LASSIE

Heartbroken Lassie: Do something and do it quick or you'll have concussion of the brain. That boy was never intended for a hat!

AUNT LAURA.

Barber: It's been a long time since you've been here. I would hardly recognize your face.

Everett Saunders: No, of course not. It's quite healed now.

Miss Phillips: Who can define "artery?"

Hopeful Freshie: I can. It's a place where people go to look at pictures.

EFFICIENCY

Speaking of absent-minded professors reminds us of a possible improvement at B. H. S. If we could only hire an absent-minded plumber for a couple of days, it might be that we could fill our Parker Duofolds out of the water fountains!

This one gives you our idea of the calmest individual in the world:

A serene, philosophical old lady sat knitting one day when her excited granddaughter burst into the room crying:

"Grandma! Grandma! Daddy just fell off the roof!"

"Yes, I know, dear," was the quiet answer. "I just saw him pass the window."

Compliments of
HAWKINS STUDIO
(Formerly Star Studio)

IT'S HERE
House Heating - Refrigeration - Industrial Fuel
WITH GAS

CLEAN - ECONOMICAL - CONTROLLABLE

Union Gas & Electric Co.

CARPENTER WORK

SCREEN WORK

METAL SCREENS

HARRY MARQUARDT
Sager Metal Weatherstrip

1210 North Evans Street

Phone 3570

Bloomington, Illinois

WELL! WELL! WELL! LISTEN TO THIS!
A NEW ELEMENT - WOMAN!

SYMBOL: WO.

A member of the human family.

OCCURRENCE:

Can be found wherever man exists. Seldom occurs in the free or native state. Ovary depends on the state in which it is found. With the exception of Massachusetts, the combined state is to be preferred.

PHYSICAL PROPERTIES:

All colors and sizes. Always appears in disguised conditions. Surface of face seldom unprotected by coating of paint or film of powder. Boils at nothing and may freeze at any moment. However, it melts when properly treated. Very bitter if not used correctly.

CHEMICAL PROPERTIES:

Extremely active. Possesses a great affinity for gold, silver, platinum and precious stones of all kinds. Violent reaction when left alone by men. Ability to absorb all sorts of expensive food at any time. Undissolved by liquids, but activity is greatly increased when saturated with spirit solutions. Sometimes yields to pressure. Turns green when placed next to a better appearing sample. Ages very rapidly. Fresh variety has great magnetic attraction.

NOTE: Highly explosive and likely to be dangerous in inexperienced hands.

"It's What They Say It Is At Burkland's"

BURKLUND'S Inc.

Jewelers and Silversmiths

Phone 121

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Everything Electrical

526 North Main Street

Benton, Illinois

BroLeen Dry Cleaning Co.

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"Clothes of Quality"

YOUNG MEN'S HIGH GRADE SUITS
TOP COATS and SPORT CLOTHES

STETSON HATS

EXCELSIOR SHIRTS

307 North Main Street

Darley Building

Studebaker

Erskine

SIMPSON-NORRIS CO.

SALES AND SERVICE

DUCO PAINTING

Phone 628

401 West Washington St.

B. L. HAMILL PRINTING CO.

Artistic Printers

ALL KINDS of COMMERCIAL PRINTING

Telephone 85

112 South Main Street

FIZZICKS FLURRIES

Aw!

Mr. Chester (exemplifying matters): Now pretend I have a square foot.

Aw!

Mr. Chester: Now, the Germans in seeking new foods have gone clear down to Chile.

Aw!

Mr. Chester (to Bob Knapp): So you were out because of absence?

We would like to have it understood right here and now that Mr. Chester is not receiving the usual sum of two cents per word for his contributions. Mr. Chester's kind assistance is prompted purely by a desire to co-operate and not by hope of personal gain.

BY WAY OF CONDENSATION

Mr. Chester (gazing at student's impatience) — Wait, wait! I'm just trying to think!

Mr. Chester: Put down the questions you want to bring up.

(to be continued)

Mr. Chester (after sending Boyd Jackson to the office): Anyone else have any difficulties?

"Mac" Jones: No, sir, perfectly clear.

Mr. Chester (studying color tests on wall): Now, what color do you see?
Lloyd Crusius: Wall green.

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Armbruster Sanitary Barber Shop and Beauty Shoppe
All styles of Hair Cutting and Bobbing

COMPLETE BEAUTY SERVICE

110 East Front Street

Phone 1446-X

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GENERAL REPAIRING, STORAGE, CAR WASHING

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Day and Night Service
Bloomington, Illinois

PARIS CLEANERS and DYERS

WARD BROS.

Rug Cleaning

Phone 1626

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B. ROEMER, Proprietor

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PHYSICS AS WE NOW UNDERSTAND IT

Have you ever seen a "spectrum" at midnight?

"Prism" is not a hang-out for lazy criminals.

In the Spring a young man's love is undiminished in all directions.

"Liquid" is not synonymous with the word which put Peoria on the map last Spring.

Does the vote of the "mass" hold "weight?"

A gun (if broad enough) is the coefficient of expansion.

"Convection" refers to currents, not candies.

"Humanity" has nothing at all to do with "humanity."

"Vibration"—something in a Ford that became obsolete with Henry's new edition.

The North and South Poles have more magnetism than Buddy Rogers, John Barrymore and Rin Tin Tin combined.

Orientals wear "turbans" in order to keep their hair from becoming disarranged.

"Evaporation" is something to which milk is subjected before canning.

A civic opera soprano and a truly enthusiastic alley cat create what are known as "sympathetic tones."

"Inertia" is a plague that sits upon high school students from 8:23 a. m. till 3:22 p. m. each day.

A "hydrometer" may be a new species of hydroplane but at the time of going to press, the committee has made no definite report.

The mourner's bench is perhaps the most potent "transformer" of which we have any knowledge at present.

"Wave lengths" may be permissably used when speaking of the vibration of molecules or of Geraldine's hair.

A "run" is either: (a) a distance, (b) a rivulet, or (c) something that makes the manufacture of hosiery profitable.

As for "Factor of Safety," we can only assume that a typographical error has been made which disguises "Factory of Safety Lighters."

COLLEGIATE HASH

When does Robert Knapp?

Why doesn't Harnet Deal out the cards?

Newest song hit: "By the By, Evelyn Bye, Bye-Bye."

We've never seen Harold's "Ever" nse.

He was only a mathematician's daughter, but Harold certainly knew his "Genders."

Is Geraldine Glass very fragile?

What makes John Grimm?

What is it Dean "Lat" (grammar!) upon (grammar!)?

We like Delmar "Moore" every day.

Why is Wesley always "Owen"?

Can Velma Read?

Can Jane Saddler own horse? Shaw! Homer—of course. Moran more every day, Ralph!

Is Chester always "Wright"?

(If you can't guess we sure ain't gonna tell you. The one who can identify the who bunch will please report at the corner of Washington and Jefferson streets at 14 p. m. June 31 for the prize award of an annual pass to third hour conference classes.)

"Wib" Bodman (Uncle "Bodie"): Most of our studies are quite simple.

"Web" Augspurger: Yes, but unfortunately, I'm not taking "most of our studies."

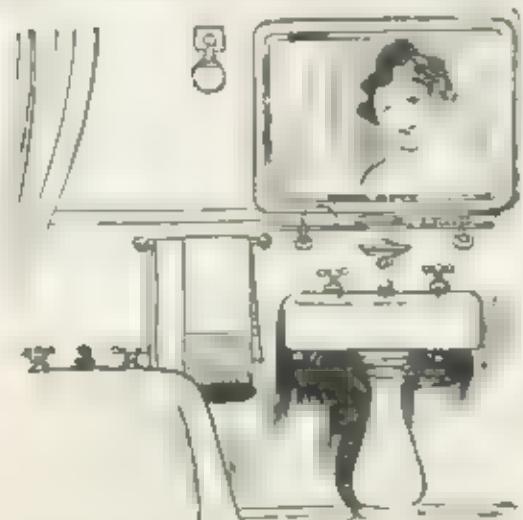


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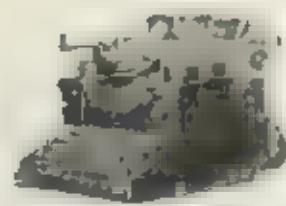
Phone 358

WESTWARD WHAT HO!!

She fell lightly into his arms. "Thank heaven!" he breathed prayerfully. Never had he felt a more imperative urge to action. He would save her. No ten thousand yellow lads it is said at Atchison could top him. Deserts, mountains, rivers, forest all night long up to confront him with maddening mockery, but he would save her. He knew he would.

Four hundred miles over the trail—would he wend his weary way cutlessly toward his doom? Dusk seemed to fall in an imperceptible blanket all about him. Even out through the links he could hear strange hoofs— and growlings and maddening impatience. But no, he would not stop. No cold could stop him now. With little Nelly slumped across his saddle he mounted, spurs of a vegetable Doctor Laramie. Onward he went. A coyote's tape-jawed trill and racing in front of him and with oblique determination quivered his path. The cowboy's arm shot out—wham! Another rider smote the dust in front of him prepared for the evening. Another and yet another, he accounted to in the same impudent manner. Let them come—they would fail! And so they did. They came and fell a gaudy number of them. Peneth his strong arm beneath his barking revolver and one slunk away at the mere threat of his omnipotent figure slouching warily on its way.

His goal loomed close at hand. Could he make it? Of course. He hurtled a seemingly dismartered remnant of his opposition and with a thankful sigh placed his burden safely at his destination. Over four thousand separate screams rent the air. Bells pealed dizzily above dazed heads. Loud cheers beat of drums. Whoopie. Four thousand worshipful voices raised in a rhythmic chant. "Yea—Cowboy—yea—Lemme! Yea! Yea! Cowboy Lemme!!! The deed was done!



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BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS

Marjorie Cook: I wish hydrogen were one of the noble gases.

Mr. Garnett: Why?

Marjorie Cook: That's what I said on my exam paper.

Clarence Webber: I think you could have pulled that tooth out easier than that I could move it with two fingers.

Dentist: Yes, and you can move a cow's tail with one finger.

Glenn Dornaus: Why is it that you are not singing in the choir any more?

Reverend Lammie: Because last Sunday I didn't sing and someone asked me if the organ had been fixed.

"Wit" Bodman: Just think I am composed of magnesium-potassium and a dozen other elements.

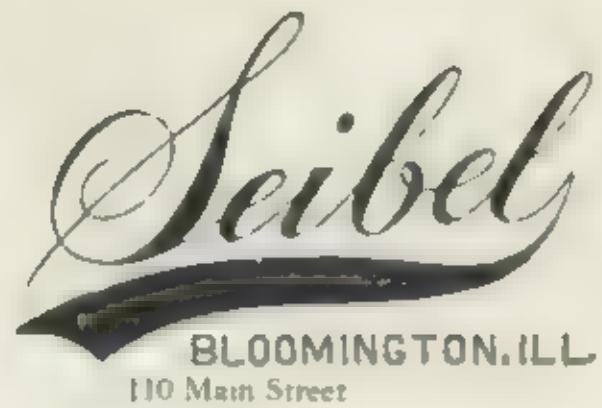
Ruth Kies: How lovely. I just simply date on big elemental men.

Vernell Partlow: Here, chief; here's the copy on the Senior Prom at B. H. S.

Night Editor at Pantagraph: What do you mean by this: "Among the most beautiful girls was Aonzo Doan?" Doan isn't a girl, you idiot! He's a football man!

V. P.: I can't help that, old thing. That's right where he was.

"Deedle" says that the only way to keep the boys quiet Monday afternoon is to kill them Monday morning.



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CO-OPERATION

We hear that Mrs. O. U. Brule won the rolling-pin throwing contest at the State Fair last summer. She threw the rolling pin sixty-seven feet. We also hear that Mr. O. U. Brule won the hundred yard dash for men. Which proves that two and two do equal four.

"Jud" Stover: That blonde's good-looking but she's dead from the neck up!
"Ed" Sams: Well, well, she can bury her head in my arms, any time!

OUR DAILY SHORT STORY

Outside the storm raged fiercely. The thunder was deafening, the lightning flashed and it was too dark to see. Presently a bolt struck some part of the house and knocked Mr. Jacobs completely out of bed. He rose slowly, rubbing his eyes, and yawned. "All right, dear," he said resignedly, "I'll get up!"

Marjorie Baillie: Does a certain sublimated and objective altruism ever move you?
Lloyd Crusius: No, I usually hire a couple of trucks.

"Got any old clothes for the heathen?"

"What sort of heathen?"

"African variety. They live in a hot climate and wear very little."

"All right, take these. They belonged to my daughter."

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ONLY IN FUN

You've probably heard this one—

Curley Eyer: I didn't mind the high school so much as a Freshman; it was just the principle of the thing;

So we won't tell it again.

Dwight Drexler: Want to hear me throw my voice, Herbie?

Herbert Price: Sure.

D. D.: Where'll I throw it?

H. P.: Under that table?

D. D.: I should say not! It's too dirty under there.

SCANDINAVIAN?

Mr. Kirby (about to perform): This experiment is named after one of our greatest scientists. It is called the "Ice-Bag" experiment.

When Mr. Chester told the boys to get a good night's sleep to be in good condition for the final exams they immediately adopted the following as their exemption slogan

"FIZZICALLY PHIT PHOR FIZZICKS EXAMS."

BANG!

Mr. Garnett: You have to abbreviate the days of the week on this schedule slip. If you are here only on Tuesdays and Thursdays, for instance, just put down T. 'n' T.

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SIX BRIGHTEST BOYS AT B. H. S.

Walter Inman
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Walter Inman
Walter Inman
Walter Inman
Walter Inman

(Contributed by Walter Inman)

Jay Walker: Dja like the new Ford?

Dean Litt: I can't say. I haven't come in contact with one yet.

Betty Gregory: Have you heard the last Scotchman joke?

Cecile Brosseau: Good heavens! I hope so.

Miss Leonard: Why is it that you can't exercise on the top of a mountain as easily as you can at the bottom?

Virginia Johnston: You might fall off.

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Shay Leach: Whatcha thinkin' about?

Pete Berquist: Thanks for the compliment, old horse.

A RISING YOUNG MAN

Ed Livingston tells us that after consuming a barrel of Fleischman's yeast, he can rise to almost any occasion (positively NOT advertising).

Miss Inman is teaching "Ivanhoe" this year. At the time of going to press she has enjoyed it very much. She asked each of her freshman classes the meaning of "Pax Vobiscum," and in response learned that it meant "How is the folks?" and "Pleased to meet you."

Advertisement that appeared in our newspaper: "Experienced salespeople wanted, male or female. No other need apply."

Officer: What's the matter with you? Are you sick?

Harry Raffensberger: No, thank you, but my engine is.

Miss Cash: Eugene, do you know the difference between capital and labor?

Gene Goforth: Yes, if you were to loan me \$10.00, that would be capital. And if you were to try to get that \$10.00 back again, that would be labor.

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BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

THE VOYAGE OF THE HINKEYDINK

(A Hot Story of the Cold North by Abie Fritz O'Shea)

You've probably heard tell a hole lot about this Lindbergh person, and also about Captain Cook and Captain Perry, and moreover about how the last named guys tried to kid the world into the idea that they discovered the North Pole. Well, sez I to myself, I guess it's just about time somebody exposed the hole mis'ble bizness. Fact is, friends, them guys don't know what they're talkin' about. TELL ME AIN'T NO NORTH POLE, at I'm right to prove it.

I got the deapup (Fr.) strate from Oscar Plunkett and Cuthbert Hopkins, and they oughta kno, for they made a spesial trip in tha general direction of the North pole last summer, and i guess they knew as much about it as anywun. I've knowed Oscar and Cuthbert for quite a spell an' I dont figger they'd ly about it. Know all about 'em. Oscar's got a canine (dogg) which he calls "Flapper" (on account of it's allus hungry). "Flapper's" got awful short leggs—they hardly reech the ground.

Howsoever, Oscar invented a sorta new fangled contraption that run on land, water, air and ice and wuz a sure cure for dandruff and fallen teeth. He kristened it tha "Hinkey-dinkerkunkspekus," prob'ley cause he cuhn't think of nothin else on the spur of the moment. Before long, tho, the boys got to callin' it the "Hinkeydink," prob'ley cause no wun knoo the diff'rence anyway.

Well, sir, when Oscar and Cuthie (folks allus called him that) left town, the hull dern popularization wuz that tuh see 'em off. And their wuz a band, too, (not tha rubber variety), and it wuz playin' pretty near everything from the "Arkansaw Henenckle" to tha "Saint Louis Blues." Yes, sirree, it wuz party racketty fer a spell, I c'n tell you. But the boys cuhn't seem tuh mind a bit, and soon they floo rite away in tha direction of the North pole.

In a coupln weeks they found themselves party nigh to tha spot where they'd heerd tell they'd find tha North Pole. All they cuhd see fer blocks wuz snow and ice bergs (no Ginsbergs) and strange tropical plants, the likes of which they had never seen in Bloomington.

"I 'low it must be party cold," sed Oscar, sorta sorrowful.

"I 'low you must be about rite," sed Cuthbert, kinda and like.

"I reckon we better set up a radio," sed they in unison. So they did. But all they got was Chile and a bad cold, so they soon give it up.

The rest of there famous jerney wuz mor or less uneventful. In a word, nothin' much came to pass, except morning and sunset, and they wuz always in a big hurry and didn't have no time to tawk to tha boys. The only time they had any real trouble, however, wuz the mornin' they broke camp and had to spend two days repairing it.

Finally our heroes cum to a big sign stickin' up sorta impressive in the snow beside a gas station. On rendin' it they discovered the words: "NORTH POOL—6 BLOCKS NORTH, 4 BLOCKS EAST, AROUND THE CORNER, BEHIND A DRUG STORE AND ACROSS THA STREET FRUM THA FIRST POLICEMAN YOU SEE." That message cheered the brave young explorers quite a bit, and they kept right on goin'. It wuznt no time till they had begun to see splinters, shavin's, and chips lieing around in profusion (lots of 'em), which assured tha fearless adventurers that the pole couldn't be very far away.

Finally they cum upon it. There it wuz, a crooked wooden stick, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet and $13\frac{1}{2}$ inches in height, painted with red stripes like a barber's pole, and stickin' right up outta tha snow. They wuz mighty glad, I can tell you. But imagine their discomfiture (means "peeved") when they saw a sign on it which red: "NOTICE: THIS IS NOT THA NORTH POLE, OWIN' TO THA HIGH PRICE OF LUMBER IN RESENT YEARS, THE POLE COMMIS-
SIONERS HAV MOVED THE SOUTH POLE TO THA NORTH POLE WHERE IT SUP-
PLIES BOTH NEEDS."

Well, my friends, I guess you already kno how tha brave boys felt when they red that. Here they'd gone and suffered and endured, and endured and suffered no end, and all to kno wrait. It wuz quite a blo, but did they wisst? I shud say not! They jist hung their colugo crushes on the South Pole, and set right down and began tu play rummy. Party soon a newspaper reporter cum along and he sez:

"Well, what luck did yew boys hav? Cud i hav a pitchur fer tha mornin' Pantloons?"

Oscar and Cuthbert looked tha man over fairfusse.

Sed Cuthbert: "I'll bet he eats crackers in bed!"

Sed Oscar: "I'll bet he gears littul children!"

With that our intrepid heroes thoughtfully picked up tha reporter by tha northeast corner of his left ear and hung him on tha southwest side of tha South Pole. Then they hung a sign on him which red, "Not fer Sale," and clapped their hands and chuckled delightedly as they sed to each other: "Four out of five hav it!"

(The end. This story wuz taken fram real life.)

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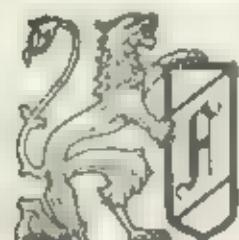
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103 W. FRONT ST. Phone 3009

Elinor Whadcock: Weren't you upset when your bank failed?
Hodge Johnson: Yes, indeed. I practically lost my balance.

Walter (Inman, of course): Would pressure affect the cooking of an egg?
Mr. Chester (slyly): It depends on the nature of the egg!

PERSONALS

Personal Supervisor (checking up on things): And you, Roberta; what do you enjoy the most at high school?

Roberta Schloeffel: Gym.

Manual Training student: I want some more wood.

Instructor: Stop running around that way. You know where the wood is. Use your head.

We think we overheard Miss Campbell talking to Mr. Kurtz about her radio. If we did, she probably said:

"Yes, I like it all right. It's a great thing to listen to, but the bulbs are mighty hard to read by."

During the memorable staging of "The Rise of Silas Lapham" Dean Latt's stiff shirt front became unruly and began to flop about in a most disconcerting manner. Marjorie Jane Stubblefield said she didn't mind it so much until a button hit her in the eye. Hereafter the heroines in our plays will be equipped with button proof glass masks to avert possible catastrophies.



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Virginia Connors: What shall I get Harry for his birthday?

Ruth Kies: Get him a necktie.

Virginia: He's got a necktie.

Ruth: Then how about a book of etiquette?

Mr. Kurtz: Have any trouble understanding the assignment today?

Dewitt Holcomb: No, sir. I didn't read it

Irene Arnold: I want a pair of shoes that are comfortable as well as attractive.

Allan Browning (aptly): Yes, I understand—large inside and small outside

Lois Allen: So "Red" Grange was also an ice-man.

Gene Goforth: Yes, most of these college men take to hard drink once in a while.

Mr. Goodier: You mustn't tie a can to that poor dog's tail.

Freshie: Could you suggest a better place?

Chemistry Professor: The sun's rays are stored in plants. When we eat vegetables of any kind we are affected indirectly by the energy stored up from the sun's rays.

Incredulous Student: Do you mean to say we get "trembles" from eating vegetables?

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"THE NAUGHTY LITTLE RABBIT"

One day a cute little kitty-cat found her four little paws.

And Little Kitty-Cat said:

"O Mother, dear Mother! See my four little paws! One, two, three, four little paws. What can I do with my four little paws?"

And Old Mother Cat said: "O, you funny little kitty-cat! I do not know what you can do with your four little paws!"

Then there was the Scotchman who smoked expensive cigars and did not save cigar coupons. And the next day it rained. Bonjola cures warts.

And then Raymond Baugh sang a Spanish tenor solo entitled: "I Don Juan to Play in Your Back Yard," and the deed was done.

(The End)

SIGHS

"Bob" Van Shoick: I would like to see a pair of shoes to fit my feet.

Shoe Clerk (grmly): So would I.

Mr. Condon (in zoology lab): What insect lives on the least food?

Kayo: Well, the moth eats holes.

The Humorous Editors can remember the time when Spring vacation meant very little to them. They used to cry bitterly for with it came no holiday for them. You see, they hadn't started into school yet.

BEST WISHES
to the
CLASS of 1929!

From: Alfred O. Brown.....BHS('02)
A. L. Sargent.....BHS('16)
Arthur E. HohensteinBHS('17)
Bernadine Butler.....BHS('21)
Margaret M. Scholz.....BHS('21)
Marjorie Robinson.....BHS('22)
Harriet Zier BHS '25
Louise Ludwig BHS '26
Bernadine Mielenz BHS '26
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The latest President of Mexico was recently reported as being dangerously ill. This is quite a break for the Prexy, who is usually reported dead.

One of the surest ways of acquiring a vocabulary is to marry one.

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My latest girl sure knew her stuff,
A diamond she was, in the rough:
But now I'm afraid
I've lost the fair maid—
A word to the guys was enough!

Glenn Dornaus (telephoning Nancy Hasenwinkle) Will you please put Nancy on the wire?

Other Voice: I should say not! She might fall off!

Dewitt Holcomb (giving the girl a break): I like you because I'm different.

No, no, Marjorie Kirkpatrick, you're all wrong. Dogs do not wear muzzles just to give them confidence in themselves. They wear them to strain their coffee.

1 M

C S A Y

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One night the other day, about a week ago last month, Mr. Goodier was told by one of the janitors that he, the janitor, was being disturbed in his daily snooze by a noise in the girls gym. Mr. Goodier said he would give prompt attention to this serious matter. He called Miss Kendall to him and told her to go down in the gym and investigate. After Miss Kendall was gone for half an hour, Mr. Goodier became worried. Seeing Mrs. Rexroat coming in the office, he asked her to go down and investigate. Mr. Goodier while waiting for Mrs. Rexroat to return, amused himself by reading the excuses from that day. Only after another half hour had elapsed, he set out to investigate the matter himself. Upon arriving at the gym door he found to his amazement that it was locked inside he could hear voices. Putting his ear to the keyhole he heard the following words: "Apples, peaches, pumpkin pie how many years before I die?" Mr. Goodier was very much alarmed and immediately opened the door and what do you imagine he saw?

There in the middle of the floor Miss Oldaker, Miss Rose and Miss Donahue were jumping rope and Miss Kendall and Mrs. Rexroat were patiently counting the years as they rolled by as Miss Oldaker was jumping.

Mr. Goodier was so upset, he went down to the interurban station and caught the first car to the equator. There he fished for the Big Laredo Paluka Fish, that infest the haunts of the Hudson Bay.

IF BEING PURELY COLLOQUIAL

Miss Human: Could anyone without a perfect knowledge of English grammar be called a gentleman?

Ed Livingston: Sure, providing he were a Frenchman!

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Vivian: I'm afraid I have insomnia.

The "Duke": What makes you think so?

Vivian: Well, I woke up three times this morning during assembly while you were making announcements.

Jane Hart: Everyone in Mexico is running around again.

Alice Kuhn: How come? I didn't even know they had been confined.

Jane: They're having another revolution.

Lilnor Dunlap (when visual telephones become the thing) Dean, look me straight in the eye when you say that!

John Klopp used to correspond with a girl friend, but he cut it out quite a while ago. He's been a little bit doubtful ever since he got that carbon copy.

Mr. Garnett: Then there was that dog out in our neighborhood that was shot and killed as a public nuisance.

Anna Brittan: Was he mad?

Tom Kernick: Well, I guess he wasn't tickled to death!

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It was a photograph of a wild turkey.
It was a photograph of a wild turkey.

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Little puffs of powder,
Little dabs of paint,
Make our high school flappers
Look like what they ain't.

Miss Campbell in English Class stated that things handed down from generations are traditions.

Imagine Mr. Kurtz's astonishment when Daniel Laesch brought the following excuse to office, two days after:

"Please excuse Daniel as he had to have his traditions mended."

Jane Hart, who thoroughly intends to "do" the old country this summer, has accepted our appointment and faithfully promises to look into matters and find out if there really is anything behind all this stuff we hear about Scotch citizenry.

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Wilbur Bodman	A good girl.....	Leeman!
Zona Bond	A good girl.....	Perhaps introvertive
Mary Bowleg	A very serious girl.....	Studious er
Fauntella Brannon	A good girl.....	Calm and collected
Anna Brittan	A good girl.....	Editor of "True Stories"
Cecile Brodman	A good girl.....	A really darn cute
Allan Brown	A good girl.....	Cheerleader
Bernadine Brown	Phlegmatic	Very capable
Allan Browning	A plush pump	Blacksmith
Ethel Lee Buchholz	An oratorical	President of the United States
Ruth Bullett	Too quiet	Commendably boisterous
Bertie Bunn		
Elynn Rye	A good girl.....	Wooed and won
William Calbo	A good girl.....	A great man someday
Roy Carr	A good girl.....	Manager Kresge's
Anna Cook	A good girl.....	An artist
Eugene Covington	A good girl.....	World famous surgeon
Lloyd Crandall	A big bad bo.....	Bouncer at El Vern
Harriet Deal	A good deal	Lady barber
Helen Dick	Unassuming	Expert on the zither

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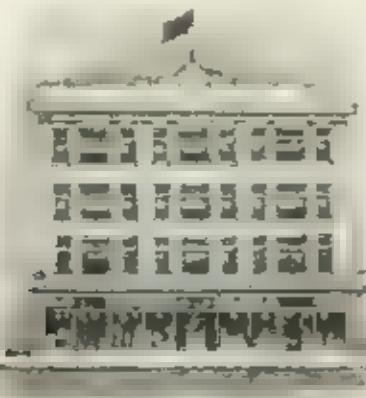
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Roger Kelly	Romimcent of Ireland.	Irish tenor (perhaps eleven) remembered in connection with "Web"
Ruth Kies	Really and truly sweet.	Cute and unaffected
Doris Kimes	An innocent little girl . . .	Miss
John Klopp	An efficient business man	Miss
Robert Knapp		Miss
Emmett Krug	A child of impulse.	Miss
Mary Ellen Krum	Modestly	Miss
Allee Kuhn		Miss
Daniel Laesch	Not a whup	Miss
Shelton Lenoh	Potentially famous	Miss
Vernon Lierman	Too all fired noisy	Miss
Dean Litt		Miss
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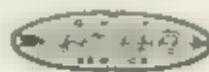
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Florence Mendenhall
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Margaret Munee
William Murray	W. C. W. - II
Gladys Myers
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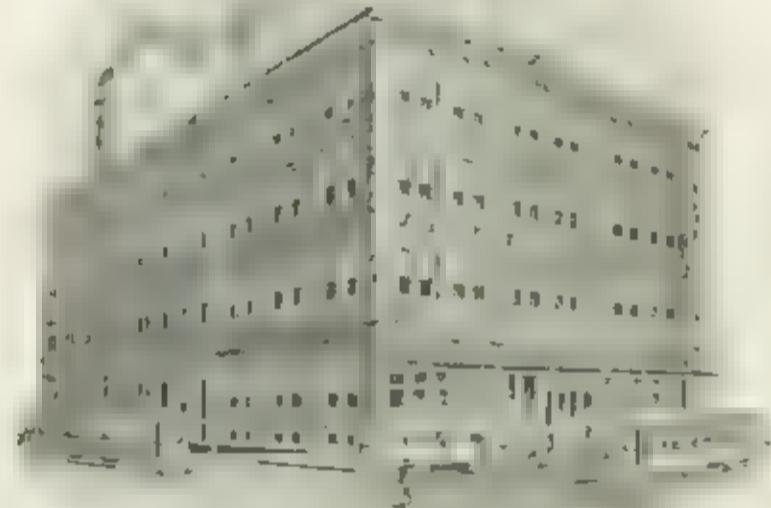
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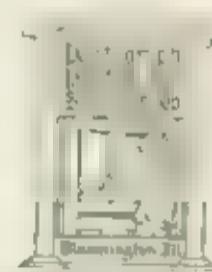
Harry Basseusperger	Mathematically inclined	Banana vendor
Dults Raso	Hungry	Street cleaner
Velma Read	Candy crazy	Gym teacher
Floyd Robinson	Golf crazy	Foreman at water works
Louise Rommerissa	A physics shark	Miss Oldaker, II
Mina Rossman	Indecisive	Miss Jane, II
Harriet Rundle	A strawberry picker	Glenna Collett, II
Dorothy Ryburn	Charming and animated	Nursemaid
Jane Schilder	Blowing bubbles	Secretary to an undertaker
Lillian Schatz	Little	Littler
Dorothy Schafenberg	A senior	A freshman
Dorothy Schroeder	Undescribable	Elevator girl
Evelyn Seharzentruber	Who?	What?
Dean Semff	An Electrolytic rectifier	Senator in Siberia
Dorothy Shaffer	Somebody's girl	Somebody's girl
Homer Shaw	Bashful	Harpist in Statouskis Orchestra
R. G. Smith	Funny	Woman inventor
Loren Siebert	Gone	More than gone
John Smith	Uncouth	Ward under Miss Inman
Louise Smock	A cat lover	James' helper
Gretchen Smoot	Sanctimonious	Cornetist
Bernice Sprecker	A Sunday school teacher	A heroine
Helen Springer	Bright	
Virginia Staubus	Indistinct	
Ruth Stephens	Ruth Stephens	
Marjorie Stubblefield	Lonesome	Never more lonesome
Harold Swearingen	Forgetful	A minister
Gladys Talley	Indulgent	Gratified
Dorothy Thomassen	Nice	Just too sweet for words
Riley Trimble	A radio bug	Manufacturer of paper clips
Carl Troutner	History shark	

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IMPOSTER: A guy who enters physics lab with a bright smile.

ENGLISHMAN: He who laughs last . . . or not at all (we refer you to Marjorie Jane Stubblefield).

HYPOCRITE: Something that whistles on the way to school.

INSTRUCTORS: Polished Simon Legrees with an irresistible technique.

WORM: Something that crawls in the dirt, gets A in Latin and steals your best girl.

ASSEMBLY: Great open spaces—gigantic buzz saw.

QUESTIONS: Slimy things that come at you in the dark.

CAESAR: Heard of him somewhere. Famous as chieftain during Civil War; fiddled while Rome burned, U. S. Senator from Arkansas—peanut vendor, world famous chess champ—something.

DRAMATICS: Playday in the morgue.

SLEEP: Competitive study hall recreation rendered fascinating by a certain element of lawlessness.

GYMNASIUM: With classrooms attached.

MR. GOODIER: Liquid air, tropic sun, inasmuch, panorama, 205, good scoul

SENIOR ENGLISH: "Who killed Cock Robin——?"

BACHELOR: A guy who didn't own a car when he was young.

FOOD: Co-efficient of expansion.

EDUCATION: Who cares? ? ?

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OUR EMBARRASSING REPORTER

QUESTION: "Who wrote 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'?"

ANSWERS:

Kayo Bergquist: "I know Glynn, of course. Don't be silly. He wrote several other good books too. Let's see, there's 'David Copperfield,' 'The Strand,' 'Riders of the Purple Sage,' and 'Only a Working Girl.' He was a great writer, I know Glynn was. Always liked him. So natural, so real, and yet so fascinating. In my opinion, it's a good thing Shakespeare died when he did—he'd certainly feel no threat toward this Glynn person. Whadaythinkaboutit?"

I'd Postlethwait: "I suppose Zane Grey wrote it. He writes all them red-blooded he-man stories, doesn't he? Or maybe it was Charles Dickens or Alexander the Great Scott! I got so many o' those blokes revolving around inside my head that I can't assort them all. Anyhow, I will go this far—someone wrote it! I know that much."

Boyd Jackson: "Lay off, big boy! What does your mother call you? I ain't no blamed ercy encyclo—well, I ain't a dictionary, that's all. It mighta been Lilian Gish or Lon Chaney, as far as I know. You can quote this: *I didn't write it!*"

Our Embarrassing Reporter: "It seems you're all wrong. 'Uncle Thomas's Homestead' was written by Pinkerton Percival Pinkney, who was also author of 'The Private Life of the Fur-Bearing Flea,' 'All for Love,' 'The Way of a Louse,' and 'Oliver Optic.' Goodnite, folks! You'll hear from me again!"

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One day we caught Gene Davison dabbing idly at a blank canvas with a dry paint brush. We are very much interested in Gene but we couldn't see how he intended to paint without paint. After watching him stare the blank space for a while, we asked

"What are you painting, Gene?"

"This is a picture of the Israelites crossing the Red Sea."

"Where is the Red Sea?"

"It's rolled aside to let the Israelites pass by."

"Where are the Israelites?"

"They've already gone by."

"Well, then," we said, almost impatiently, "where are the Egyptians?"

"Oh, they'll be along in a minute!"

Yes, indeed, Gene is a most amazing young chap.

The Humorous Editors' humane suggestion that this department be printed on perforated sheets went unsupported. Now you'll have to keep the stuff whether you want it or not.

John Klopp, we see, has kept his promise. Early in the year, when Aegis subscriptions were lower, John popped right up out of a clear sky and said "As an added attraction, there will be a goodly part of our annual reserved for advertisements." Thank heavens! We were so worried.

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When Willie entered the gates of the Evergreen City he was confronted at the corner of Morris and Lolson streets by a big, bad, bold man who was insistent that Willie should "stick 'em up" or he would be shaking hands with a pair of stumps. Willie, undaunted by the constant urges to "stick 'em up," walked up to the big, bad, bold man and looked him straight in the eyes. Out, too, after giving the vag the twice over, slapped his wrist, pulled his ears and took the gun away from him and threw it over his left shoulder blade where it landed in the lake at Meter Park, where the monkeys know as much as their keepers do about the price of sauerkraut in Honolulu and the cure for KLEPTOMANIA.

Willie set to the business of giving the assassin a good old fashioned "hawling out" and in less than $2\frac{1}{2}$ minutes he had the criminal on the verge of crying out and confessing to all his sins he had committed. Our he-man decided to set the big, bad, bold man free instead of spanking him and sending him to bed.

Willie finally reached the edifice on the corner of Monroe and East, which is the daily meeting place of all bums, hoboes and the remnants that survived the burning of Rome. After dictating his brave deeds and heroic efforts to stop all gun-running and with the promise to install new GARBONS in the 5 and 10 cent stores, the city officials finally made up their minds and he got the job—OF DOG CATCHER.



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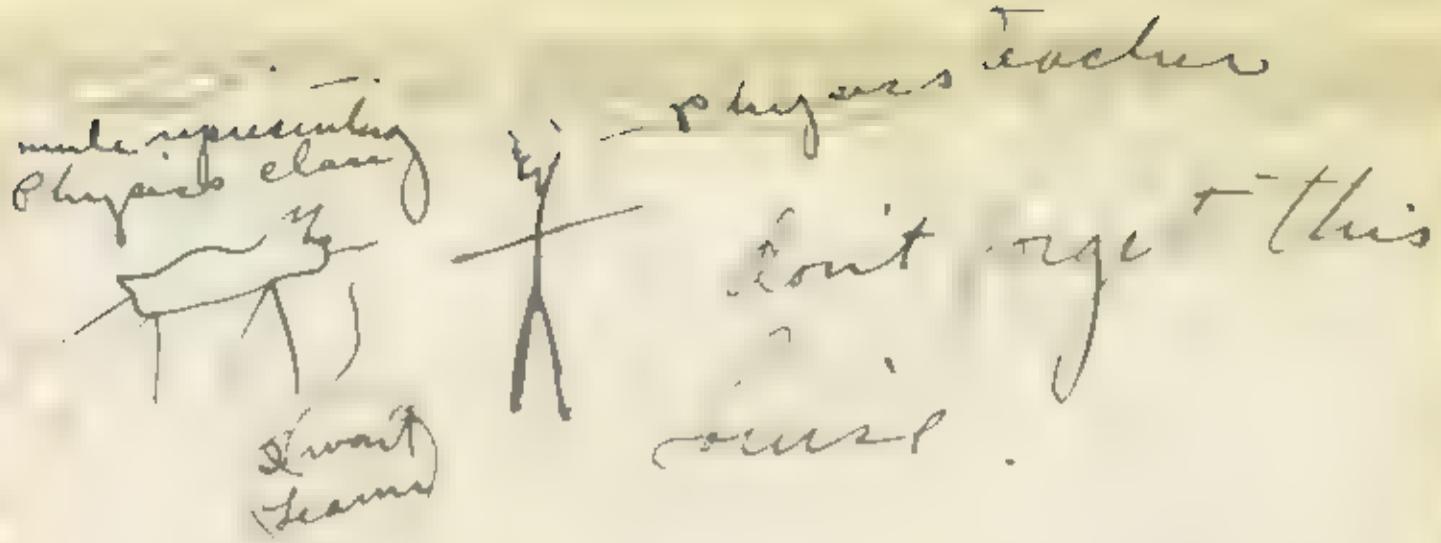
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